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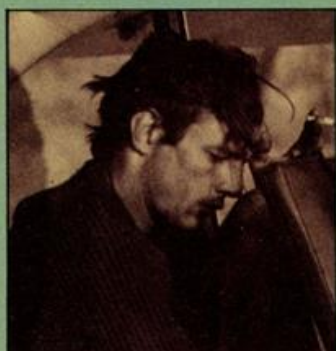
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High Times

Dec. '78 No. 40 THE MAGAZINE OF HIGH SOCIETY



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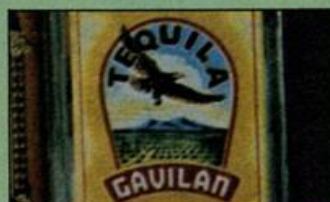


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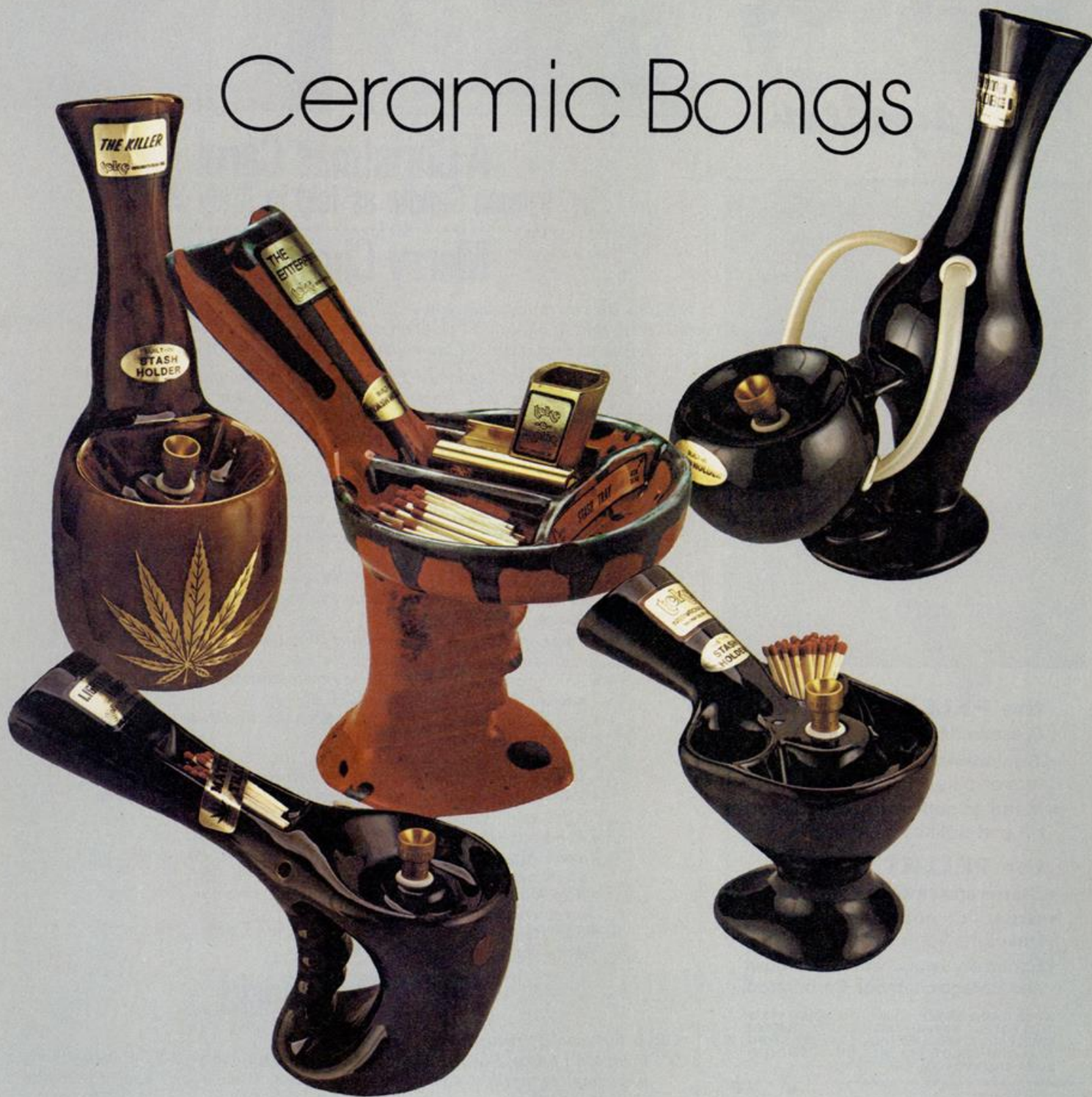


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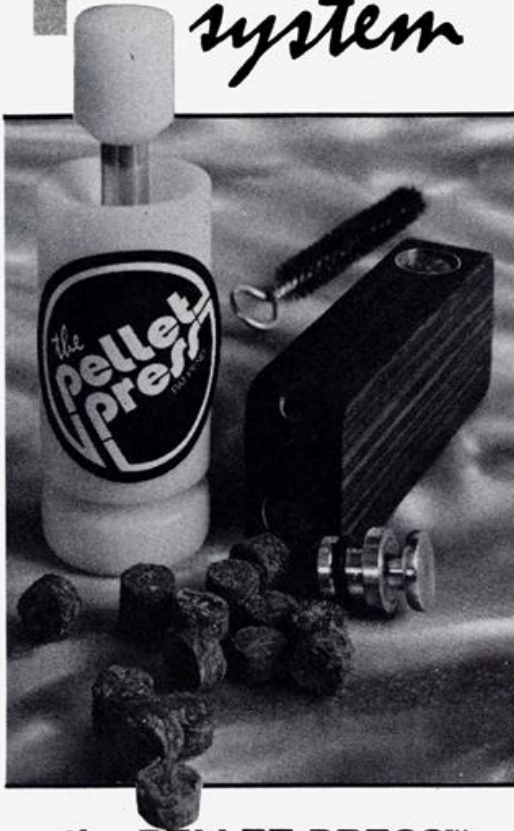
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A Christmas Carol by Truman Capote as told to Andy Warhol Merry Christmas...

AW: So do you know what you want for Xmas?

TC: Well, first of all, I don't want anything for myself at Xmas, I think that's very selfish and what not. I know what I want for other people.

- For Jackie Kennedy I want a sex-change operation. The reason is that since the American people must have a Kennedy, I'd rather have a Jackie than a Teddy.
- I want for Timothy Leary justice at last, a ten-year full professorship at Harvard.
- For Richard Avedon, I hope his portrait of Kate Graham finally makes the cover of Newsweek. You know, they took a picture of him for the cover of Newsweek and then discarded it because I don't know...the Pope died or something.
- For Gore Vidal, because of his great politics, I wish him an ambassadorship to Paraguay...and hope he stays there forever.
- For Larry Flynt, the newborn Christian, I want him to be made first ambassador to the Vatican.
- For Norman Mailer, I want a five-million-dollar contract to rewrite the old Tenth Amendment.
- For Mick Jagger, in his old age, the directorship of the Metropolitan Opera.
- For Andy Warhol, at all times, the directorship of the Metropolitan Museum and all its branches.
- For Anita Bryant, I want her to be appointed editor of the Advocate.
- For Steve Rubell [Editor's note: Owner of Studio 54], I want him to be appointed ambassador to the court of St. James.
- For Muhammad Ali, I want him to be our first black president.
- For Ralph Nader, a wife at last, none other than little Anne Ford.

Joy to the World...

AW: Is high society really high?

TC: I wouldn't know, I never met anyone from high society. I think high society is a complete myth, made up from the movies. When Joan Crawford died, so did high society.

Amen...

AW: Do you think everything in the world should be legal?

TC: Yes, I do, except murder.

Andy Warhol
Andy Warhol

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POThibition

In "The Inside Story: POThibition" [*High Times*, July '78], Michael Chance's coverage of homopathic versus allopathic medicine was excellent and long overdue. Too many people have been made sicker by potent, doctor-prescribed, unnatural chemicals.

Regarding the coming battle in Southern California: next January a bill is going to be introduced to the state legislature similar to last year's defeated measure AB367, which would decriminalize small amounts of personally cultivated marijuana. But overall it appears that the pharmaceutical-medical establishment, and especially the government, continue to oppose freedom of choice about what people can or cannot do to their bodies.

People need information regarding medicinal herbs and recreational drugs, so they can choose for themselves intelligently rather than having others dictate that choice for them.

—E.W., address withheld

Unfair to Pierre

In the July "Opinion" you correctly mention that *High Times* is still banned in Canada. However, as a Canadian citizen I am appalled that you erroneously and indiscriminantly extrapolated this censure to imply that Prime Minister Trudeau is a "puppet... whose strings are pulled in the Kremlin." Furthermore, our P.M. is not a "hideous gangster" nor a "totalitarianist."

It is well known that Trudeau has socialist tendencies, but this is far different than Moscow's distorted communism (welfare, unemployment benefits and old-age pensions are socialist phenomena).

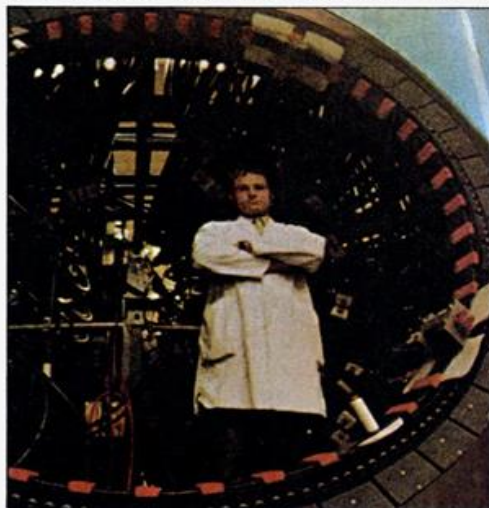
Your unwarranted, uneducated and offensive slander against my country is entirely unfounded, completely false, reeking of prejudice and downright rude. A public apology and retraction of your insults are definitely in order.

—K.G. Greene, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada
Our true Canadian friends wouldn't take offense with us for a little bombast to get the blood going. Indeed, Trudeau owes nothing to the Kremlin. The real question is why does he go around quoting Mein Kampf, and have you seen that weird

little Charlie Chaplin moustache he's growing?—Ed.

Fusion Your Head

As one reporter who's been covering the nuclear nightmare, I'd like to compliment you on your energy issue. I particularly enjoyed Harvey Wasserman's piece on nukes [*High Times*, "The Nuclear Plot," August '78]. Wasserman's voice continues to be one of the most important in the



Paul Plumadore

anti-nuke movement, and it was a true public service of *High Times* to run his indictment of nuclear accidents.

If the antinuclear movement is, as Wasserman suggests, the next big protest movement in America, I hope *High Times* will continue to cover its progress. Thanks again, and no nukes!

—Jon Kalish, WBAI News,
New York, N.Y.

I take exception with the antinuclear stance Harvey Wasserman took in "The Nuclear Plot." We need a reliable source of energy with an inexpensive, inexhaustible supply. The sun is okay for things like private homes and small businesses, particularly in the South. However, the sun cannot supply adequate power to large cities and industry. Even if technology was advanced to the point where we could get 100-percent sun-to-electricity conversion, there just isn't enough area available in the U.S. to fit all the solar cells needed. Burning coal or oil to produce electricity produces an intolerable amount of pollution, and the supplies are limited. The only alternative available at the present time is fission.

Statistics showing the relative danger of living with coal and oil plants, automobiles, airplanes, etc., will show the danger of fission power plants to be so negligible that you'll start worrying about the amount of synthetic chemicals in fruit that was grown on trees exposed to natural rain.

If getting rid of fission power plants is your real concern, then do what you can to promote the development of fusion.

The country needs more electricity than can be had without nuclear power no matter what the ecological effects are. There is nothing you or I can do about this fact. The best we can do for ourselves is to accept the amount of power that is and will be needed and apply ourselves to producing it with the least amount of ecological side effects.

Soon, someone may come up with an efficient way to produce antimatter in large enough quantities to produce electricity commercially: the ultimate energy source. —R.J., Ellis, Philadelphia, Pa. While antimatter is still on the drawing board (at Superman comics), R.J., fusion is becoming more of a workable reality. Experiments have been going on at Princeton University to harness this potentially enormous reservoir of energy derived from the combination by heat of various atomic nuclei. A breakthrough occurred recently when Princeton scientists achieved a new high temperature of 60,000,000° centigrade in their fusion process, enabling a form of energy-charged plasma to remain stable for 1/10 second, also a record.

Still, a Princeton spokesperson says that controlled fusion won't be fully feasible until the year 2000, with commercial applications following by 2030.—Ed.

Stagestruck

Peter Tosh, warming up for the Rolling Stones in St. Paul, asked the crowd, "Do you like marijuana?" The Rastaman then produced a genuine Rastafarian doobie.

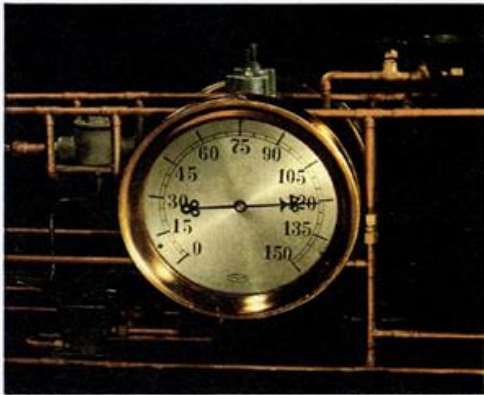


After it made the rounds onstage, the reefer was passed down to the audience, and the photographer reports that the one-inch roach was of choice quality.

—Donald H., St. Paul, Minn.

Centerfold Emission

I'd like to make one criticism of your far-out centerfold in August's energy issue—"King Bong." That guy in Pennsylvania was plugging that monster in and drawing energy from a wasteful source. Yeah, sure, the dope is being smoked



George Morsel

more efficiently and the brass gauges looked real neat and shiny, but King Bong's engine was plugged into a wall somewhere. Wouldn't it make more sense to make a superefficient pipe from wind, water or solar power?

—H. Davis, Spokane, Wash.

Actually, inventor Tom Furriskey had King Bong plugged into his solar-powered generator that drives all his fantastic smoking units. On the drawing boards now: a transistor-powered pipe/nitrous oxide dispenser with constant monitor devices. And that's the truth.—Ed.

Urges Narcocide

I got a chuckle out of "Narc Blood Flows" [High Times, "Highwitness News," July '78]. That Mexican narc got a bit of what he deserves even more of. Those who devote their time to growing should stand up, shoot first, then laugh. If anyone would have the guts to snoop through my fields, they just might end up fertilizing them.

—Frencell, Flood City, Pa.

Fran Dandy

Fran Lebowitz is a delightful mixture of Erma Bombeck, Woody Allen and Shwepp's bitter tonic [High Times, "Interview," August '78]. I was also pleased to discover I wasn't the only "Modern Farmer" addict—I was raised on Long Island, so I know it well. The children's show with Sonny Fox that Fran couldn't remember the name of was "Wonderama," which only recently went off the air.

—Tom Kearns, Reno, Nev.

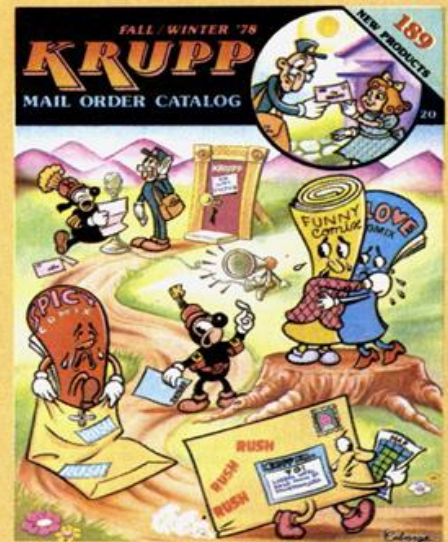
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how can you people live with your consciences publishing this trash? Some people will do anything for money, and your magazine is a perfect example. You'd have to be high to buy this crap.

—Mrs. J. Weeke, Maryland Hts., Mo.

Revoltling

Glenn O'Brien's "Electricity" [*High Times*, August '78] was not a shocking story to us. Our brains were once messed up with 60 cycles of good old AC waves bouncing round our TV-damaged minds. But we were saved: a loaned TV was never returned (it's been six years now). We have since moved to the country and have found no need for the juice. It is either learn to live with it or learn to live without it, and we do fine without.

—Rev. David P. Misso, Tule Lake, Ca.

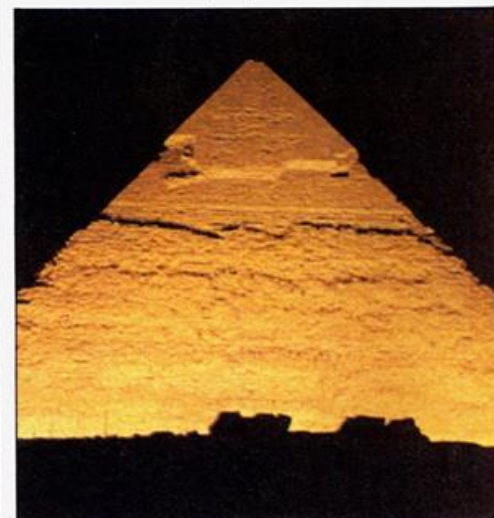
Ganges Even Grungier

Concerning your "CIA Plutonium Poisons the Ganges" item [*High Times*, "The Planet," August '78]: while you're correct in assuming that a 250 half-life isotope will lose half its radioactivity in 250 years, it won't lose the last half of its radiation in the following 250 years. It will simply lose half of its *remaining* radioactivity every 250 years, so actually it will never lose all of its contamination. And in 500 years (two half-lives) it will still contain 25 percent of its original radioactivity.

—Matt Shamis, Univ. of Pa.

Only the Sphinx Knows

I have some notions to add to "The Secret of Pyramid Power" [*High Times*, August '78]. The pyramid itself is a kinetic accumulator (i.e., a storehouse and magnet of kinetic energy); also it aligns the ions inside it. Perhaps you've heard of the



Pete Turner

Atlantean crystal—this device (kinetic amplifier) was housed in the pyramid of which the base has been located in the Sargasso Sea, rumored to be the resting place of the ancient continent of Atlantis. This is the device by which the Atlanteans

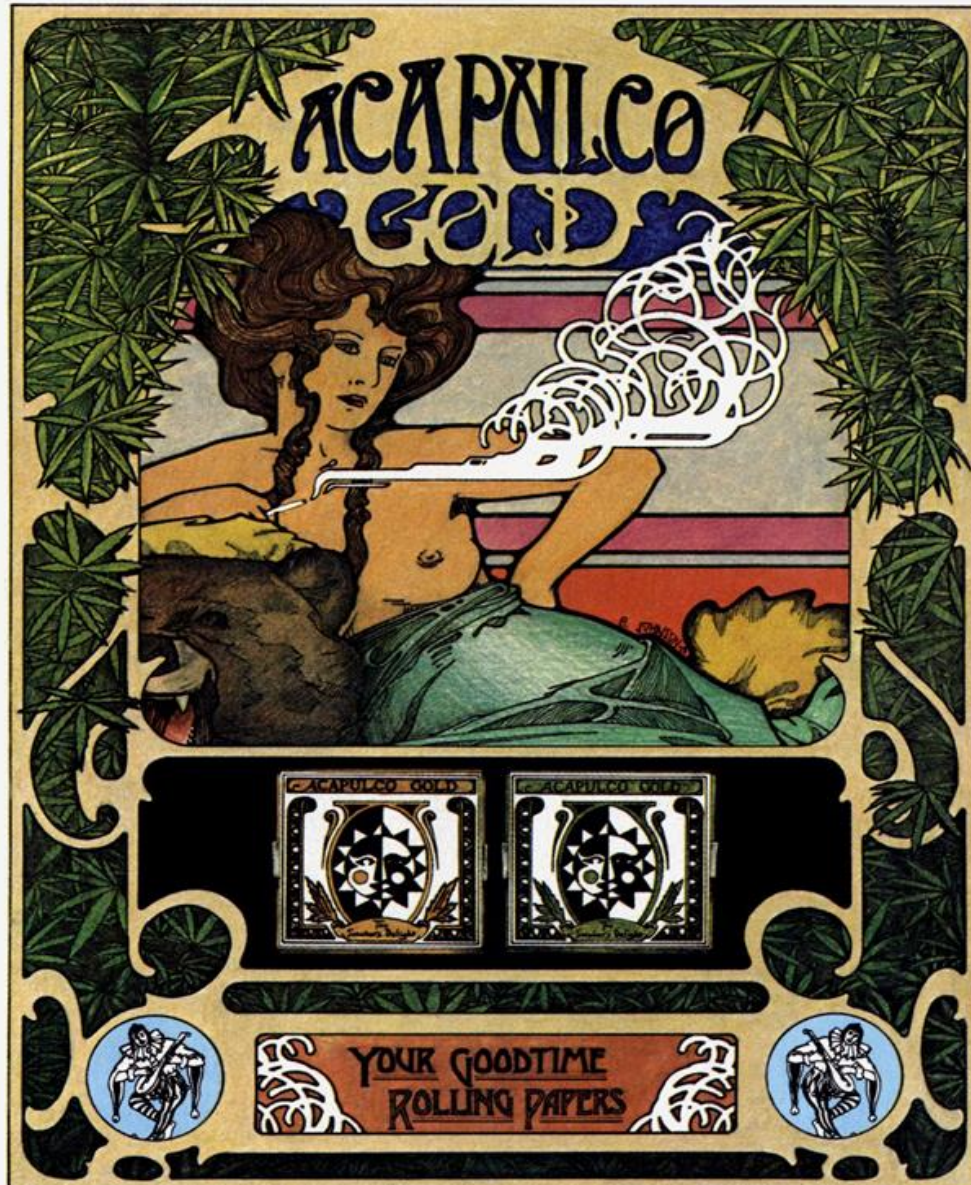
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amplified their telekinetic and other psychic powers.

The allusion of Edgar Cayce and others to the use of telekineticism in the construction of the Egyptian pyramids is viable along with the use of human muscle power. The builder(s) of the pyramids was most likely a survivor of Atlantis. By the use of a smaller crystal (or crystals), probably the one used to power the survivor's craft to Egypt after the destruction, he or she could accomplish limited tasks within a limited sphere (distance), therefore the transportation of stones by rollers. Even if the usable power of these smaller crystals were not sufficient to accomplish the building by themselves, their use would greatly ease and speed with greater precision the use of muscle power and primitive implements.

The Atlanteans were the definers and possessors of the crystal secret, whereas the Lemurians were the keepers of the true religion. The crystal power was basically used by the Atlanteans to turn back hostile forces, yet, as is seemingly apparent with all great power placed in human hands, the force was misused for conquest by successive generations, causing the breaking apart and sinking of the Atlantean continent.

—J.C. Youngblood, El Reno, Okla.

Errata & Addendum

In our special "Nomad" supplement in the July '78 issue, credit should have gone to Mike Spera for the photographs from *Nepal: Land of the Gods* that illustrated "Behold the Roof of the World." Mr. Spera also photographed the stunning center-fold in that issue. Our sincere apologies for the belated recognition.

True Dillinger fans would note that the picture purported to be him in our August



Kate Simon



'78 "Records" story on dub culture was in fact a likeness of Lister Hewan-Lowe, the head of Mango Records at Island. The real Dillinger is pictured here. ■

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Cheap "Blow" Enhances Sex

Q: While I was partying with a lady friend a while back she got kind of sore after a couple of really heavy orgasms, so I dropped a pinch of coke on her clitoris and began licking it. Well of course it numbed my tongue nicely, but I couldn't believe what it did to her. She'd been in a state where she couldn't bear to be touched, but now all of a sudden she was having fantastic orgasms for hours. What accounts for this reaction, and is there any less expensive way to get it?

—Tan, Detroit, Mich.

A: Coke numbs the exterior nerves of the clit but leaves the inner mechanisms of the female orgasm perfectly functional, making continual stimulation possible for as long as the numbness lasts—two hours or more. You can get precisely the same effect by applying preparations containing procaine, benzocaine or lidocaine. "Solarcaine's better for coming than it is for sunburn," guarantees a woman of our acquaintance. "And lots cheaper than orgy butter."

Though men don't commonly have the same sort of soreness problems as women, it's likely that procaine could act like coke, when dropped on the glans, to retard male orgasm. Pure procaine, dropped onto the back of a person's throat, might enable him or her to give deep-throat head for extended periods of time without gagging.

He-man May Have She-genes

Q: When I was 22, I became absolutely, positively, once and forever convinced that I was a woman, although my genitalia and general physical makeup is that of a male. Since then I've been living and dressing and acting as much like a woman as socially possible, with my male lover, and I've been infinitely more content than ever before. I have no desire for a sex-change operation. I don't consider myself a transvestite or a homosexual. I consider myself a woman. Is this crazy?

—Gillie B., Sherman, Wisc.

A: Nothing is crazy if it makes you feel truly better about being who you are. In

the case of physical versus perceived sexuality especially, there may be a lot more under heaven and earth than most philosophers ever dreamt of. Researchers at Johns Hopkins Medical Center in Baltimore have discovered that a good number of perfectly masculine men, when tested for their chromosome make-up, turn out to be XX, or genetically female, while perfectly feminine women quite often turn up with XY, or male, sets. Since few of these people have any problems at all with their perceived sexuality, the doctors don't generally inform them of the discrepancy.

Johns Hopkins psychologist John Money tells of a perfectly normal woman who was examined for an infertility problem and turned out to have two testicles where her ovaries should have been. She was in no sense hermaphroditic, he emphasizes; in fact she had a truly "female" desire to have children.

Lungs and Shell Pipes

Q: My favorite pipes are made of shell—pretty to look at and cool on the throat. But I've heard a rumor that smoking in shell, antler or bone produces a calcium gas that is harmful to the lungs. Is there any truth to this?

—Gary T., Kapaa, Hawaii

A: Pipes of shell and bone have been used by many cultures for thousands of years with no known ill effects. Theoretically, it is possible that some calcium oxide in the material could vaporize and form calcium hydroxide, a caustic alkali, on contact with the moisture in the lungs. But most salts, including calcium oxide, are so hard to vaporize that there's probably no danger unless you light up with a blowtorch.

Cooling the High

Q: I get edgy when I'm stoned, so when I heard that vitamin B₁₂ calms you down, I tried some. It only made me more nervous. Is there any vitamin that acts as a tranquilizer? —Mike S., Harrisburg, Pa.

A: You're none the worse for the B₁₂, which is sometimes injected as a metabolic stimulant, but what you're looking for is pantothenic acid, another in the B-vitamin complex. In the form of calcium pantothenate, it has a soothing effect on most people. The usual dose is 200 to 400 mg four times a day, though larger bedtime hits—up to 1,000 mg—are sometimes recommended for insomnia.

Questions on all topics will be considered for "Adviser," including all highs, health, sex, law, science, technology, music, etc. Only those of most interest can be answered. Please be specific. Anonymous queries are accepted. ☐

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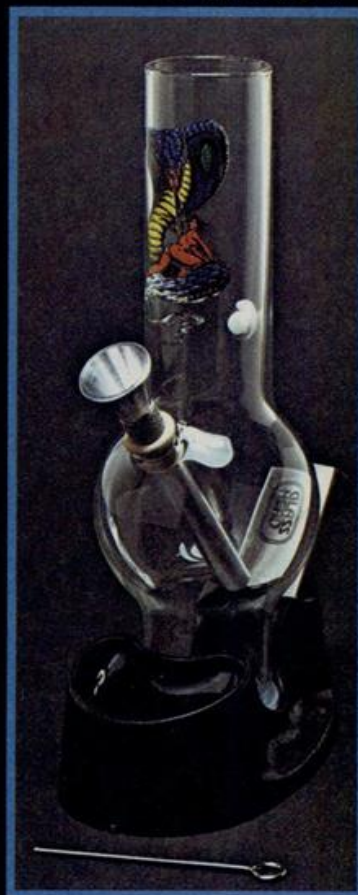
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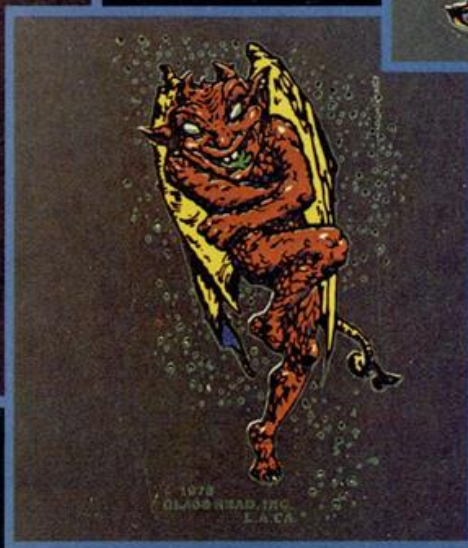
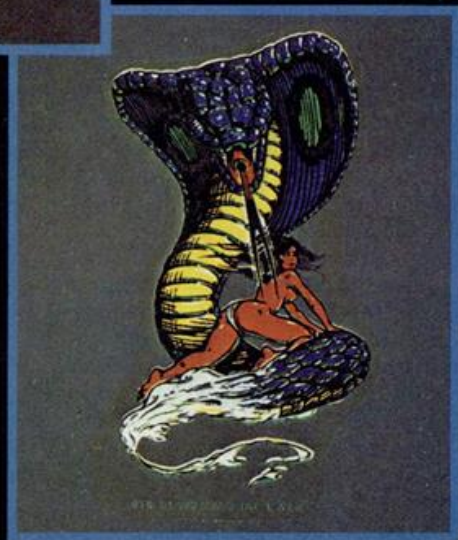
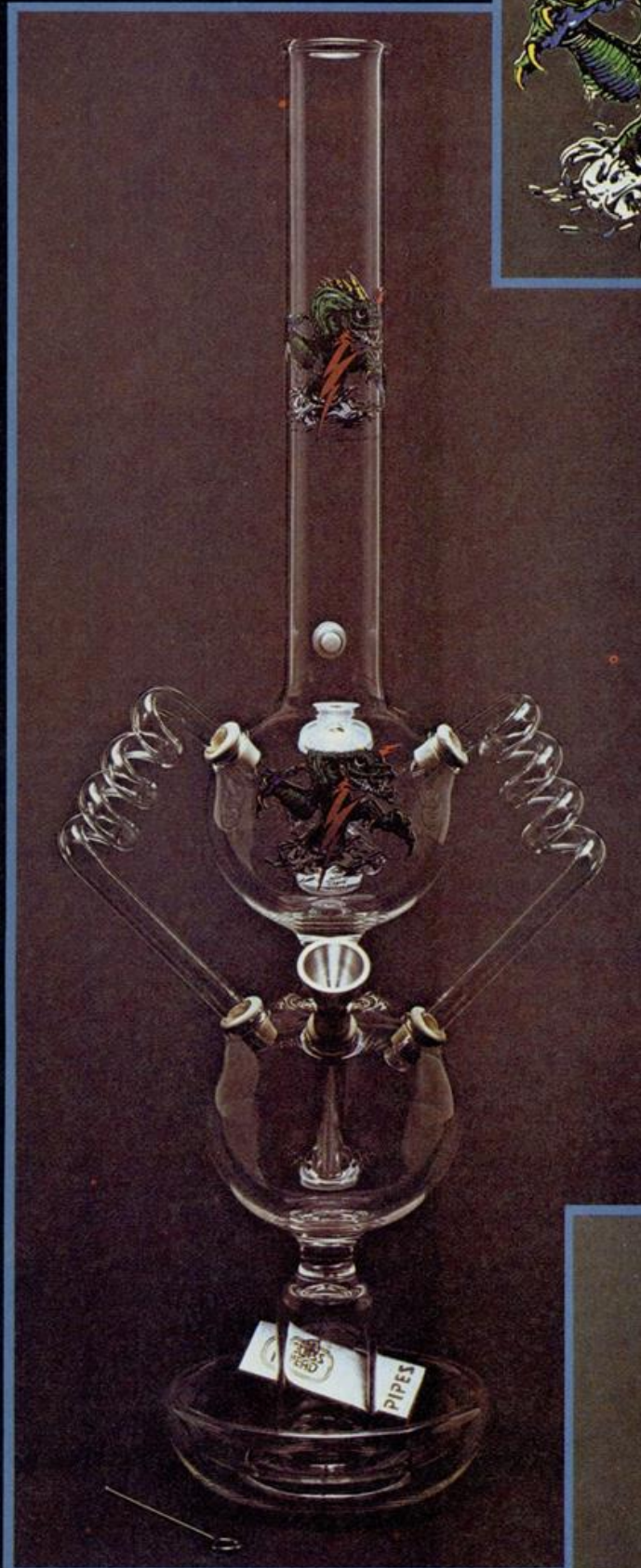
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Three Weird Women

Terry Kolb: S&M Extremist

What I crave in life is the extreme edge of experience. I have no desire to pursue a middle course. Only the new, the unexplored territory of the soul, has appeal to me. Through S&M, one can approach the fearsome specter of death seeking answers. Pain reminds one of one's own death. Helplessness (such as in bondage) makes death seem imminent. Humiliation leads to ego death. Shit smells of decay and loss. In every instance, the person confronts the dying self and goes beyond it to the immortal, the invulnerable part of the self that people sometimes worship as a god outside of themselves but that really dwells within.

The S&M way of coping with reality is a rapturous acceptance of full responsibility for being human. The more responsibility one accepts, the freer one is to enjoy the totality of what it means to exist. There is a phenomenal amount of power in this magic. It can raise one to great mystical heights. I once described these heights:

"He began twisting my nipples. The pain mounted. It hurt me, but I clung to the thought that this pain was something that Jack was giving me. Suddenly, the pain just vanished as Jack was still increasing the pressure. He had been watching my face. 'You did that beautifully!' he exclaimed. The unexpected praise inspired me on. Jack kept increasing the pain, but my ability to endure was now unlimited. I felt like a god. Every time Jack 'hurt' me his own face contorted as if he felt the pain on his own body. I felt that I was receiving his pain and transcending it for both of us and, who knows, perhaps for the entire world. I felt able to take on the pain of the world. 'So this is what it is all about,' I thought, 'martyrdom, the ultimate, the cross.'

"The pains were like red rubies at the tips of my nipples. A golden light appeared. 'You look so peaceful,' Jack said. He kept on 'hurting' me. 'You freak!' he cried in awe. His joy was so great as to resemble agony. I felt as if he had pinned a medal on me. The circuit was full. Agony and ecstasy were joined. I knew that I was proving something to myself now. I was proving I could take it. I could take

anything the world had to give. Just as God had tested Job's faith, Jack was testing mine. And I was passing the test, I could love. I needn't fear. I could pay the price, the heavy price of existence."

Once I was a New York secretary, rebellious but not counterculture. I saw a new world that was much more exciting than the old one, and I chose to leap in head first.

When I think more deeply about it, I realize that the abandonment of my separate shell, forced, yet desired, which is the kernel of the S&M experience, was also present in my acid experiences. Perhaps acid is a super S. It confronts one with one's own soul. Death used to be known as the land of no return. That's changing today. Death is coming to be seen as a state one can experience and live to tell about.

**"I wonder where the fuck
I ever picked up a taste
for things like this,
having gone to high
school on Staten Island."**

Angela Lynn Douglas: Transsexual Superstar

Angela Lynn Douglas began living publicly as a woman in 1969 and completed her sex change via surgery in 1977. This interview was conducted by Shasta Smith.

Q: What is the most important thing happening with transsexuals at present?

A: Probably Amanda Lear, who has two albums out on Chrysalis. Oui. After Dark and other publications say she was formerly a male, and Chrysalis confirms it. I think she is absolutely flawless, and I'm very excited about her. She writes very interesting songs. Rumors are around that she is actually Brian Jones, that Jones faked his death and is now Amanda Lear. I heard rumors years ago that Jones killed himself after undergoing a sex-change operation. There's a song on the [Stones'] *Between the Buttons* LP called "Miss Amanda Jones," by the way.

Q: Why did you change sex?

A: I developed inner feelings of wanting to be a female when I was a kid and probably had a basic hormone imbalance. It just didn't feel right to be male. I started wearing girls' clothes in secret when I was a little kid and did that until 1969. The desire just grew until I overcame my fears, stepped out of the door into the world as a woman and never went back.

Q: What have you had done medically?

A: I started the female-hormone treatments in 1969, which developed breasts and did a few other things. In '76 I got a nose job, silicone pumps for my face and silicone breast implants. In April of '77 I had the sex-change operation and in August I had a vaginal revision. It's all over except for electrolysis to remove facial hair. I'm still going through that.

Q: Who did the surgery?

A: Dr. John R. Brown in Los Angeles. He's in Tecate, Mexico, now. There are at least 50 sex-change surgeons in the U.S. now and hundreds in other countries. He's one of the best, and like others he's botched a few surgeries. I was lucky.

Q: You've often criticized sex-change surgeon Dr. Donald Laub at Stanford University. Why?

A: I've seen the type of surgery he does. All you get is a hole—no clitoris, no labia. He takes skin from your ass to make skin grafts and it leaves ghastly scars. There are better surgeons than Brown. Dr. Rish in New York does fabulous work. But Brown is among the best.

Q: Where are you at sexually?

A: I'm pansexual. I like men, women and everything in between. I've been that way for years. I am legally female, as far as that goes.

Q: What are you doing now?

A: Taking it easy. The surgery really knocked me out for a while, and my health was rotten until early '78. Then I took off to Hawaii for a few weeks and rolled around in the sand for a while. I'm writing songs and waiting for my manager to come back from one of his mysterious trips to Hong Kong. I think he's in a tong or something. I get along fine with people from Asia, as I spent three years in Japan and some of it rubbed off on me.

Q: How many transsexuals are there?



(Left to right) Kolb, Douglas, Bahlman: Would you let your daughter marry one?

A: 203, 491. No one knows. Thousands and thousands.

Q: Were you ever in jail?

A: Five times on Mickey Mouse charges. The worst was in L.A., on a phony prostitution charge. It is not exceptionally enjoyable to go to jail when you're physically half male and half female. Not at all. I was meaner than a drunken Mexican drag queen when I got out of there.

Q: Do you tell guys that you're a sex change before you go to bed with them?

A: Only if I pick them up at a drag bar. In that case they're looking for a man in a dress. I hang around such bars as I like to be with other transsexuals and queens. We have a lot of fun. All my friends are whores and junkies; some of them are the nicest people in the world.

Q: Are you glad you went through the sex change?

A: Yes. It was really hellish. The surgery was really hard-core pain, and I'm now masochist. I lived on Demerol for months. But it's all in the past now.

Lynn A. Bahlman: Student of Pain

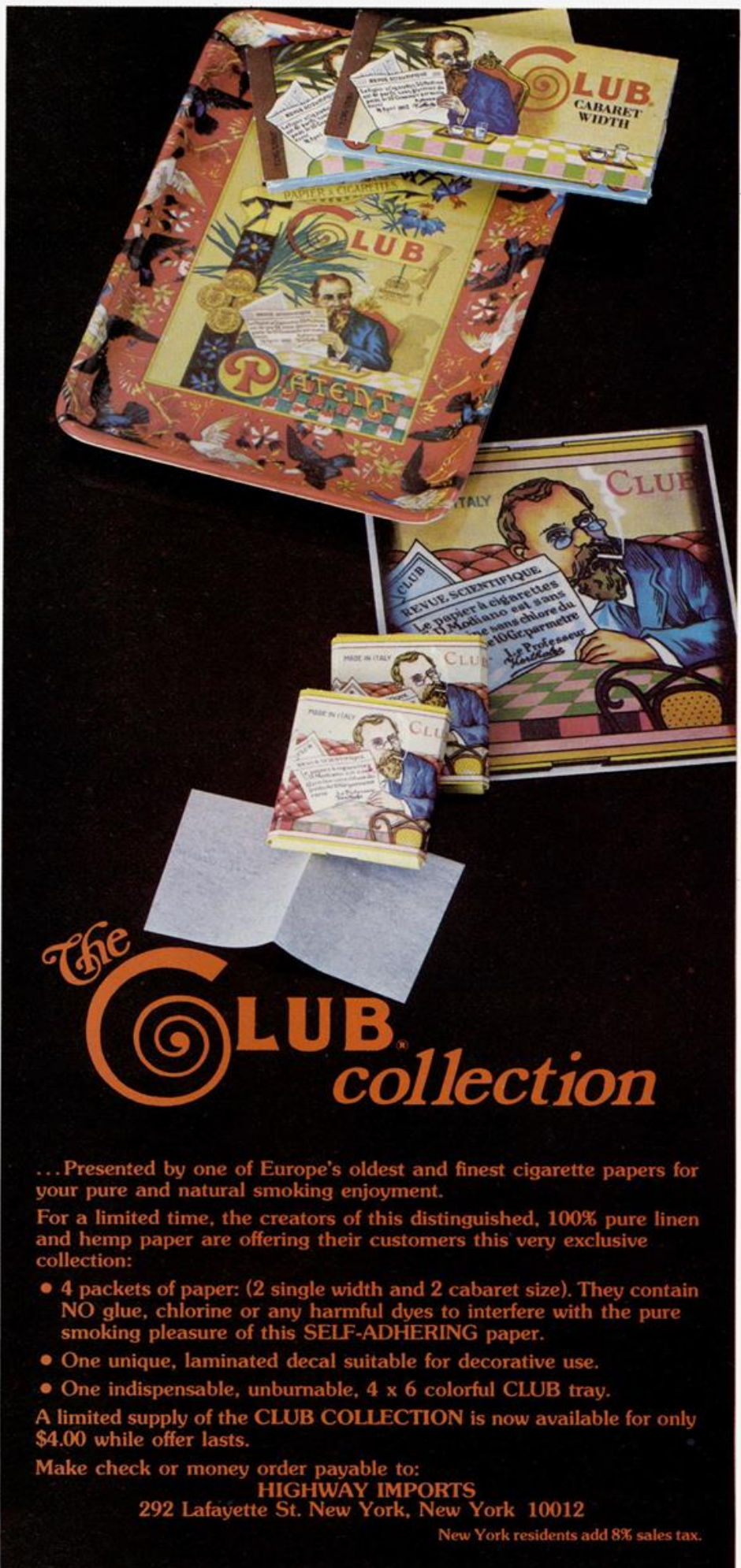
It's Friday. I play a controversial punk-rock record on the stereo loud enough to hear in the bathroom. I water-pick my teeth on the highest speed and watch the blood run down the drain. I get dressed with the intention of contacting Susan X.

I make my way up three long flights to a black-and-gold door at the top. She opens it before I knock. I stand there showing obvious admiration for her one-piece black-rubber and leopard-skin jumpsuit with matching gloves and boots. I wonder where the fuck I ever picked up a taste for things like this, having gone to high school on Staten Island.

"Come in and sit down. I need to hire a bookkeeper, are you interested?" she asks without even looking at me once. I follow her in and seat myself on a barstool behind a kitchen counter. "Excuse me. I have business," she says, walking toward the sliding doors in the middle of the room. I love the slinky way the rubber suit squeaks across her ass when she walks. I watch the muscles in her arms and back move under the leopard skin as she parts the heavy doors.

I hear the sound of wheels rolling toward me. I imagine Susan pushing in some sort of respectable Victorian tea cart with sandwiches and bourbon. She grins and presents me with a tightly bound, gagged and blindfolded young man in a wheelchair. Susan smiles at me facetiously as she jerks this man's head back at a 90-degree angle by the hair. She screams into his ear, "Rolly, can you hear me?" She pauses and smacks him across the genitals with the studded belt she was wearing the day I met her. "Just nod your head if you can hear me."

She grabs his cock and stretches it like it's soft Turkish taffy. She pulls his penis



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up as far as it can possibly go without ripping off and lets it thwack back to its normal position the way underwear waistbands do when they're stretched three or four feet away from the body wearing them. Rolly makes a muffled pain sound through his gag. She opens a drawer and removes one of those cheap balsa-wood paddles with a little red ball attached to it by a thin piece of elastic. I remember these paddles from my childhood. She holds it up for me to examine. It has a brown-ink picture of a cowboy on a horse with the words "Bronco Buster" printed beneath.

She lifts up Rolly's buttocks and slides the thin section of the paddle firmly underneath, the wide part extending out between his legs. She wheels him over to right below where I'm sitting. Susan pulls off her left glove and dumps six very thin and delicate silver nails and two very intricately designed paper clips out onto the counter. "See those nails?" she asks. "I've had them for years. They're very hard to find now." I point at the paper clips and ask if they're from the same place. "No, those are very special. I bought them in Berlin." She picks one up and demonstrates. "See, if you use it just like this, it's a nipple clamp, but if you invert it, like this, it's a roach holder. If you slide off this protective padding on the right side, it's a razor blade for cutting up your cocaine, and if you slide off the padding on the left side, it's a little spoon to put it up your nose with—24-karat gold."

In one fast movement, Susan bounces the little red ball that is attached to the paddle, picks up the nipple clamps, bounces it again, rubs his nipples until they're appropriately stiff, bounces, squeezes the clamps shut over them, bounces, catches the ball and shoves it beneath his gag and deeply into his throat.

She looks up at me. For the first time, our eyes confront each other. "Help me," she whispers, "that's why you're here."

I look back and forth between her and the victim. I'm no longer just part of the performance; I stretch out Rolly's uncircumcised foreskin, holding it deftly by the very tip. Susan begins to hammer one of the thin silver nails through a point directly behind my fingertips. I notice a thin line of watery blood seep out along the white balsa of the paddle. I get the feeling one gets right before passing out. My heart is pumping away at amyl speed, and "Waltz of the Sugarplum Fairies" is pounding out from the stereo. Everything in the room is only half visible, as if seen through a late-night TV test pattern.

She finishes with the sixth nail. I wipe the sweat from her face with the shirt that's still connected to my body. She holds me very tightly and twists the heavy silver chain around my neck. "You get the picture now, don't you? Can you admit that it feels good?" I pause to let her implication set in and once again whisper, "Oui." ■

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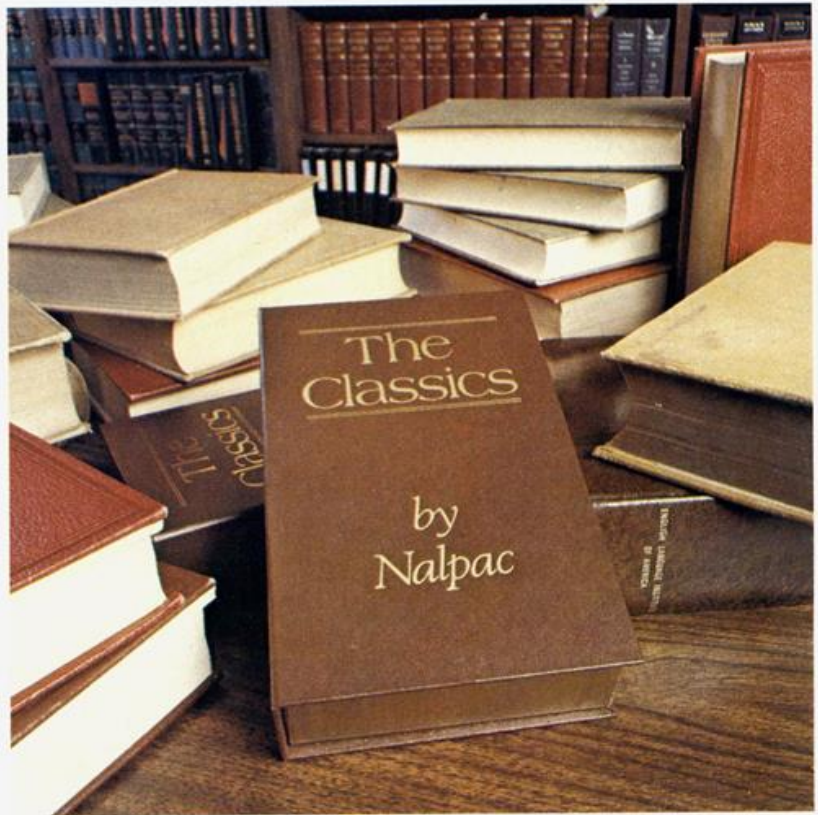
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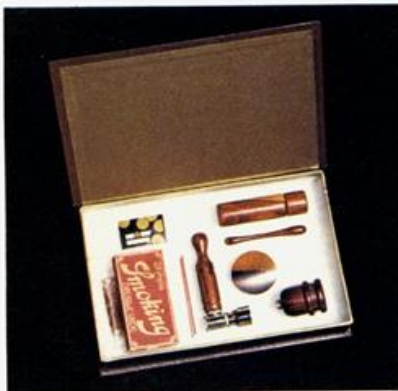
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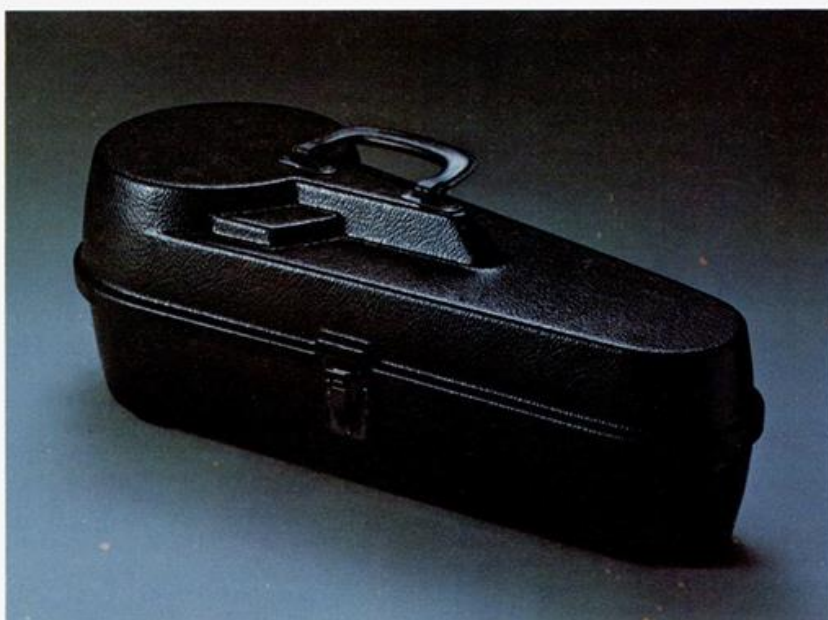
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Lampoon vs. Mediocrity

by Gilbert Choate

Three publishing events this past summer raised the stakes in the media-criticism game. One was the publication of James Monaco's seminal anthology, *Media Culture* (Delacorte). Another was the demise of *More*, the media magazine. Third and most exciting was the publication of the *National Lampoon's Sunday Newspaper Parody*.

More was founded in 1970 as an "alternative" to the Columbia Journalism Review, a forum for "media criticism" of the tasteful, cerebral type established by A.J. Liebling of the *New Yorker* and also represented by Nora Ephron's old "Media" column in *Esquire* and by numerous articles in the *Village Voice*, to name a few of its more prominent outlets. *More*, however, was the flagship of the "media critics," and they included such graceful scribes as Alexander Cockburn, Ron Rosenbaum, Barbara Grizzutti Harrison, John Simon, Deanne Stillman, Philip Nobile and many other writers possessed of enviable ways with words. They graced *More*'s pages with many elegant and incisive essays in media criticism.

More also went beyond belletristic sneering at the gaucheness of American mass media to offer in-depth coverage of behind-the-scenes backstabbing and bloodletting in the august city rooms of the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* as well as tank-town papers of the type purveyed by the houses of Gannett, Scripps-Howard, Knight-Ridder, etc., which constitute, in fact, the majority of the press that today enjoys constitutional freedom. An awfully witty and engaging 'zine, *More* was, and now it is no more, having folded up and handed over lock, stock and mailing list to—of all people—the Columbia Journalism Review by its owners, who sustained thereby a tax-loss credit not unadjacent to \$400,000.

The demise of *More*, along with the "Felkerization" of *Esquire* magazine, represents the end of the Heroic Age of Media Criticism, with its greatest status symbols—Woodward and Bernstein, Breslin, Hamill, Nora Ephron, Daniel Schorr, Walter Cronkite—settled down into well-paid niches as elder statespersons of the '70s media wars. The fact that Monaco's anthology, in which *More* is



American publishing is now
virtually a wholly owned subsidiary
of Wall Street and industry.

suitably represented, is clearly designed for classroom use, seals the fate of that once-promising form, media critiquing.

Formerly the province of a literary mafia of New York-based wits and bon vivants as amused as they were horrified by the gaffes of the media empires they worked for, media criticism is increasingly appearing on campuses and, God help us, in high-school courses in communications (Ever meet a communications grad? There's one in the cubicle next to mine, peddling ad space to hash-pipe vendors), which assures that the highest value of media criticism, humor, has had its day. Meanwhile, the collapse of little strongholds of independent media into well-fortified chains of ownership proceeds apace, guaranteeing that American journalism grows ever less diverse and ever more immune to criticism that thrives on individual quirks to criticize. This point is amply documented by Monaco.

Today, according to *Media Culture*, 51 percent of newspaper revenues are earned by only ten newspaper chains, serving some 20 million readers; two record companies (Warners and CBS) earned 65 percent of all wholesale record and tape sales in 1976; in any single year, three (out of the top five) film distributors collect more than 50 percent of total U.S. film rentals; six companies dominate more than 50 percent of the nonprint media in America. Most pervasive and most complete are the television monopolies, with three major networks accounting for 69 percent of television earnings, and 85 percent of all commercial stations are affiliated with one of the major networks. In cable and UHF and VHF video operations, a handful of large operators control penetration of the majority of American homes and markets.

Most shocking of all, American publishing is now virtually a wholly owned

subsidiary of Wall Street and industry. CBS, for example, owns no fewer than eight influential publishing houses; Gulf & Western owns five publishing houses and numerous magazines; and those houses that aren't themselves puppets of big business are busily acquiring smaller houses in an effort to stave off their own takeovers: hence Doubleday's acquisition of Dell, Delta, Delacorte and the Dial Press and Harcourt Brace Jovanovich's expansion into mass paperbacks and business magazines. There is hardly a single outlet of opinion in this country that does not serve as a front for ties of influence and ownership that stretch back to mutual funds, insurance companies and other lovers of freedom of expression.

Amid these depressing computations and the disheartening death of *More* and birth of *Media Culture*, there came this summer one encouraging new publication. It was the *National Lampoon Sunday Newspaper Parody*, sequel to the *Lampoon's* million-selling 1964 *High School Yearbook Parody*. It is as fine, and far more effective, an assault on America's monolithic media culture than Monaco, *More* and company have ever offered—and where their essays on diffuse negative aspects of that culture will be hopelessly obscure to readers a hundred years hence, copies of the *Lampoon* parody (prudently preserved in its original cellophane wrapping by smart readers who buy two copies now) will be read then and long after for a picture of civilization in 1978, much as we read Aristophanes to find out what smart Athens was thinking in 400 B.C.

The *Sunday Newspaper Parody* is the creation of P.J. O'Rourke, the editor-in-chief of the *National Lampoon*. His name is often linked in metropolitan gossip columns with trendy heiresses and movie

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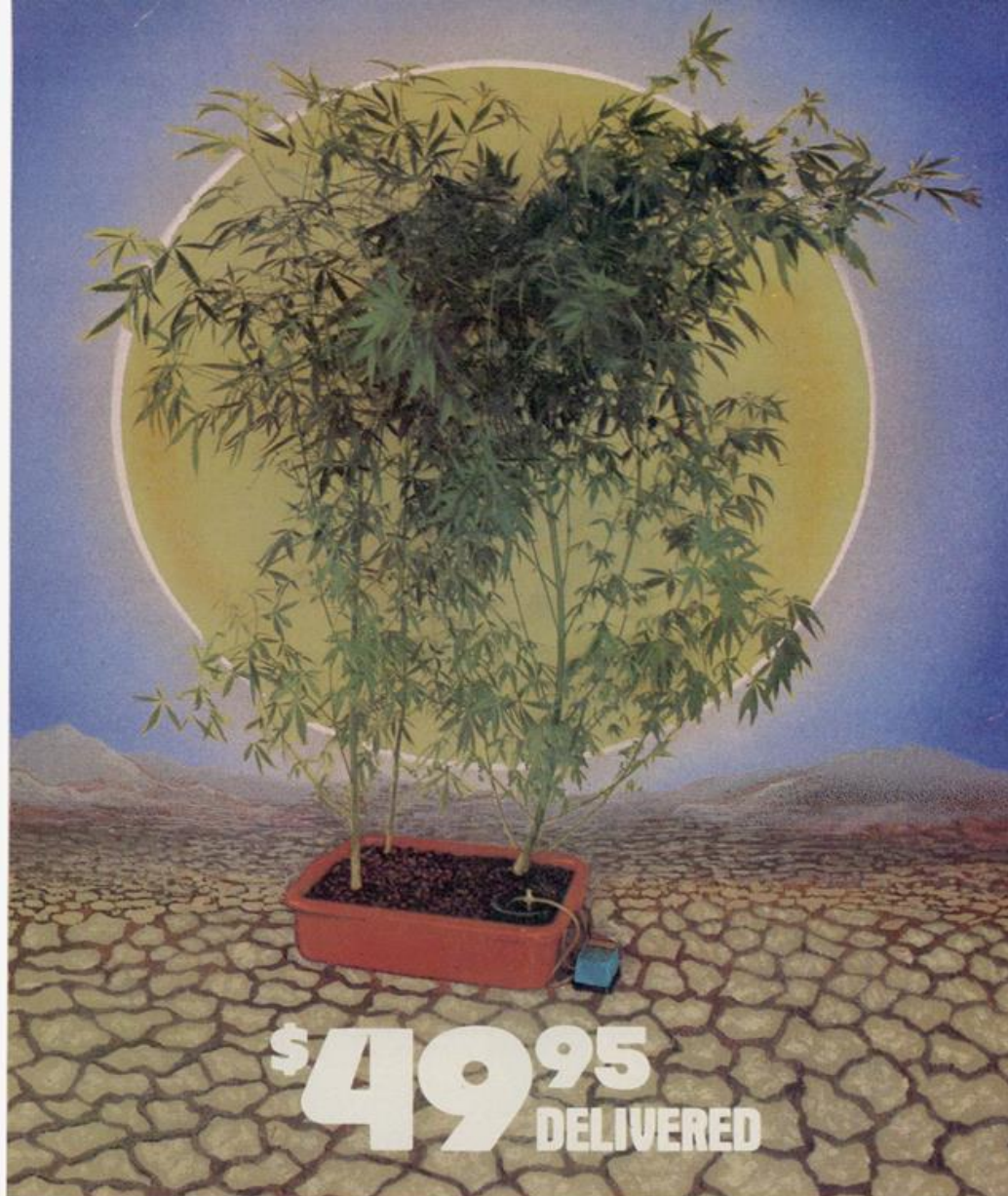
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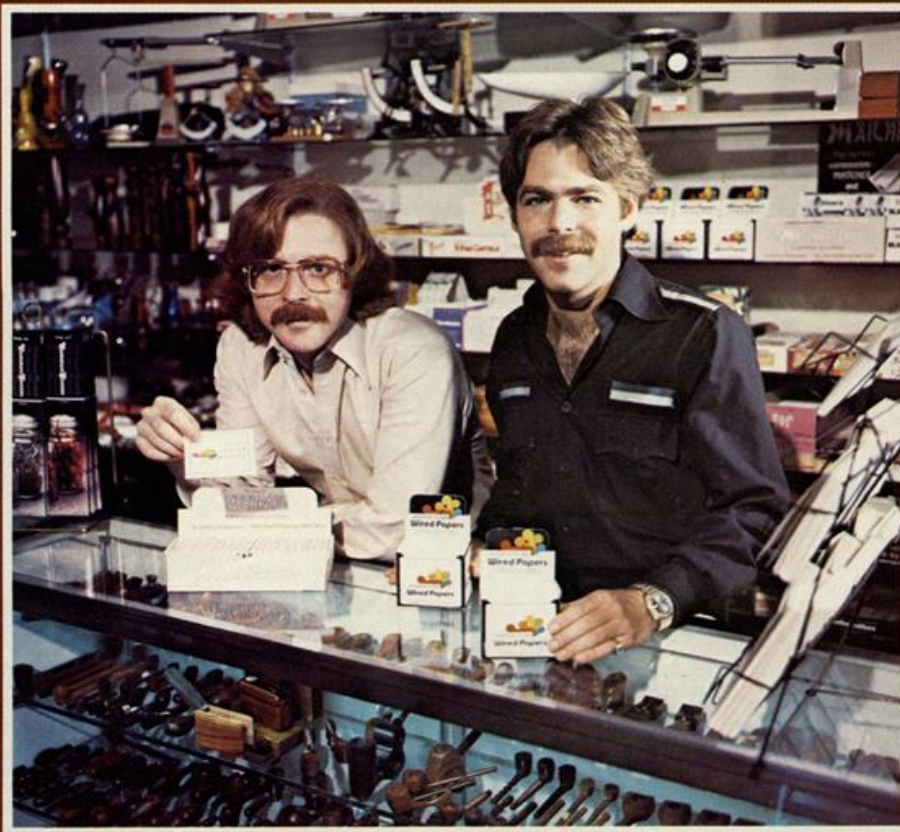


stars. He is an honors graduate of the Bob Bondurant School of High-Performance Driving and holds advanced degrees in swell literature as well. Some of his finest early writing appeared in such underground newspapers as the East Village Other, the New York Ace and Baltimore's Harry, which boosted its circulation with a "Win a Date with P.J. O'Rourke" contest. He was in fact the only representative of the underground press to accompany President Nixon on his historic 1972 visit to Red China, though this was later shown to have been a hoax. Even so, O'Rourke's dispatches from the People's Republic are still quoted as authoritative in some quarters (see, for example, the Penguin paperback *Men's Liberation* by Jack Nichols). It is easy to see that the *Sunday Newspaper Parody* will enjoy similar authority with scholars attempting to characterize the journalistic institutions that are the objects of its searing satire.

Of its contents, little might be said of the newspaper parody that would not amount to an outright borrowing of its jokes. Like all Lampoon parodies, it amounts to a labor of love: a letter-perfect imitation of the small-town corporate chain newspapers it ridicules. From the color supplements to the comics to the advertising insert (from the local Swillmart), every tacky facet of the hypothetical Dacron Republican Democrat is reproduced in ludicrous detail. Beginning with a front-page account of a disruption in the travel plans of two local citizens (as a virtual footnote it is announced that earthquakes have destroyed Japan), to the back-of-the-book account of the two black con men from nearby Cleveland arrested for impersonating Arab oil billionaires planning to invest a "quadrillion dollars" in downtown "Dacron," to the stirring report of the arrest of a Nazi war criminal Martin Bormann (disguised as a 29-year-old Dacron civil servant, Earl Bormann), the newspaper parody is indistinguishable from the gross gazettes of the Gannett and other newspaper chains that have stamped out the heroic traditions of American newspapering in the search for greater advertising revenues.

The small-town American paper, once the preserve of the independent spirits of word-infatuated, liberty-inspired press-people, editors and hacks, is a bygone tradition nobody can even remember; but thanks to the *Sunday Newspaper Parody*, the inanity of its inferior contemporary substitute will never seem the same. Reading the dailies and Sundays of the suburbs will never again be subject to the hypnotic, defenseless mind rape we have come to know; never again, in the light of the parody, can a small-town paper be read and taken seriously. O'Rourke has buried the long-dead American newspaper—an act of liberating media criticism that no elegant prose of Cockburn's or Ephron's or your reporter's can hope to surpass. ■

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The Myth of the Munchies & the Dope Smoker's Diet

by "R.," Dope Connoisseur

A faithful reader of the column has written in to ask what the dope connoisseur's attitude is toward the phenomenon known as "the munchies."

The implication in his letter is that there must be some contradiction between a connoisseur's sensibility and the kind of post-marijuana feeding frenzy that can drive grown men to consume fistfuls of Fritos.

I think what is called for here is a full-scale frontal assault on the whole self-destructive mythology of the munchies. That's right, mythology. I'm not saying that people don't get feelings of hunger after smoking marijuana or that taste sensations are not intensified by grass. The myth however is that smoking grass compels one to satisfy these needs by indulging in degrading orgies of junk-food consumption.

Not that I have anything against orgiastic consumption, but the degradation should be exquisite, not cheap. The myth of the munchies however is a throwback to the lurid "reefer madness" image of the marijuana smoker's behavior: that one is transformed into a mindless creature driven by blind need to stuff Dipsy Doodles and Drakes cakes into one's maw until the dash to the Dairy Queen or the Home of the Whopper to shovel more sugary goo and grease into one's digestive system.

It's this kind of behavior that gives marijuana smoking a bad name for no good reason. Not that it doesn't go on. What I'm saying is that there's no *physiological* need for junk food, as such, to satisfy the marijuana-stimulated appetite. Fine food does just as well, and better, but the inexperienced marijuana smoker is often imprisoned by the junk-food-sotted imagery of the munchie myth—all those giggling jokes about postmidnight munchie-maddened missions to the 7-11 store for Twinkies and tortilla chips.

Let's look at the origins of the munchie mythology. I think we can pinpoint three factors that have contributed to widespread misconceptions about the relation of marijuana to food.



Jack Abraham

The Thai-stick high permits each note of flavor to peel out in its piquant fullness and yet still chime in complex harmonies.

First, much of the mythology was created in the earliest, furriest freak brothers days of dope smoking, when smoking was more furtive and criminal, a postmidnight misdemeanor, which meant that when the "munchies" struck, the only food outlets open were cheap junk-food stores, that the only place where heads could feel anonymous and "maintain" were fast-food franchises. When those were closed, raids on the refrigerators of newly initiated smokers would lead to indiscriminate lunges for the most potent sources of immediate gratification—mixtures of melted ice cream, Oreo cookies and the like.

The second source of the munchie myth was the relatively poor quality of the dope smoked back when the myth was in the making. Most experienced smokers I know now report that the better the dope, the finer the high, the less they feel impelled to crude indiscriminate munching, the more they seek food of an exquisiteness to match the high. Although much can be said for cheap Mexican dope (see my June column "Bring Back Mexican," for instance), pharmacological analysis does suggest that commercial Mex contains a higher percentage of cannabidiols, a chemical precursor to cannabinol, the more potent psychoactive ingredient

in dope. The cruder cannabidiols, according to some research, seem to stimulate a cruder, more indiscriminately voracious appetitive response in the smoker than the more highly evolved cannabinoids.

Finally, a third explanation for the increased munchie myth is that the compulsive gobbling is a passing phase for pot consumers, a primitive level of awareness the inexperienced marijuana smoker must go through before passing on to the finer, more intense and exhilarating pleasures that fine food offers the indiscriminating smoker. The munchies, like adolescent self-abuse, may be a stage not to be deplored so much as transcended for more emotionally satisfying pleasures.

To demonstrate the truth of this and the flimsiness of the munchie myth, consider the effect of marijuana on the other senses. Everyone, musicians and painters particularly, acknowledges that getting high can dramatically increase the sensitivity of one's aural and visual responses. And certainly the sexually related senses of smell and touch can be raised to intoxicating new sensual heights by consuming cannabis.

Why of all the five senses should it only be the sense of taste that is degraded rather than elevated by marijuana?

The answer, of course, is that it is not: that the sense of taste too is heightened and refined—or could be if too many marijuana smokers were not mesmerized by the myth of the munchies and felt their stoned appetites can only be satisfied by eating garbage food.

This phenomenon may represent a disguised survival in the marijuana high of the sneaky puritanical guilt mechanism most of us Americans have built into us. It's a commonplace that we're brought up to feel guilt over experiencing pleasure of all kinds and to expect, even welcome, punishment for it. Thus drinkers often measure how good a time they had the night before by their hangover the morning after. One of the most frequently cited advantages of grass over booze is that grass gives no physically debilitating morning-after punishment in return for the pleasure it provides. Perhaps the impulse to stuff the body with junk food that we know as the "the munchies" is, in part, that sneaky guilt mechanism discovering a way to punish the body for the pleasure of the high. Needless to say, it's not the grass that can make us feel bad but the chemically hyped-up contents of the junk food we sometimes stuff ourselves with when high.

Don't get me wrong. I'm not pushing brown rice or some vegetarian purity line here. I'm all in favor of thick juicy steaks well marbled with tasty fat and rich dark sensual pecan pies with real whipped cream—eating experiences even more extraordinary when high.

In line with that I'd like to suggest some particularly effective combinations of

marijuana varieties and food. The airy enchantment of a true Thai stick, for instance, is the perfect appetizer for enhanced preparation of hot and spicy Eastern dishes that entwine the flavors of several foods and spices at once. Somehow the clarity of the Thai high permits each note of flavor in the symphony to peal out in its piquant fullness and yet still chime in complex harmonies played upon the palate.

A spicy light upland Colombian, on the other hand, is often a good preparation for a brand-new appreciation of well-prepared old standards—roasts and ribs, soups and pot pies, fresh fruits and vegetables. And the darker lowland Colombians can be particularly good when you're cooking for yourself. The earthy sensuality of this variety is well suited to the prolonged physical communion with food that makes for the most rewarding cooking experiences.

What happens, someone might ask, to those marijuana smokers predisposed to weight problems? Wouldn't this attitude toward rich fine foods tend to pad their poundage?

On the contrary. In fact, according to the testimony of at least one former fatty, a highly sensual and discriminating but nonmunched attitude toward food when high can transform the formerly fat person's whole attitude toward food to a more healthy one and indeed lead to a solution of the weight problem. Let's listen to this fellow describe what might be called "the dope smoker's diet."

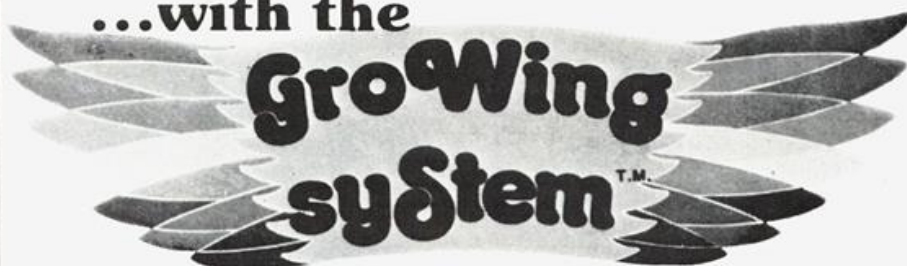
"It was something I discovered when I first got to New York City and first started getting stoned," he said. "I used to go on binges, eat lots of junk, feel guilty, get fat, feel bad about my body, eat more to try and feel better, feel worse, the whole vicious cycle that anyone who's been fat knows about. But I made an incredible discovery. When I'd get high before eating, I'd feel so good, so much better about myself and my body, that I wouldn't want to waste my food money on anything but the most exquisite and intense experiences. So I'd find myself saving my appetite and my money for the very best, and—here's where the difference comes in—the combination of the exquisite high and the fine food would totally satisfy me.

"I found myself getting more deeply into the sensual satisfaction of each bite so that I didn't need to constantly stuff sugary greasy junk into me trying to fill some longing left unsatisfied. I no longer needed to eat compulsively. It didn't happen overnight, but over the course of a year or so I gradually realized that I was eating fine, getting high and getting thinner."

So there you have it, folks. Not only will abandoning your self-destructive imprisonment in the mentally manufactured and fatally flawed myth of the munchies get you higher, it can make you thinner too. I'll take it over the Scarsdale diet anytime. ■

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Smoking Section™

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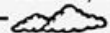
We told nine major paper companies we wanted to put out a double-width paper. They said, "No," "Can't be done," "Forget it," "It isn't done that way," and "You can't possibly be serious."

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SMOKING SECTION

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Keith Richard, Stones lead guitarist caught by the Canadian Mounties with cocaine and heroin, has recently taken the same cure that worked so well on fellow ex-junkie **Eric Clapton**: electro-acupuncture. "It's a very simple electronic nine-volt operation," explains Richard, "a little metal box with leads that clip onto your ears. In 72 hours it leaves your system, then it's all up to you." The result? "I've only fallen over twice in 15 gigs."



Camera 5

West Coast plastic surgeon **Danny O'Day** is planning to amass a clone army of dead rock stars. O'Day has already changed a housewife and a former used-car salesman into **Elvis Presley** look-alikes, and he plans flesh-and-blood replicas of **Mama Cass Elliot**, **Jimi Hendrix**, **Buddy Holly**, **Janis Joplin**, **Jim Morrison**, **Jim Croce**, **Bobby Darin**, **Otis Redding** and other graveyard greats.



Camera 5

On a recent "Tonight Show" interview, comedian **Richard Pryor** was asked by host **Johnny Carson** how he was feeling. "Oh, I got a little bit of a sore throat," Pryor replied. "Tonsils?" "No, I don't think so. I've been tootin' pretty heavy all week."

Phil Ochs, the silver-tongued '60s folk-singer who hung himself a few years ago, will be the subject of an upcoming show-biz biopic (à la *The Buddy Holly Story*) to be directed by boy wonder **Francis Ford Coppola** when he's through editing his Vietnam War epic *Apocalypse Now*.

The upcoming film version of **Robert Sabbag's** best-selling book *Snowblind*, the intriguing adventures of an international cocaine smuggler, will be produced by **John Marshall**, previously the producer of Ali's *The Greatest*.



Bettmann Archive

Berlin's Cronos Film Co. has released a documentary on the trials of the would-be assassins of **Adolph Hitler** on July 24, 1944. The footage includes testimony by 32 military officers, political leaders, church officials and civil servants charged with the plot that failed when an attaché case primed with a time bomb misfired at German army headquarters, leaving der Führer with scars and bruises.



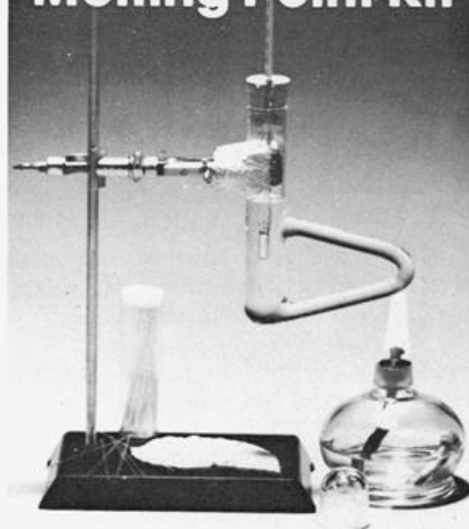
When **Elvis Presley** met with President **Richard Nixon** in 1970 and asked to be a narc, he also wanted to meet with **J. Edgar Hoover** and get hired as an FBI informant, according to an internal FBI memo recently received under the Freedom of Information Act by the Washington Post. The memo says Presley thought he could be helpful to the FBI because he was often approached by people and organizations trying to get him to endorse "questionable activities" that are "not in the best interests of this country." Presley also thought the "filthy and unkempt appearances and suggestive music" of the **Beatles** were a cause for the social unrest of American youth, and that "the **Smothers Brothers**, **Jane Fonda** and other persons in the entertainment industry of their ilk have a lot to answer for in the hereafter for the way they have poisoned young minds by disparaging the U.S. in public statements and unsavory activities."

In keeping with his new "Changing of the Guard" mentality, **Bob Dylan** has been turning to respected punk fashion leaders in an attempt to spruce up his wardrobe. During a recent trip to England, Dylan was overheard asking **Generation X's Tony James** where he could buy a black-and-white leather jacket like his and has been spending a lot of time in the British new-wave fashion district of the Camdentown Market, looking more and more like **Willy (Mink) Deville**.



The Opium War, a non-documentary feature film that was produced in Red China more than a decade ago but suppressed by the **Mao Tse-tung** regime, has been released to the West. The film deals with the opium war between China and Great Britain, and some of the scenes were shot in Peking's "Forbidden City." □

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Urban Gunnery

by Ted Mann

Most folks are understandably chary of keeping a loaded gun—be it a pistol or a moose rifle—in the home. However, the popularity of penny-arcade shooting galleries suggests that Americans like nothing better than a nice safe afternoon of blowing away menacing imitation bad guys in the windows of simulated hideouts.

For the hard-core gunner the local pistol range provides a similar sort of thrill; it's almost as safe as a 10-cent machine, although a good deal noisier and more expensive. On the range the pistol or rifle devotee can "pop a box" of shells—reloads purchased at rock bottom prices—amidst the roar of what sounds like an actual Beirut street disturbance.

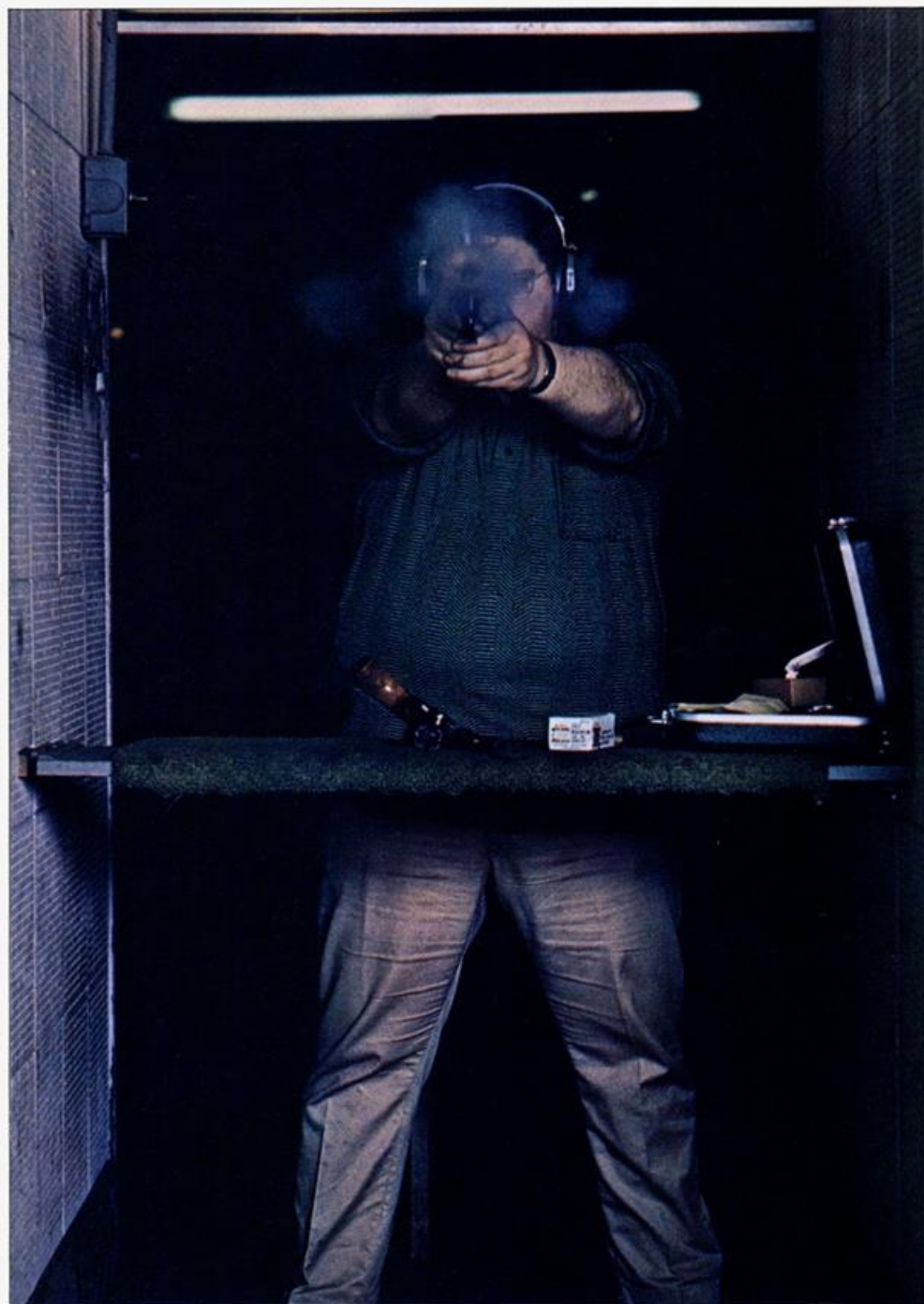
The range usually provides guns, ammunition and expert instruction for the novice, starting him or her with the docile lower-caliber target weapons like the .22 and progressing up to the arm-jolting, shoulder-wrenching thrill of the classic .45 automatic.

The beginner will find a whole society already in existence at the range, with rules like "empty gun and open magazine" when "cease fire" is called, and established forms of pistol competition requiring levels of skill an amateur would not even suspect existed.

A great variety of people are to be found blazing away at the paper targets at any given meet: cops anxious to sharpen their skills, businesspersons fearful of kidnappers or criminals or late-night noises, shopkeepers bent on protecting their dry goods, sport shooters, revolutionaries who do not want to be caught shooting themselves in the foot when the hard rain finally begins to fall, journalists who want to know what they're writing about when they report .44-caliber atrocities and naturally members of the National Rifle Association who shoot in order to exercise their right to bear arms.

The range in the basement of the National Guard armory at 26th Street and Lexington Avenue in New York City regularly plays host to the cream of pro and amateur sport blasters.

"Bumper" is one of the top guns on the armory range. He has been known on



Photos by Peter Kleinman

This is what you would see just before you went down in what the newspapers would call "a blazing hail of lead," that is, if you had eyes that could resolve a slug the way the camera has done here. It's that little gray streak just above the gun muzzle. By the way, we risked an art director to get this shot. Hope you think it was worth it.

many occasions to cut the paper heart out of a silhouette target with two cylinders of .38-wad cutter fire. Bumper, aka the "Bionic Belly," delivers words as fast and accurately as he delivers bullets, and he drums the rules of weapon use and safety into the head of a tyro as fast as can be expected, tyros' heads being what they are.

Once you become a skilled gunman or gun lady, depending on what you pack in your pants, you may apply for a "sport permit," which entitles you to carry a handgun (in a locked case) between your home and the range. Most gun clubs also encourage you to join the National Rifle

Association, a group dedicated to the furtherance of rugged individualism. If this contradiction seems too rugged for your delicate political machinery to resolve, you can always strike a stern pose and say, "The only group I ever joined is the human species, and I'm going to keep it that way." You can add a "bub" at the end of that sentence if you feel it works.

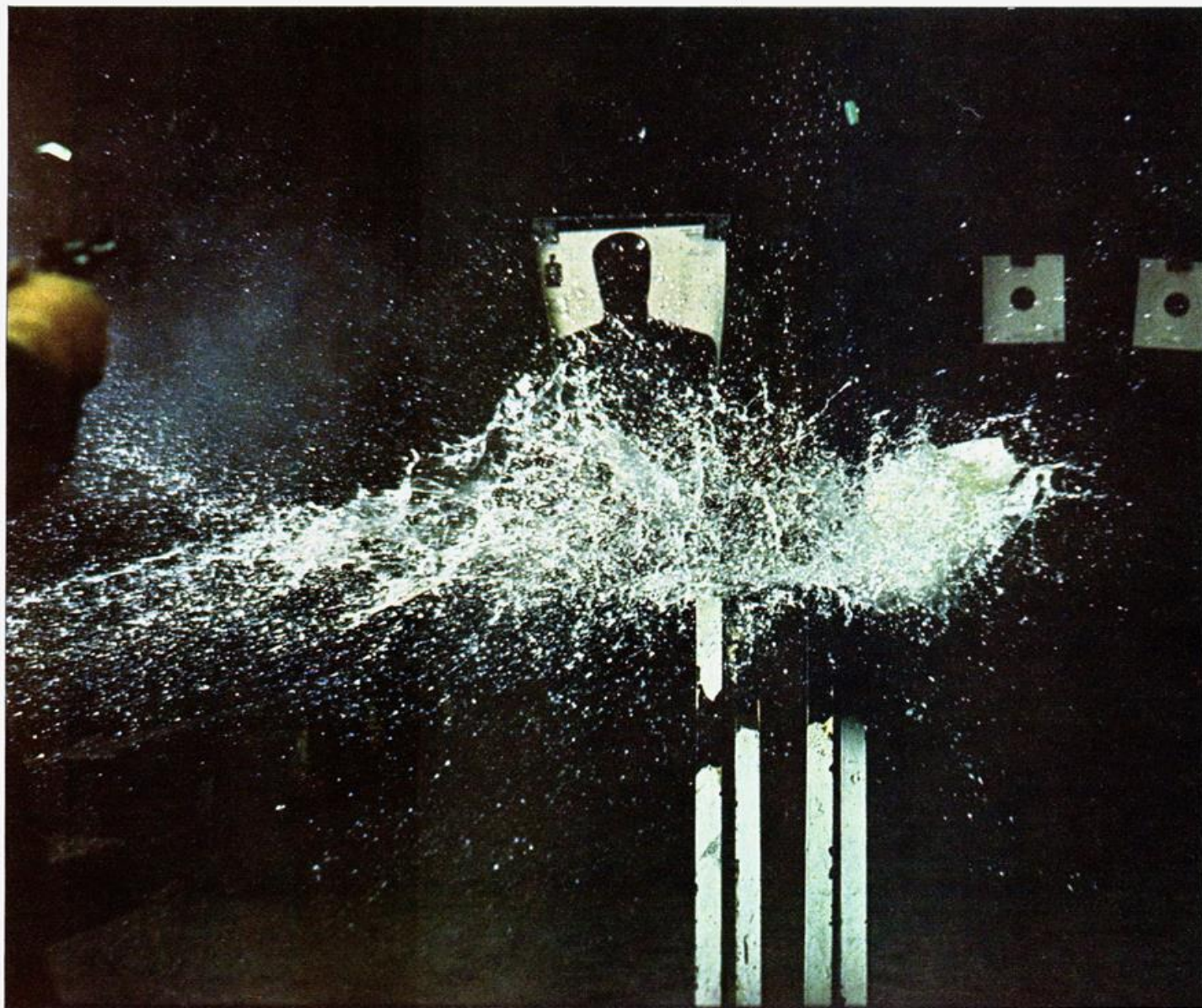
As for me, I intend to continue to enjoy muzzle flash, recoil and powder burns as much as I enjoy the Captain Kruger U-boat machine in the Funzo Arcade in Times Square. Maybe one day I'll get to sink an empty freighter with a real U-boat. Up periscope.



Bumper about to perform the renowned hydrostatic shock test. He's using a special hot-load .38 that will boost a hollow-point slug up to about twice factory-loaded velocity.



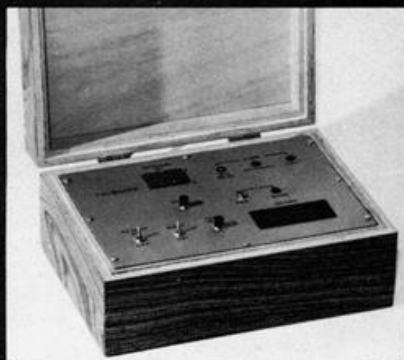
Slug begins impact on water-filled bleach bottles. Slightly above the bottle you can see the green cap rising in the air the same way your hair might, were you some jughead attempting to run off with a wad of cash on Bumper's beat.



A little farther along. The water has spread and the green caps have ascended farther. 'Nuff said. 🍷

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Bensinger Proposals Termed "Insulting Interference"

Colombians Reject DEA Dope-War Scheme



Colombian president Turbay Ayala



DEA chief Peter Bensinger



Diego Ascencio, the U.S. ambassador to Colombia

BOGOTA, COLOMBIA—Colombian authorities have strongly rejected the proposal of U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) Chief Peter Bensinger that military forces assume rule over the Guajiran peninsula, Colombia's prosperous dope-exporting province. After a helicopter tour of La Guajira, during which he claimed to have spotted 50 "clandestine" airstrips purportedly used by dope runners to the States, Bensinger warned over Colombian radio that the \$7-billion-per-year contraband industry represented a "national security" threat to Colombia, and urged that troops be sent in to control the area.

Speaking over Toledar Radio's "Technicians and Politicians" program, Bensinger told interviewers that Mexico's militarization of Sinaloa Province would be a splendid example to follow. Under the guise of eradicating marijuana plantations in Sinaloa, the Mexican military—with copious funds, ordnance and "technical assistance" from the U.S. DEA—has been systematically crushing a broad-based peasant land rebellion. Through defoliating marijuana—the rebels' primary source of income—with paraquat and other herbicides, the Mexican military has permanently disfigured much of the High Sierras, poisoned the soil forever, exterminated several rare species of decorative exotic orchids and disrupted the entire ecological cycle. Worse yet, the water supplies of countless mountain villages have been contaminated with the lethal chemicals, exposing the inhabitants to probable long-term nerve diseases and congenital birth defects. In Sinaloa and other similarly militarized departments, Mexican troops and mercenary soldiers methodically terrorize civilians to discourage them from supporting

grass-smuggling rebels—all under the noble-sounding aegis of a "narcotics war."

Reaction to Bensinger's suggestion that then-president Lopez Michelsen should duplicate this horror and desolation in La Guajira was immediate and voluble. Both Lopez and his successor, President Cesar Turbay Ayala, dismissed the notion out of hand: unlike the situation in Mexico, the conservative Colombian landowners who support the ruling "liberal" party have property interests of their own in La Guajira. Thus Bensinger's outrageous proposal of inundating the area with troops and helicopters, in order to stop "the farming of marijuana and cocaine, and the distribution of these dangerous substances," was very ill-received in high Colombian circles.

Dr. Guillermo Leon Linares himself, head of the Colombian federal narcotics bureau—the Department of Administrative Security (DAS)—was plainly incensed at Bensinger's arrogant recommendations. "I think it's an insult, a lack of respect for the government and the authorities of Colombia," Dr. Leon Linares exploded after Bensinger's interview. "It's an impudent interference in the affairs of this country which we should reject. Neither he nor any other foreign official should tell us, the Colombian government, what to do—and much less what our armed forces should do. This is something exclusively for the government and the high military commanders."

In other quarters, Bensinger's proposals were met with cynicism, derision and contempt. Conservative congressman Alberto Focedo Bernardes acidly commented that he might, in order to counteract the dope trade, support the militarization of La Guajira—but "correspondingly, it

should be proposed to the Americans that they militarize the coasts of Florida and all other ports of access for marijuana." Referring to another U.S. drug "authority" who had once made similar proposals, the daily *El Espectador* remarked, "We hope that nothing similar to what happened to Dr. Bourne will occur to Sr. Bensinger."

Subsequently, the U.S. Ambassador to Bogota, Diego Ascencio, affirmed that Bensinger's proposals amounted to an attempt at interference in Colombian internal affairs. He declared that the U.S. government did not share Bensinger's opinions and that the DEA chief didn't possess "either the competence or the jurisdiction to say such things."

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Soviets Hold Hard Line on Soft Drugs

One of the Soviet Union's top health officials recently explained the reasons for the USSR's ultraconservative policy on recreational drug use, calling marijuana a "narcotic" and boasting that "the whole Soviet Union has fewer drug addicts than a single large Western city."

Dr. Edward Babayan, head of the Division of New Medicines and Medical Techniques at the USSR Ministry of Health, declared that "Soviets should never reconcile themselves to the so-called weaker substances," since "marijuana is a narcotic, and beginners often move on from marijuana to several other drugs." Setting forth his opinions

in the English-language Soviet journal *New Times*, Babayan stated, "We believe that people who try a drug, say cocaine, even once out of sheer curiosity, are candidates for pathological addiction."

The Soviet drug expert, who is also chairman of the U.N. Commission on Narcotic Drugs, said that Russian drug habits changed dramatically after the October 1917 Revolution. Following the revolt, says Babayan, "opium smoking was widespread in what is now the Central Asian Soviet republics, and the use of cocaine was considered fashionable by some members of the artistic and

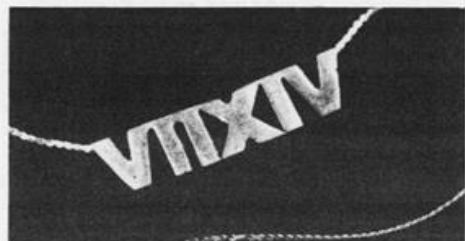
literary community." Babayan explained that an important step to curb drug use was taken in 1974, when the government banned the cultivation of the opium poppy, causing the complete exclusion of heroin from the pharmacopoeia.

Babayan added that the social and economical aspects of cocaine repression in countries like Bolivia and Peru, where the plant is a traditional and highly valuable crop, "is a very acute problem. We must find other cash crops and improve national diets, because in these countries people chew coca leaves not for a high, but simply out of hunger."



A Colombian freighter called the *Superfly II* was moving these 40 tons of fume past Port Isabel, Texas, when the Coast Guard rudely interrupted the delivery. The whole crop was torched at the Brownsville dump.

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DEA Names Street Dope Top 24



Ken Weiner

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The United States Drug Enforcement Administration's recent alphabetical listing of the most frequently stolen drug products is a good indication of the types of highs people are pursuing today.

The 24 most stolen drugs include Amytal (and all other forms of amobarbital), Benzedrine (and all other forms of amphetamine), Darvon (and all other forms of propoxyphene), Demerol (meperidine HCl), Desoxyn (and all other forms of methamphetamine), Dexamy (and all other amphetamine-barbiturate combinations), Dexedrine (and all other forms of dextroamphetamine), Dilaudid (hydromorphone HCl), Empirin Compound with Codeine (and similar preparations

with codeine), and Exkatrol (combination of dextroamphetamine and prochlorperazine).

Also included in the list were Firoinal with Codeine (butalbital-codeine combination), Librium (and all other forms of chlordiazepoxide), morphine (all forms and preparations), Miltown (and all other forms of meprobamate), Nembutal (and all other generic forms of pentobarbital), Obetrol (and all other amphetamine combinations), Percodan (oxycodone HCl), Placidyl (ethchlorvynol), Preludin (phenmetrazine HCl), Quaalude (and all other forms of methqualone), Ritalin (methylphenidate HCl), Seconal (and all other forms of secobarbital), Tuinal (and all other secobarbital-amobarbital combos) and Valium.

Say Thai Antigrass Program Doomed to Fail



BANGKOK—Thai authorities, long criticized in the United States for their ineffectiveness at halting the dope trade, have balked at current U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration pressure to wage a major antihemp offensive. "I think marijuana suppression is more difficult than eliminating Communist insurgents," said the governor of Nakhon Phanom province after government agents waged a week-long war on area plantations and captured less than five tons of cannabis plants. Hemp has been grown in the Thai hinterlands for generations and is intimately incorporated into the Thai cuisine, economy and lifestyle.

Recently the Thai government launched a "D-

Day" antimarijuana program around Nakhon Phanom—an effort motivated, observers believe, by official humiliation at the failure of government officials to inhibit the "Golden Triangle" heroin trade from Burma, Laos and Thailand. After a week's operations among the area's bamboo-disguised boo plantations, 4,100 kilograms of grass had been destroyed, 15 people arrested and three policemen wounded when enraged villagers ambushed their jeep in the midst of a crop-eradication program.

Besides growing grass for export, Thai villagers traditionally use it as a condiment in soups, curries and noodle dishes and feed it to swine to increase their appetites. Hemp is also used in rope

making and as a paint base, and of course its euphoric qualities have long been known. Just as importantly, the recent drought in rural Thailand has virtually crippled the region's rice-producing capabilities; only a minimal amount of rice can be grown in the parched paddies, but marijuana flourishes under the same weather conditions. The DEA-inspired efforts of the government to eradicate pot are therefore viewed by the locals as an attempt to starve them to death.

The export value of grass, both internationally and within Thailand, is high. Reports a celebrated Bangkok restaurant chef: "Every day I sell more than 100 bowls of noodle soup with marijuana. When you eat it you crave for more."

DEA Aids Airport Narcs

MIAMI, FLORIDA—The Metro Airport Narcotics Unit, credited with one of the most impressive bust records in the world, admits that much of its success in detecting dope couriers en route through Miami International is due to the federal Drug Enforcement Administration's composite "drug courier profile." Developed especially for airport narcs stationed at critical dope-import terminals, the courier profile presents a series of illustrations of how *not* to behave in an airport if one wishes to avoid possible harassment by narcs who might mistake one for a "mule," or dope runner.

It's important, the narcs say, not to be either first or last off an incoming flight. A person *first* in line is suspected of being overanxious to catch the next flight out, while one *last* in line may be scouting to see if the coast is clear.

Suitcases too heavy or too light, or wildly mismatched, are considered the mark of a mule. Too heavy means grass, too light means coke, and mismatched means one suitcase has probably been given to the mule by his or her connection. Suitcases bristling with combination locks are automatically suspect; American Tourister luggage, for some reasons, seems preferred by mules.

Simple matters of attitude can provoke undue suspicion: people who "seem to study everyone around them" naturally attract the heat, as does nervousness for no perceptible cause. In court, when challenged by a defense attorney to present cause for initiating searches of accused mules, narcs typically say, "Their age, their luggage and their nervousness all were consistent with the profile."

Young women especially should beware of attracting the gaze of an airport narc. One narc in Miami told reporters: "Usually when an official cannot see the contours of a feminine figure under loose-fitting dresses, even when in a bending position, the wearer generally has something strapped to her waist. The usual female airline traveler ordinarily wears tight-fitting clothes." Young, clean, presentable women who travel alone are particularly likely to incite the undesired attention of airport narcs.

Buying a one-way ticket with cash, of course,

looks suspicious, as does rushing frantically to the phone immediately upon disembarking.

Police admit that none of the above entirely innocuous gestures constitutes legal cause for actually searching anyone's luggage. The procedure, they say, is to approach the individual as purported airline employees and ask to see her or his ticket. Irregularities in the ticket, real or

invented, will easily lead to a polite request to inspect the person's luggage. Though the suspect is in no way legally obliged to submit—the narcs don't say what they do in case of refusal—most actual mules, it seems, readily comply.

A completely innocent passenger, of course, may attempt to stand on his or her rights as a U.S. citizen and catch the next plane out of the place.



The Coast Guard seized the 88-foot DK in Chesapeake Bay off Norfolk, Virginia, alleging that it served as the "motherhip connection" in an East Coast pot-smuggling operation. Narcs say the craft was used to deliver ten tons of fume to the Massachusetts town of Sandwich.



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72 Year Old Busted Selling \$6 Ounces

PARK RAPIDS, MINNESOTA—A 72-year-old health-food advocate was busted here by an undercover agent who'd set up a grass buy with him. A plainclothes narc bought 27 ounces of home-grown from Walter Moehlman, retired, who smokes it to relieve his glaucoma and sinus headaches, and then busted him for trafficking. Moehlman—who was selling his personal stash at cost, \$6 an ounce—spent 13 days in the lockup before police finally gave up trying to get him to rat on his reefer connection, a local farmer.

"This farmer that grew it for me, I wouldn't squawk on him," Moehlman insisted after his release. "He's got a farm. He can't afford a fine any more than I can." Termed by Assistant Police Chief Larry Johnson "one of the largest dealers ever nailed in Hubbard County," Moehlman maintains he was only using the smoke for the good of his health. "I cured my own arthritis by quitting animal fat and taking a little vitamin D and calcium," he points out. An avid motorcyclist since the age of 65, Moehlman enjoys playing sandlot football and basketball with local youths.

Moehlman's 13-day jail stretch was necessary because of the enormous bail levied on him by a local judge. "I can't say I enjoyed it," he said of his stay, "but the food was good. The company was



Minnesota biker and health-food devotee Walter Moehlman, 72, refused to "squawk" on his local farm-grass connection, even if it meant pulling pretrial time in the Park Rapids slammer.

good." He mainly spent the time teaching other cons how to play bridge.

His release was largely due to efforts by his

brother Art Moehlman, 63, who had previously disagreed with Walter's freewheeling lifestyle but was deeply angered by his older brother's bust.

Movie Mogul Faces "Acidhead Suit"

SAN FRANCISCO—A law suit against the chairman of United Artists Theatre Circuit, Inc., the world's second largest movie-theatre chain, describes him as an acid-dropping Timothy Leary acolyte who gets personal messages from God over FM radio. According to his own lawyer, however, Marshall Naify is a devout member of the Eastern Orthodox church, merely listens to a religious program on FM and is otherwise an "unorthodox visionary" whose unique talents are "ideally exploited" by his company.

Ms. Georgette Naify Rosekrans is suing her brothers Marshall and Robert Naify, along with other executives of United Artists Theatre Circuit, for fraud and diversion of funds. (UATC should not be confused with United Artists' Corporation, the movie distributor.)

"Marshall told me he took LSD when he went to Disneyland with his children," Ms. Rosekrans told San Francisco Superior Court in her deposition, "and how wonderful it was, and how he hadn't suffered any ill effects from it." He further told her, she alleges, that "it was as if a miracle had happened, as if the top of his skull had been lifted up and a ray of light had descended into it and had given him superior insight and intelligence."

Ms. Rosekrans resigned in 1974 as a director of UATC, complaining that Naify was on dope, wasted the company's money on personal perquisites and did no work. At the time, she says, Naify was very heavily into Tim Leary: "One of Timothy Leary's theories was that there would be a holocaust in which two planets or the like would collide. Michael indicated that he believed in this theory and that he would survive, although unfortunately neither his brother, Robert, nor I would. He also indicated that he received messages from God on FM radio."

After Naify began carefully raising 100 black-widow spiders, convinced that their "byproducts" would cure cancer and other diseases, Ms. Ro-

sekrans and Robert Naify sought to have Marshall committed but were advised by a psychiatrist that it would be "too difficult." Ms. Rosekrans then introduced a UATC board-meeting motion that would have required Naify to get a psychiatrist's note that he was mentally fit to run the company; but no one would second the motion.

As a result of Ms. Rosekrans' formal suit against

the company this year, Naify retired as chairman and chief executive officer, though he retained the chairmanship of the executive committee and remains active in management.

According to John Martell, Naify's attorney, his client has never taken LSD: "His ideas may come in a torrent one day and none the next," explains Martell.

Florida Dope Road Found Booby-Trapped

KEY LARGO, FLORIDA—Local cops recently discovered a 200-pound dynamite bomb on a dirt road leading down to a secluded dock near here. The rotting wooden dock—aptly named "Dynamite Dock"—is a popular off-loading site for dope ships, and the bomb may have been part of a smuggler's feud.

The bomb, wired to detonator batteries 170 feet away, was discovered by Sheriff's Lieutenant Steve Landa and Corporal Will Freeman on a routine check of the area. Captain Wilkerson,

who had taken demolition training, helped a local construction worker, Earl Griffin, dismantle it.

The explosive, cops said, was "jellied dynamite in sticks like Polish sausages."

At first the police—who have busted 75 tons of grass in the last 16 months at Dynamite Dock—believed the TNT might have been planted there by smugglers to discourage routine narc patrols. Other sources, however, indicated that it may have been set there by major coke smugglers engaged in a territorial dispute.

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Quebec Mounties Bust 588 Pounds in Hash Truck

Royal Canadian Mounted Police, working on a U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration tip, nailed 588 pounds of Charas hashish in a truck on a highway near Hull, Quebec. The hash had been hand-packed in 100 rubber forklift tires in India and shipped out of Bombay in 25 crates to a fictitious company in Montreal. The DEA tipped off Canadian Customs when the hash was unloaded; Customs drilled through one tire to determine if there was hash inside it, then tipped the Mounties, who waited until midshipment to bring down the bust.

● A flatbed pickup with ten people in it was pulled over at dawn by Charlotte County, Florida, sheriff's deputies for driving with no lights; and though the cops won't say how, this highway pullover developed into a bust of 19 people, five tons of boo, five boats, two cars, the flatbed and a pink rent-a-van. Only hours after the dawn traffic bust, county fuzz with Customs and Florida Marine Patrol narcs descended on a dock at Charlotte, in the mouth of the Myakka River, and nailed 2.5 tons as it was being off-loaded from several boats. Simultaneously, several more people—including three juveniles—were busted at the Holiday Inn in Punta Gorda, where a rent-a-truck in the parking lot turned up 2.5 more tons. "This just goes to show you there's organized crime here in Florida," said Sheriff Alan LeBeau. Ten more busts are anticipated in the case. "We didn't get them all, but we got a lot of them," affirms Assistant State Attorney Gene Barry.

● State and Customs narcs harvested an estimated 3,300 pounds of pot from a 41-foot Costa Rican



The Mounties found the dope concealed in forklift tires from Bombay.

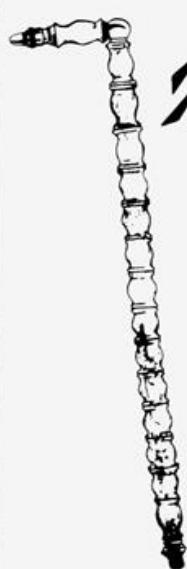
"mother ship" and a 25-foot cabin cruiser near Fernandino Beach, Florida. The Florida Marine Patrol first boarded the cabin cruiser as she drifted powerless three miles off the beach and discov-

ered 30 bales aboard. The two men busted on the cruiser estimated that their mother ship, the trimaran *Nereis*, was six miles out at sea; so the Florida cops called in U.S. Customs, who boarded the *Nereis* and turned up 25 more bales. Authorities say the *Nereis* had been cruising up from Costa Rica, where her skipper and mate own small farms, off-loading machine-bundled, weight-stamped bales to dealers all along the way.

● A Toronto International Customs narc who says he somehow became "suspicious" of a shipment of fruit cans from Jamaica began opening them, one by one, until he turned up over 2,000 pounds of pot. There were 54 cases in the shipment, each containing two dozen tins labeled "Ackee" (a Caribbean delicacy) but actually containing musky brown Jamaican ganja. RCMP narcs repacked the shipment neatly and placed it on the cargo dock, the two men who then picked it up were trailed to their apartment downtown and busted.

● The Coast Guard cutter *Dependable* nabbed 25 tons of flea-infested Colombian fume, one flea-infested goat and nine very fatigued Colombian crew members aboard the rusty 81-foot fisher *Laurence* after a night long sea chase. The *Laurence* was first sighted off the Dry Tortugas flying no flag of any nation; when hailed by a Spanish-speaking Customs officer aboard the *Dependable*, her skipper Rosendo Conrado claimed his ship was Honduran and then took off for the deep Atlantic. It was boarded at dawn without incident or resistance; the dope was seized, fleas and all, and the goat and crew deported to Colombia.

Boris Spremo / Toronto Star



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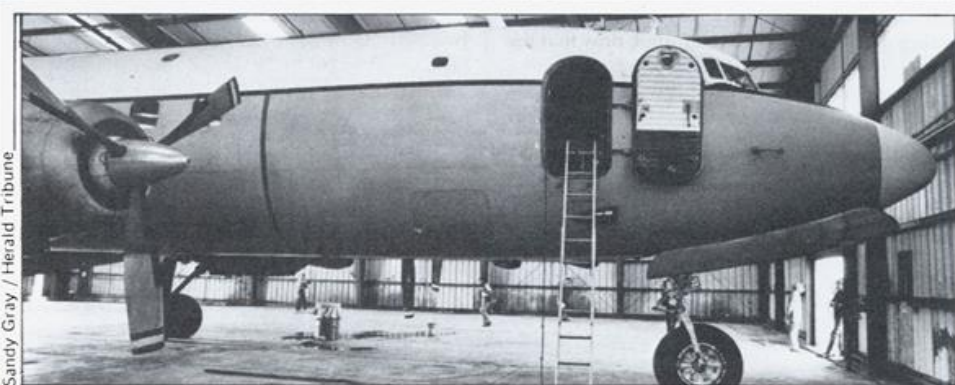
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Woman Claiming Kennedy Connection Beats Colombian Coke Bust

Katherine Kennedy, 29, was released from prison after a year's detention on drug charges by a Colombian judge who reportedly may have swallowed her story that she's related to the Hyannisport Kennedys. Three American men and a Colombian woman were busted with Kennedy in

a boarding-house raid in Colombia, when DAS narcs nailed 530 grams of coke, plus a few pounds of grass. Two Colombians and a certain Robert Kennedy eluded the raid, cops report. All defendants besides Ms. Kennedy were convicted and given three-year terms.

● Alvar Rodriguez-Esquerro, 38, was stopped on Highway 38 near Calexico, California, and found to have a kilo of toot in his car; a search turned up four more kilos in his home.

● Montreal defense lawyer Denis Pontbriand, 32, went up for two years minus one day after his conviction for moving a kilo of snow into Quebec and for conspiracy to deal 3.2 pounds more between 1972 and his bust in 1976. The investigation began in '72 when the U.S. DEA tipped off RCMP narcs to Pontbriand's operation. He was originally busted for a considerably longer string of charges but after cooperating with authorities managed to reduce it to a single ki.

● New Orleans Customs narcs, working at New Orleans International with the DEA, strip-searched Josefina Ossa-Ossa, of Colombia, and

turned up 480 grams of blow in her shoe sole. In court, Ossa-Ossa's attorney claimed she'd met two Americans in Colombia and agreed to move the coke in "as a favor" for them, without knowing the penalty involved. The prosecution didn't deny this, but she was convicted anyway; the 52-year-old woman faces a possible 35 years in the joint for a handful of powder.

● Fort Lauderdale cops stopped two men as they were about to take off in a light plane and turned up seven pounds of snort in their suitcases. Eight more men were busted in a nearby hotel.

● Immigration fuzz at Isla Verde International Airport in Puerto Rico observed that 25-year-old Consuelo Granados of Colombia was using an altered passport and tipped off Customs narcs, who located 2.5 kis of blow in her suitcase.

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- 60,000 lbs, off Amelia, Louisiana, 2 arrests.
- 40,000 lbs, St. Petersburg, Florida, 70-ft. yacht *James Island* and 35-ft. fisher *Drew Ad*, 7 arrests.
- 30,000 lbs, off Valona, Georgia, shrimp *Little Hornet*, 5 arrests.
- 30,000 lbs, upper Florida Keys, 51-ft. *Gabriela*

and 48-ft. *Tortuga I, Inc.*, 12 arrests.

● 7,800 lbs, Osceola Airstrip, Osceola, Florida, three vans, 2 arrests, 3 escapes.

● 6,150 lbs, Hilo, Hawaii, farm, 7,497 adult plants, 2 arrests.

● 6,000 lbs, Easton, Maryland, nine vehicles and two 30-ft. fishing boats, 2 arrests.

● 4,000 lbs, Bel Lido canal, Highland Beach, Florida, 85-ft. Bertram inboard, 5 arrests.

● 625 lbs, Indian hashish, Toronto, Ontario, apartment, 7 arrests.

● 55 lbs, Lebanese blonde resin, Heathrow Airport, London, off a Middle East Airlines cargo flight, 5 detained and interrogated by Yard narcs, including 4 high Heathrow officials.



Georgia cops attempt to burn some of the 135 bales of pot that were seized from an airplane in Thomasville last spring. It took several hours for the first few bales to burn, even after they were doused with diesel fuel, while the deputies sweltered in the 103-degree sunshine. They finally torched the stuff in a local hospital's incinerator, but even then they were up into the small hours of the next morning doing it.

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Cowardly Dope Dog Booted Out of Service

La Dur, a 2½-year-old dope-sniffing schnauzer that was named 1977 Officer of the Year by the Orlando, Florida, Police Department, was recently retired on charges of cowardice. According to narcs, the dog would pursue a bust until the very last moment and then either just sit down and bark at the suspect or turn tail and run. "He just wouldn't go up to bite them," said La Dur's buddy cop, Rick Grim. "He's super at everything else, tracking, sniffing drugs, finding evidence. And he'd always chew on me in practice. But he knew it wasn't the real thing. When it came to the real thing he acted cowardly." La Dur, on the force for only 18 months, has returned to his trainer.

● If narcs in Bayshore, Long Island, want to nail Audrey Freeman, 42, for firing up a stiff charge of grass every night from her ten-inch bong, they're welcome to. She says: "If they want me with my wheelchair and medical bills, if they want to bathe and dress me every day, fine, let them do with me as they please." Freeman's multiple sclerosis, which afflicts her with leg twitches that keep her awake all night, simply doesn't respond to any other medications that she's tried. "Those things are all synthetic," Free-



man points out. "I just don't want to be on drugs, a sleeping pill or some kind of dope

like that... they just don't do the trick as well as this does."

Thousands Join the Cry: "Free Abbie Hoffman"

FELT FORUM, NEW YORK CITY—A crowd of 4,000 heads, feds and radical celebs packed New York's most fashionable civic auditorium for a "Bring Abbie Home" benefit this August. The rally was held to urge that Abbie Hoffman, in hiding since a 1974 coke bust, be allowed to live freely.

"I'm coming to you via a Memorex tape, and I

don't think I'll be breaking any glasses," Hoffman told the crowd over the hall's P.A. system. "I'm down in a damp hole and I want to get out."

Undercover heat rubbed elbows with disco personalities, professional party crashers, new and used rock stars and a host of visibly nostalgic '60s antiwar radicals—all hoping for a glimpse of the charismatic bail jumper himself, reputed to be in personal attendance at the Forum. Sponsored by the Youth International Party—founded by Abbie in 1968—the gathering was by far the most colorful "radical chic" bash to be thrown in New York since Hoffman himself ceased coordinating such affairs after his New York coke bust and subsequent disappearance underground.

Featured guests cum performers at the politico-psychedelic psychodrama included five of the original Chicago 7, Texas Jewboy Kinky Friedman, radical wit Paul Krassner, ex-junkie William Burroughs, poets Allen Ginsberg and Anne Waldman, Starship guitarist Paul Kantner, radical mouthpiece William Kunstler, actors Jon Voight and Ossie Davis, and pseudonymous supernarcs from local, state and federal agencies.

The prime attraction on the agenda was a satiric stage re-enactment of the infamous Chicago 8

"conspiracy" trial of '68, scripted by Terry Southern and directed by Rip Torn. Warhol superstar Taylor Meade presided as Judge Julius Hoffman in a Roman toga, while David Dellinger, Jerry Rubin, Rennie Davis, John Froines, Lee Weiner and Bobby Seale played themselves, as did Kunstler, who charged, "Your honor, it is not fair that Abbie Hoffman be on the run while Richard Nixon is in San Clemente."

Also on the run—for the California gubernatorial spot—was Tom Hayden, the only original "8" defendant besides Abbie who was absent. All eight were eventually cleared of charges of conspiring to foment the apocalyptic 1968 Democratic Convention riots in Grant Park.

Freedom of Information Act disclosures recently turned up federal documents indicating that Hoffman's '74 coke bust had been set up at both ends—wholesale and retail—by federal stooges, who were conscientiously implementing then-president Nixon's famous "enemies list" wipe-outs. Justice Department officials nowadays are notably reluctant to pursue such embarrassing Nixon-era vendetta cases, but when Abbie finally resurfaces he'll undoubtedly have to go through some fancy legal maneuvers.

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David Dellinger, Rennie Davis, William Kunstler, Jerry Rubin, Bobby Seale and John Froines regroup ten years after the Chicago riots.

First of Many Cancer Patients Granted Legal Grass

● Lung-cancer victim Lynn Pierson, who became the first patient to be granted legal grass under New Mexico's new cannabis-therapy program, died this August before actually receiving any from the government.

Pierson, only 26 years old, wanted to use the dope to offset the horrendous nausea suffered along with his anticancer chemotherapy. He helped write and persuade the New Mexico State Legislature to pass the nation's first law permitting the medical use of marijuana. The law permits a marijuana research program to "further... experimentation and research and, at the same time, provide relief for the pain and suffering of cancer and glaucoma patients."

Pierson said he could have easily obtained the weed illegally, but he opted to lobby for the bill to help cancer patients such as the elderly, who wouldn't have such an easy time getting grass.

Over a hundred other New Mexico cancer patients are expected to be receiving state-supplied cannabis shortly, mailed by the National Institute on Drug Abuse to New Mexico from the government's pot farm in Mississippi. Dr. Daniel Dasank, on the program's certifying board, estimates that few glaucoma patients will be accepted into the program, since glaucoma can most often be treated effectively with drugs other than cannabis—despite the fact that most of these other drugs have harmful side effects.

● The Board of Supervisors of San Francisco, which has the highest incidence of paraquat-contaminated grass of any American city, recently passed a policy measure calling on the federal government to ban funds for 'quat spraying in Mexico. Supervisor John Molinaro declared, "I'm concerned because the citizens of San Francisco might be getting harmed." Dope is smoked everywhere in San Francisco, Molinaro noted, "perhaps even in this very building," adding that "we should grow up" and admit it. Other supervisors termed the 'quat issue an inevitable "time bomb" that will explode whenever it is precisely determined how much damage 'quat has done to the lungs of people who've been smoking it for years.

"You're sticking your head in the sand to say this is not a health issue in this city," asserted Supervisor Henry Milk, who introduced the policy motion along with Supervisor Carol Ruth Silver. The motion passed the Board seven to two—the only dissenters being Milk and Silver themselves, who withdrew in disgust after Supervisor Quentin Kopp tacked onto it an amendment suggesting to President Jimmy Carter several other ways to defoliate grass without using 'quat

● Danish smoke advocates have formed "Forening Fri Hash" (Cannabis Liberation Union), the country's first pro-dope lobbying organization. Over 1,000 people showed up at a July 8 dope legalization rally in front of the national parliament despite inclement

weather, and plans are being made to organize a string of fume festivals and demonstrations. A major group of smart and righteous homegrowers have pledged to

pool 10 percent of their crop into a common reserve that will be used to provide free dope at all major festivals during the coming year.



Vincent J. Ferraro / Sun Tattler

HOLLYWOOD, FLORIDA—Officers from four police departments shot up this Hollywood Police undercover van after an alleged marijuana dealer jumped into it and tried to run over the cops who were trying to arrest him. Undercover narcs say the alleged dealer, Raymond Lugo, 33, "just went crazy" when they told him he was under arrest for selling them 500 pounds of pot. When Lugo jumped into the dope-packed van and tried to run them down, they plastered it with gunfire. Lugo was forced to stop but emerged unscathed.



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Son of "Papillon" Convicted for 220-Pound Coke Deal

A Colombian who claims to be the illegitimate son of "Papillon," the celebrated prisoner whose escape from Devil's Island spawned a major book and movie, has been convicted in U.S. District Court in Chicago of conspiring to import 220 pounds of cocaine. David Schmucker-Bula, 32, was found guilty after an eight-day trial.

DEA agents claim Schmucker-Bula was involved in a Colombian "ring" that has been responsible for smuggling hundreds of pounds of toot through Las Vegas and New York. The 220-pound deal never actually came off, cops say, because the Colombians wanted too much money in advance and also suggested that hostages be exchanged between the two groups to assure the transaction would come off as planned.

Schmucker-Bula was born in the part of Colombia where the Frenchman Henri Charriere, nicknamed Papillon, lived for a time after his escape from Devil's Island. Charriere died in Madrid in 1973.

●The El Paso marijuana smuggler who last year attempted to deduct the expenses of a busted pot deal on his income tax has once again been arrested on pot charges. Doug Holt, 32, was caught near Corrales, New Mexico, with a horse trailer full of what cops call 1,000 pounds of marijuana.

Holt was first busted for pot smuggling in 1972 and ended up serving two years in prison. In reporting his 1972 income taxes, Holt deducted the value of a three-quarter-ton pickup truck (\$4,953), horse trailer (\$2,000) and the seized pot

(\$35,000) as a business loss. The Internal Revenue Service didn't go for it, and Holt appealed to the U.S. Tax Court, which last year decided that granting such deductions would be "absurd."

The day after Holt was released on bail for his latest bust, DEA agents predicted that he would be



Cepeda enters prison: "I have nothing to be ashamed of."

smuggling again soon in order to pay his attorney's fees.

●Top Japanese TV star Shintaro Katsu, who plays a blind Samurai swordsman-masseur on the weekly "Shin-Zatoichi" series, has been busted for possession of opium. Katsu explains that he once unknowingly smoked some opium in Tehran with someone related to the Shah of Iran and that his royal Iranian friend later visited Katsu's office and presented him with a beautiful Persian waterpipe and 26 grams of black opium. The actor, a national hero, insists that he kept the pipe and opium for six months untouched, merely as a memento, and claims that the cops had determined that the pipe had never been used.

Fuji TV immediately canceled "Shin-Zatoichi," over the heartbroken protests of millions, and the premiere of a new Katsu Samurai epic was canceled by Nihon TV even before Katsu went to court. As yet, the identity of Katsu's blue-blooded Iranian chum has not been officially determined.

●Retired San Francisco Giants outfielder and National League MVP Orlando Cepeda has begun his five-year grass-import term at a minimum-security facility at Eglin Air Force Base near Fort Walton, Florida. Cepeda was busted in '75 at San Juan International Airport, where he and codefendant Herminio Cortez were waiting to pick up a 160-pound shipment of Colombian reefer. Says Cepeda, "I did it, but I have nothing to be ashamed of. I didn't kill anybody or hurt anybody."

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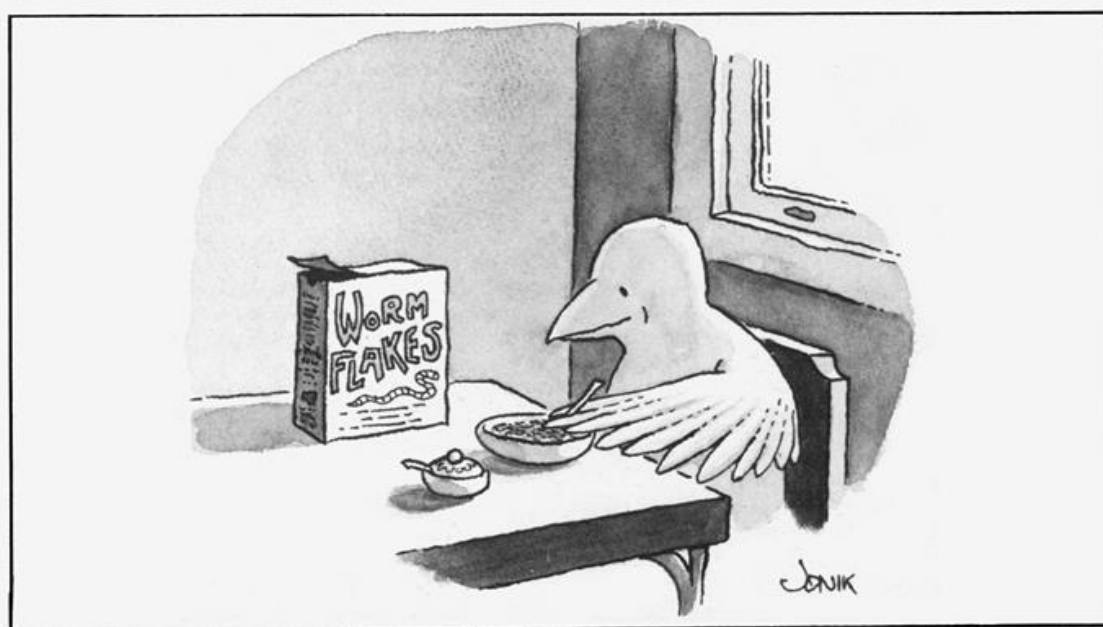
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TRANS-HIGH MARKET QUOTATIONS



AFGHANISTAN

Local kabul hash	good	oz	1-2
Water-pressed hash	marbled	oz	40-70
Shirac hash	stupefying	oz	2-3
Mazar-i-sharif	black, primo	kilo	100-175
Opium	knockout	oz	5-8
		kilo	50-80
		oz	5-10
		kilo	150-250
		6 pipes	20

AUSTRALIA

Domestic bush grass	average	oz	30-35
Superior domestic	top quality, but scarce	lb	400-460
Thai sticks	excellent	oz	45-55
Nepalese hash	slabs	lb	575-700
Lebanese hash	taste treat	oz	15-18
Domestic hash	truly inferior	oz	200-300
LSD	microdot, tile	hit	2000-3000
		lb	2300-2900
		lb	15-20
		lb	1400-1800
		hit	3-4

BRAZIL

Green grass	domestic	oz	10-15
Brown grass	stash, seedy	kilo	200-250
Manja Rosa grass	domestic, fair to good, mucho	oz	20-25
Black Power grass	3-toke trippy	oz	400-450
Bonsai hemp	high	lb	15-20
Cocaine	ultra-energetic	kilo	75-100
Metham-phetamine	high	1/4 kilo	950
Mescaline	peculiar stony buzz	gm	30-80
Magic mushrooms	from weak local	oz	400-800
Mandrax	Argentinian; scrupulous	100	80
	good domestic	100gm	800
	synthetic	100gm	100
	fabulous	hit	2-3
	steady supply	100	100-200

CANADA

Domestic	off season	oz	10-20
Commercial	glut	oz	100-125
Colombian	increasing flow	oz	30-45
Connoisseur	variety, good to excellent	lb	350-450
Hawaiian	up	oz	40-60
Thai sticks	black slabs, worthwhile	lb	450-550
Afghani hash	lovers' delight	hit	180-200
MDA	crystal, good	oz	2000-3100
Metham-phetamine	amber, tremendous	gm	20-25
Honey oil	blotter, microdot	oz	160-200
LSD	short and sweet	hit	1200-1800
Cocaine		100	2-4
		oz	500-800
		oz	4500-7000
		gm	35-50
		oz	450-600
		hit	1-3
		100	100-250
		gm	75-125
		oz	1450-2000

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta gold, red	good selection, quantity	oz	4-10
Commercial	leafy brown	lb	55-75
Colombian hash	improving, still ho-hum	oz	2-4
Colombian hash oil	poor to fair	lb	30-40
Mushrooms	OK supply	oz	10-30
Cocaine	excellent flake and rock	lb	750-1250
		oz	150-200
		lb	1000-1250
		oz	3-5
		lb	100-300
		oz	200-500
		lb	3000-5000

DENMARK

Domestic grass	record crop	oz	10-15
Moroccan hash	good kif mix, erratic supply	gm	3-4.50
		kilo	2000-3000

Afghani hash	primo	gm	3.50-6
Pakistani hash	plentiful, improving	kilo	3000-3500
Nepalese hash	fresh supply	gm	2.50-5
Cocaine	increasing quantity, variable quality	kilo	2200-3500
LSD	microdot	gm	3.50-6
Opium	mostly in-crowd, not commercial	kilo	3000-4000
PCP	local chemists	gm	100-150
Magic mushrooms	very popular	oz	2000-2500
		hit	2.50-3.50
		gm	10-12
		hit	2-3
		gm	6
		oz	100

ENGLAND

Moroccan hash	small amounts of quality	oz	30-40
Afghani hash	thin slabs, good	lb	400-600
Colombian hash	quality up	oz	75-150
Hash oil	some Afghani	lb	800-1250
LSD	big blotter	oz	50-65
Cocaine	OK to good	lb	500-800
Mandrax	large demand, steady supply	gm	25-35
		hit	375-500
		100	1-1.50
		gm	75-150
		oz	75-150
		one	1600-2000
		100	1-3
		100	100-200

MEXICO

Torreon violet	breathtaking	oz	8-12
Oaxacan tops	rising potency	lb	30-75
Guerrero gold	smooth, but seedy	oz	4-6
Pueblo	good	lb	50-90
Magic mushrooms	fresh, excellent	oz	3-6
Cocaine	brown to pure white	lb	20-70
Opium	not much	oz	5-10
		gm	50-125
		oz	30-50
		oz	300-500
		oz	30-50
		lb	300-400

PANAMA

Green shake	good quality	oz	2-5
Green tops	stoney as hell	lb	25-50
Red buds	sticky with resin, primo	oz	5-10
Cocaine	good, some beat in cities	lb	45-80
Magic mushrooms	in cow pastures everywhere	oz	5-10
		gm	65-100
		oz	20-30
		lb	250-400
		1	

PERU

Gold buds	jungle grass	oz	10
Brown buds	mountain grass	lb	70-75
Lecuga grass	"lettuce" pot from the coast	oz	4-5
Coca leaves	dry for smoking	lb	55
Coca paste		oz	2-3
Cocaine	90% pure, the world's best	kilo	1.15
Quaaludes	locally produced, not very good	gm	1.50-2
		kilo	1100
		gm	5-10
		kilo	8500
		one	.20

SPAIN

Spanish griffe	good grass	oz	15-20
Moroccan hash	erratic supply	kilo	400-500
Lebanese hash	sacks blond & red, not the best	oz	40-50
Hash oil	Moroccan dark	kilo	1000-1200
LSD	good blotter	oz	50-60
		hit	1500-1700
		liter	1200-1500
		hit	3-5
		100	200-300

Cocaine	good to excellent	gm	80-120
Quaaludes	different kinds, in quantity	oz	1000-1500
		100	20-25
		1000	2000-2250

USA

Contiguous	tasty colas	oz	25-50
Top-grade Mexican	good brown	lb	125-275
Quality Jamaican	mucho	oz	30-40
Commercial Colombian	likewise	lb	125-300
Connoisseur Colombian	top stuff, scarce	oz	25-40
Seedless Colombian	ace	lb	200-375
Crystal methedrine	delish	oz	40-50
California sinsemilla	spicy new breed	lb	250-450
Jamaican sinsemilla	astronomical	oz	50-75
Hawaiian Puna buds	erratic supply	lb	500-675
Moroccan hash	dirty blond, sleepy	oz	40-75
Lebanese hash	overpriced, fair	lb	75-100
Black Afghani hash	pressed balls, knockout	oz	500-1000
Nepalese hash	just decent, no buy	lb	50-75
Paki hash	the bigger, the better	oz	100-1200
Thai sticks	rare	one	15-30
Hawaiian	potent Afghani to honey	oz	150-175
Hash oils	powder, the pits	lb	150-175
PCP	blotter, microdot, others	gm	1000-1750
LSD	available fresh, frozen, dried	oz	25-40
Psilocybin mushrooms	fresh, available	gm	25-40
Peyote	rare, many "boots"	oz	100-250
Quaaludes, 714s	various qualities	lb	30
Cocaine	tasty, potent, plentiful	one	150
California red hair		3-5	
		100	300-500
		gm	60-120
		oz	1000-2000
		oz	50-125
		lb	450-1000

Alaska

Domestic	market down	oz	25-40
Regular Mexican	thin supply	lb	250-350
Cocaine	fair to good	oz	25-35
Colombian	mostly commercial	lb	250-350
		gm	100-120
		oz	1500-1750
		lb	50-100
		oz	500-700

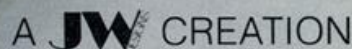
Hawaii

Kona gold	piney taste, excellent high	oz	110-160
Maui	delicious, tourist prices	lb	950-1600
Kauai	stoney, overpriced	oz	100-150
Puna buds	sweet, red	lb	900-1500
Oahu shake	nice buzz	oz	100-130
		lb	800-1200
		oz	110-160
		lb	950-1600
		oz	20-40

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Interview

Peter Beard

Close-up conversation with the world's most controversial wildlife photographer and ecologist

by Gabrielle Schang



Peter Beard is sort of interesting because he is a happy fatalist. A brilliant photographer of Africa's vanishing wildlife, he has discovered that human life is dying as well. There's no hope at all. Still he goes on to shoot the most amazing photographs of our expiring planet, documenting the inevitable. Far from being depressed, Beard draws sustenance and a stream of fascinating ideas from a subject that most people don't like to think about and probably couldn't understand anyway. So he's kind of interesting.

Beard started out as a chichi fashion photographer, which has earned him membership in the jet-set crowd, endless repetitions of his name in gossip columns and society-page photographs of Caroline Kennedy eyeing him admiringly. Lately, he's been likened to a modern-day Tarzan with brains—a description that is more telling of the lifestyle he currently enjoys. Beard spends about half his time on a 50-acre ranch 12 miles outside Nairobi that he shares with visiting leopards, lions, giraffes and warthogs.

Since he first visited Africa in 1955, he has produced three books about the dark continent; all have gathered international acclaim. Beard's first book was *Longing for Darkness*, a tribute to his mentor, Karen Blixen a.k.a. Isak Dinesen, author of *Out of Africa*, a classic book about her life in Kenya from 1914 to 1931. Beard then published *Eyelids of Morning: The Mingled Destinies of Crocodiles and Men*, the result of a scientific analysis of the crocodile population of Lake Rudolf, which Beard undertook with Alistair Graham for the Kenya Game Department.

Beard's most recent work, *The End of the Game: The Last Word from Paradise*, is a stunning photographic documentation of the weird and tragic beauty of the death of life on earth. As a terminal conservationist, Beard has no patience for the bleeding-heart "buy an elephant a drink" conservationists of the Sierra Club school. Humans are only fooling themselves, he warns, by clinging to the belief that a world network of outdoor zoos will save the natural habitat. This interview took place in the bleachers at the West Side Tennis Club Forest Hills Invitational in New York City.

High Times: You seem to have a particular desire to communicate with the readers of *High Times*. Why?

Beard: Well, I love the perspective one gets through height. Almost all the elephant pictures in *The End of the Game* were taken from airplanes. I think they bring a very consistent abstract vision of what lies in front of us, images full of horror and humor. Through these documentary photos, perhaps the truth will be clearer. The clarity might come when people see these thousands and thousands of victims—over 20,000 elephant

corpses—stretched out in an open-air zoo.

I think that *High Times* readers are uniquely ready for the images I bring of wreckage. For years all the international wildlife attention has been focused on to save and preserve, to look after, hug, squeeze, kiss, drool over, raise money for, write books about and sentimentalize these doomed pets. You just have to put two and two together to realize what the human touch is: the reverse Midas touch.

High Times: Loving animals to death.

Beard: Killing them with kindness. We're smothering them with our Park Avenue kisses, lies and the expedient politics of popularity. Overnight dreams of personal glory have resulted in a program that's going to compromise, systematize, commercialize and further sterilize our little cement world.

High Times: A *High Times* reader might be high while looking at your photos of dead elephants, and I suppose the images will move them in some way. They would naturally think, Gee, this is pretty grim...

Beard: Well, not entirely grim. The skulls are all laughing. They're very happy to be out of the human trip. The images are sort of dancing and flying through the air, and

"In my photos of dead elephants at Tsavo the skulls are laughing, the often humorous images dancing through the air. But I think the joke is ultimately on us."

often it seems humorous. But I think the joke is ultimately on us. The animals are just warm-ups. When you swat mosquitoes, they drop to the floor. There's not really a big tragedy. The tragedy is when we get finished swatting and we find ourselves in a no-exit existential corner where life is so warped and behavior so sickening and the damage to everyone so pervasive that one might well conclude that life just isn't worth it.

High Times: What would you say is man's greatest folly?

Beard: Well, the ultimate folly was clearly foreseen by Tertullian in about 200 A.D. He describes the day when nature will fail in affording us her usual sustenance, a day when disease, pestilence, famine, wars, earthquakes and other natural disasters will have to be regarded as a remedy for nations, as a means of pruning the luxuriance of the human race. Every day a population equal to the city of Detroit is being added to our tiny little island in space. The question is, how long can this go on?

People think that 100 years is a long

time. But of course it isn't. Crocodiles are 170 million years old. Ants are about 300 million years older than we are. We humans are the monsters of the last few minutes. We have the tools, the techniques, the numbers and the blind immorality to destroy with a flick of the fingers—all because we've come so far from nature.

High Times: Why are elephants so interesting to study? Is it true that elephants and people have a lot in common?

Beard: Recent studies have shown that the entire ecology of the elephant is more similar to that of man than any other animal. Elephants are destructive, very adaptable and very prone to the same stress-related diseases as man. It isn't surprising that elephants and man are having to face similar and simultaneous crises.

In Africa and everywhere else, animal populations are being increasingly confined within limited and unnatural artificial boundaries. Within these sanctified ghettos the animals naturally increase up to and beyond the limits of their food supply. Elephants are second only to man in their ability to inflict long-term, permanent damage to their environment. Elephants can turn a forest into a desert in no time. Together, elephant and man are being driven toward the edge of the world.

High Times: I understand that there is some kind of "wildlife Watergate" taking place. What does this mean?

Beard: Well, it was Dr. Norman Borlaug who coined that phrase to describe what is currently happening in East Africa. Dr. Borlaug got the Nobel Peace Prize in 1970 for being the inventor and developer of the Green Revolution. He created these high-protein legumes, a new form of food; but for the last eight years, since he got the Nobel Prize, Borlaug has been rushing around the world trying to tell people that he got the prize for the wrong reasons. More food simply means more people, and that's bad news.

High Times: Why?

Beard: Well, it's a very dangerous thing if you understand one simple law of nature. People expand. Land does not. By the way, Norman Borlaug is the one who pointed out that in the next 40 years food production will have to increase as much as it has in the last 10,000 years—just to maintain the level of starvation humans are currently experiencing. Studies show that there are 400 million people out there slowly starving to death.

High Times: What are the realists supposed to think about various wildlife conservationists and related organizations? You seem to be very cynical about them, to say the least.

Beard: Well, they are to a large extent responsible for the destruction and irreversible damage done to nature and wildlife over the past 20 years. They are

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considered heroes, missionaries, all professional career persons at "saving the game." These are men and women on an equally hysterical footing, scrambling to do good on a road paved with misplaced sentimentalism and slobber.

High Times: The conservationists, with the exception of Dr. Borlaug and a few others, feel that "nature will take its course" and that the best thing that can be done for elephants is to "let them find their own level." What does this mean, if anything?

Beard: To let nature take its own course, nowadays, is just an empty cliché at best. It's like the "America: Love It or Leave It" bleaters. It would never occur to them that positive change could come through conservative critics. Blind, scared, short-term sentimental dogma is what has been perpetuated. Only if you understand the nature of the expansion can you hope to devise suitable management policies. In wildlife it is particularly regrettable because no one wants to manage anything. It's not romantic. The glamour lies in the blind hope that "nature will take its course" with charity. How can this species be allowed to find its own level in relentless competition with others for the world's limited land and resources? We are too far gone to see the essential lie that surrounds us. Blindly, we keep grabbing for more and more.

High Times: What can be done for wildlife?

Beard: The most important thing for wildlife is not raising money in America to be blown on helicopters, toys and relocation darting programs. No. The important things relate to management of unconstitutible resources. While we are busy ripping off our resources here, a lot of the profit goes into perpetuating misunderstandings elsewhere. The World Wildlife Fund has raised over \$31 million for projects that have no relation to the future of wildlife. But don't worry. There won't be any future for wildlife, because these naive programs are devised for the most part at cocktail parties.

High Times: Do you think that homo sapiens can be in charge of their own destiny at this point?

Beard: Probably not. But it's a terribly difficult question because most people are convinced that we are, and if they don't believe it's true in the present, then they think we are about to be in control. Always for some obscure and unnamed technological reasons. They think we humans can solve any problem that comes along, but they don't understand the nature of the problem. It's the sheer mathematics of biology that is going to do us in.

High Times: Are you saying that we are not in control of our own destiny and that we are doomed in a trap of our own making?

Beard: Well, who ever heard of survival of



Peter Beard

"When you swat mosquitoes, they drop to the floor. The big tragedy is when we get finished swatting and find ourselves in a no-exit existential corner."

the unfittest? Yeah, I think we are losing our perspective and our common sense. Our sheer size is going to catch up with us—like the dinosaurs.

High Times: Why do you suppose people hate to think of themselves as animals?

Beard: I suppose animals die and they don't wear fashionable clothes. They can't "reason" and invent religion. We rather like thinking we'll go on forever with our cosmic souls, our airplane tickets and our tanks.

High Times: What is most important for humans to comprehend about nature?

Beard: The so-called "world of nature" is now a world of human nature, and you have to twist semantics awfully far to pretend that we are natural. Real nature is being exploited and assaulted on every front in both obvious and subtle ways. It is an ill-advised luxury to relax while the high-protein legumes are being spooned out to the masses. Loss of habitat means denser numbers, high-nitrogen fertilizers rapidly ruin the soil, and naturally more starvation follows.

High Times: Do you think there is any way we could handle this mess?

Beard: Who really knows? We are so adaptable, like elephants, soon we'll also be squeezed into the last tiny cement corner, and we have the cunning ability to adapt to it. Who knows how long life will actually be worth living? No one wants to hear the truth.

High Times: What do scientists have to say about this expansion problem?

Beard: Oh, they are basically bleeding-heart politicians. Dr. Ian Douglas-Hamilton conducts surveys for the New York Zoological Society at the cost of hundreds of thousands of dollars when he could actually do his research by counting

tusks. They merge with the whole wilderness family to form programs like "Buy an Elephant a Drink" or "Buy a Lion an Acre." Really, their wildlife areas are the blessed sanctuaries of God's precious creatures who exist at their mercy. They believe in God and themselves as sacred custodians, benevolent missionaries who can save the world.

High Times: But surely the scientific community has more of a grip on the reality...

Beard: Perfectly well-educated scientists are selling out their training for popularity among TV audiences and fund-raising audiences. All the fund-raising, by the way, takes place over here, where the guilt is. Their priorities are totally screwed up. Look at international politics. People are worried about this little injustice, that little skirmish, a missing kidney here, a blue baby there—arms and alms.

Something like \$12 billion a year in America is spent on pet dogs. We are constantly looking out for the little underdog, the little wounded animal, the individual who's limping. This is the type of mentality we export. They aren't worried about the species as a whole. Or the shape of the world in general. We're into diversions, entertainments and endangered-species lists that fail to include humans. People want to be told and assured by the experts that everything's going to be all right in their world of huggable pets. They want to be told that the animals are all being named, loved and cherished—not well-managed in any visible way.

High Times: What would you call good management then?

Beard: Well, that is the ultimate question, of course. And what you are asking is, how do we solve a problem that has evolved over hundreds of years, through greed, neglect and ignorance. There is such massive growth and waste. The only answer, I guess, is through education. If it were only possible to reach the masses watching Donny and Marie Osmond and somehow reverse all the trends that have been encouraged. We need to change our political leadership so that the leaders are leading us rather than imitating us, by telling us not what we want to hear but telling us what we ought to know. Obviously it's going to require a lot of time and money, because there are a lot of people and all these people are busy breeding in front of their color TVs.

High Times: Can you think of any candidates for intelligent leadership in this area?

Beard: Not in this world today, no. We need youth and brains and honesty. Frankly, I don't know even then if they'd be listened to. I'm afraid there is no way. People are not going to listen. The numbers are too great, the ignorance too massive.

High Times: Does the Catholic church

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Peter Beard

"Every day a population equal to the city of Detroit is added to our tiny little island in space. How long can this go on?"

play a big role in keeping the facts of life and death from the public, or are they just a nuisance?

Beard: Just a few months ago, Norman Borlaug went to Rome to meet with the leaders of the Catholic church, and it was just like batting his head against the Vatican wall, lecturing deaf mutes or talking to gorillas about humanitarianism. He was there for several weeks, trying to convey Biology 1A, and he said it was like trying to talk them out of the Holy Ghost or like meeting with Mafia leaders and asking them to give up crime. The Catholic church makes a clear choice for starvation, war, disease, suffering, etc.—anything over birth control. And Borlaug speaks from the point of view of an honest, rather conservative scientist who is really in touch with the mathematics of basic biology. But, really, they are only a fraction of the problem. Still, they have a loud voice and you have to start somewhere.

High Times: I guess you'd say that Norman Borlaug is a crusader on this subject. How about yourself?

Beard: I'm not really trained in the field, and I'm not dedicated to lost causes. However, I still think it's pretty clear what is going to happen eventually. I haven't the time to be a message bearer. It's just a lucky coincidence that some of the photographs that have interested me the

most—more than any other wildlife photographs I've done—have a kind of shadow message tagging along that makes me look conscientious. The prairie camels of Tsavo National Park are a metaphor of our own destiny.

High Times: What is Tsavo National Park like, and where exactly is it?

Beard: Tsavo is the largest national park in East Africa. *The End of the Game*, which is largely pictorial, is basically a documentation of what has become of Tsavo over the past 20 years. In 1949, the 8,300-square-mile Tsavo wilderness was described by Johann Krapf as "a wood which would have been quite impenetrable by man, had not elephants and rhinoceroses made a way for us... Their destruction or removal would be a pity, for they are the true path makers." Well, today Tsavo has been destroyed. What was a forest wilderness is now a shoreless waste, a veritable desert full of wildlife carcasses.

High Times: When did you first go to Tsavo?

Beard: In the early '60s I found myself through sheer chance in some of the last great really protected elephant areas. Tsavo, where I worked and lived, is larger than New Jersey. For me it was wonderful having such huge paradisaical Pleistocene areas, like playpens, to wander around in. And it was simply so great I stayed long enough to watch it be ruined. All it took was a few years too, sadly enough. The wardens of Tsavo estimated there were 3,000 elephants in that area; the local authorities had counted 8,500. Within three or four years a Ford Foundation study photographically counted over 40,000 elephants. What can you say? I mean, it's hysterical. The few animals that are now left, since the Ford study in 1967 are being preserved in pure ignorance.

High Times: What is the general state of the remaining elephants of Tsavo?

Beard: Since they have destroyed their once enormous world, the elephants just

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stagger around in various stages of malnutrition and disease, trying to make some semblance of order out of the shattered remains. Elephants really do like to live like human beings. Stressed-out elephants also tend to group together in the last stages of habitat destruction. They hang together in nervous conglomerations, massive herds of misery seeking company. Heart disease is the biggest killer we have in America, where the herding instinct is also strong and competition is severe. It is perfect poetic justice that last year the warden of Tsavo, David H. Sheldrick, stressed out himself of heart disease. I guess he couldn't take what he had done to all that beautiful, bountiful, once wilderness area.

High Times: You mean he died of heart disease like the elephants?

Beard: Yes, and it was poetic justice of a sort—but that was not enough. Fellow game savers have decided to start a fund-raising drive called the "David Sheldrick Memorial Appeal." They are trying to get conservation money out of the United States for exactly the same kind of conservation that he inflicted upon the world so disastrously. He was responsible for over 20,000 pachyderm deaths that occurred while he was the warden at Tsavo.



Peter Beard

High Times: Was anyone from Washington, D.C., involved in this memorial drive?

Beard: No, this was strictly local talent, local East African establishmentarians. Game saving is a massive bureaucracy trip, like the American Cancer Society. Most of the money goes toward maintaining the bureaucracy. It doesn't go toward the research that would end this disease.

High Times: Is the demolition of Tsavo National Park only the beginning of the "end of the game"?

Beard: Apparently Norman Borlaug thinks so. He had the whole last chapter of *End... Game*—the 20,000 dead elephants of Tsavo—transferred into color slides that he uses on his lecture series. He did that because the desert in Tsavo presents the clearest metaphor, the simplest and fullest illustration of what happens when populations expand within a finite area.

(continued on page 57)

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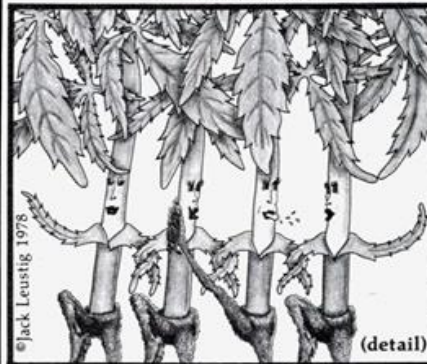
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High Times: What other types of behavior happen when nature is abused and creatures are artificially confined?

Beard: Take the Calhoun rat studies in Bethesda, Maryland, where 20 generations of rats have been allowed to breed in various enclosures and in varying densities. They first exhibit behavior patterns relating to overcrowding and stress. The next thing that happens is the division of the sexes. Then weird, neurotic, territorial behavior manifesting in cannibalism, and so on. Things seem to degenerate as the space diminishes.

High Times: But is that what humans will do also, in the same circumstances?

Beard: Not necessarily. But Ewart S. Grogan, who was a very good friend of mine and who is in *The End of the Game*, walked from Capetown to Cairo at the turn of the century—that's only 78 years ago—and saw human carcasses hanging up in the Congo. The bodies, with their rib cages cracked open, were hanging out in the open-air market for sale. That's absolutely true, and so what. I mean, this is just like intake of protein for survival in any



Peter Beard

animal species that is interested in surviving. Eskimos still get into lots of cannibalism. But we, of course, in all our glory and swollen images of ourselves would love to pretend that we're all brothers in the marvelous Great Society trip. Ha!

High Times: Do you think that, unconsciously, people know on some level that their fate is pretty well sewn up in a grim and dehumanizing way?

Beard: What I'd have to say is that they've turned out ignorant people on a plastic assembly line with obnoxious requirements. Their understanding is next to nil, their attitudes here are just one step above the Africans, who are only interested in what is given to them, done for them. I do sympathize with these sheep herds, too, because it's not absolutely their fault. The massiveness of the bureaucracy, the system of the whole world in which they live, the enormity of it is just beyond their comprehension. They sit around as pawns in the vast game, looking out for their own skins, their own selfish, short-term selves. They want to know where today's hero sandwich is coming from

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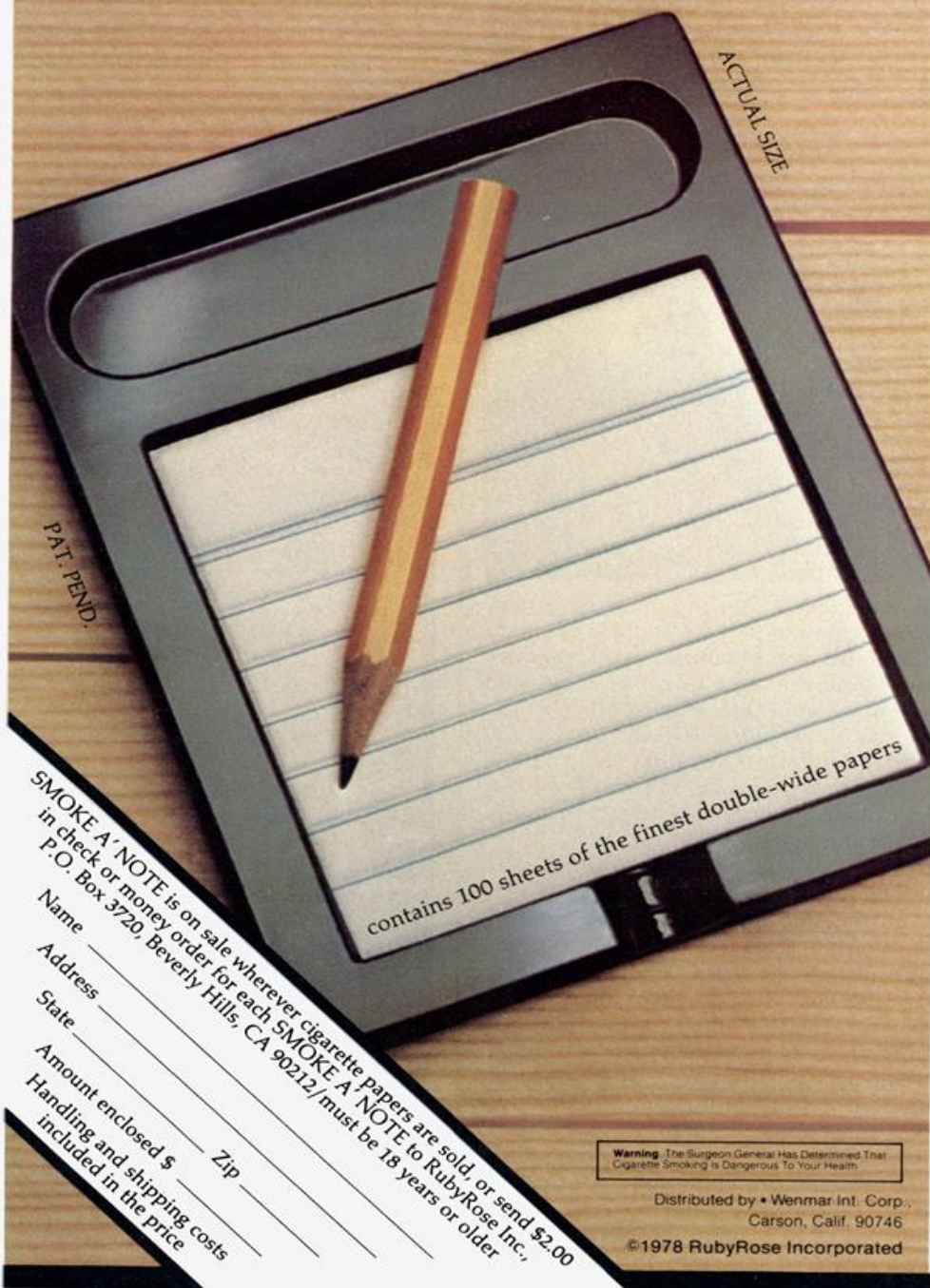
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and where tomorrow's TV dinner or synthetic soy lent green or dog food or whatever it is they're eating out there is coming from. I presume they have no conscious or unconscious awareness of the Space-ship Earth situation.

High Times: Are you telling me that no one cares, no one at all?

Beard: The concern goes up in a specific ratio to the degree that it is too late. We are not capable of thinking ahead. When we're all covered with radioactive poisoning, we're going to wonder why we got into the nuclear war. Treatises will be written in hospitals, and everyone will make movies and speeches about the ghastliness of war; and Hiroshima scar tissue will be stretched all over the place. When big die-offs take place you hear these little squeals and moans about "endangered species," but by then it's too late. I always look back to Arnold Toynbee's fine utterances in the days of the atomic-bomb drills. He asked us why we were so afraid of the atomic bomb, when we had Madison Avenue.

High Times: It's as if they are trying to put a band-aid on the problem to satisfy the sentimentalists.

Beard: Yeah, it's exactly like putting a band-aid on a cancer. It's a big disease we've got, and it's very human. The animals don't really have a problem. They just die first. We are the problem, and we're next.

High Times: Is all Africa in sad shape or just your stomping grounds?

Beard: South Africa was pretty much ruined a long time ago. Rhodesia was always rather boring. Mozambique is a whole other trip, a humid sort of warfare business. Angola is something else—desert warfare. Ethiopia and Somaliland, they're also different, although similar. Essentially, it's all human activity on a massive and very unattractive scale.

High Times: Well, what can be said of the native Africans?

Beard: Oh, they ruin everything they get near, too.

High Times: But I want to know what Africans are like. I see pictures in National Geographic and it all seems very wild to me—the Ubangi lips and painted, scar-designed bodies.

Beard: Well, they have that too—plus the nylon undershirts.

High Times: C'mon, the truth.

Beard: The Watusis are all under contract to Hollywood, if there are any left. Most of them have been killed. The Watusis are like all aristocrats around the world. The Zulus, the Masai, the aristocratic tribes have been wiped out for the most part by the screaming masses. The Kikuyu are in charge of Kenya. They were about 50,000 at the turn of the century. Now they're about 3 million strong and rising steadily.

The African has no interest in being the black brother of the American black. They don't need Americans, although it's hard to generalize. In Kenya alone you

have over 200 tribes who aren't terribly fond of each other. One could say very generally that they do not need the American blacks who go over looking for the great wet handshake. There is no love with the tribe next door, let alone the one on the next continent.

High Times: Do Africans drink or smoke marijuana on a hot day to pass the time?

Beard: As I said, in Kenya you have over 200 tribes. The difference between the Turkana and the Somalis living in the northern frontier of Kenya is as great as between any two peoples you can imagine. Both are huge populations, side by side, hating each other. Meanwhile, the Turkana are in a virtually stone-age situation. They don't even have a musical instrument, let alone a work of art. No written words. They have nothing, really. During the time I was there someone taught them how to fish on Lake Rudolph. Before that, they had been busily starving to death at the rate of eight people a day.

High Times: Have they got the wheel?

Beard: No. The Somalis have all that, though. They have everything.

High Times: Do they have pot?

Beard: Yes, both pots and pot... sometimes referred to as bhang.

High Times: How is the marijuana in Africa?

Beard: It's varied, like the tribes.

High Times: What is it like getting stoned with Africans as opposed to getting stoned with people in New York?

Beard: That's a hell of a difficult question. I mean, that's like saying what's the difference between Africa and New York. I usually end up with the more authentic hunting type of African, the trapper types on safari, just talking. They're incredibly good news. You have the feeling that you're connected with the Pleistocenes as opposed to the galloping rat. Back in Nairobi, that's a different thing. I usually smoke with the Europeans.

High Times: Is alcoholism a problem over there?

Beard: For some reason Indians and Africans have never been able to consume a lot of alcohol. So I suppose wherever they have it, there's a problem.

High Times: Isn't alcohol something brought in by white people?

Beard: No, the Africans make it out of all sorts of things: shoe polish, butane, god knows what. They're not allowed to sell any kind of metholated spirits or anything in the pharmacies, but there are a lot of stimulants. There's something called *mara* that comes down from Somalia, and there's a good opium trade. But I guess it's just a huge subject—the whole difference between the African mentality and ours is so vast, and we're constantly pretending it's so similar. I would just say vive la difference, which is the motto of Haiti. It's impossible to say why they do what they do, but in terms of drugs they've got plenty of it, and they're really interested in it.

(continued on page 61)

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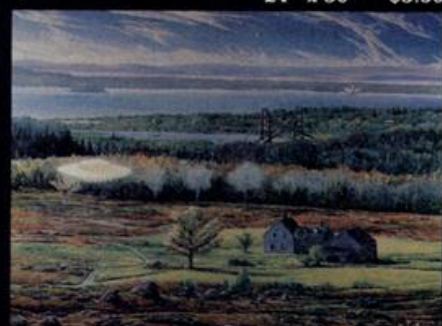
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High Times: How do you feel about being alive today, in 1978?

Beard: It's like living in the most exhilarating time of emergency. It's probably the most significant time ever. There's so much sensory saturation, you can't help get some energy from the tragicomic drama taking place. Everywhere you go, it's the living theatre, incredibly entertaining. But I think we are turning the corner now, the corner where the opportunities for enjoying life are noticeably, remarkably diminished for all of us and our offspring. I think life will be fun for another generation or so, and after that it won't be worth being born.

High Times: On a personal note now, what do you say to a friend who's just had a new baby?

Beard: I usually describe how ugly it looks. But who cares? The trouble is, the people who shouldn't be reproducing are the ones who are, like rats. And the ones who could make a contribution to life on a more evolved level are holding back, due to their advanced understanding.

High Times: What do you do to avoid stress in your own life?

Beard: I don't. I'm just another stress victim. Let's say I'm wallowing in all the sensory saturation, over-dense visions and endless lists of all kinds of amazing phenomena. It's all pretty great, but I'll probably have to get on a boat or an island fairly soon.

High Times: You like to spend a lot of time in Africa, don't you?

Beard: Yes, I've been there since 1955, which makes it about 23 years, but I've gone back and forth. If you add up the time I've spent in Africa, it'd be ten solid years.

High Times: Do you consider it home?

Beard: No. I don't think of home or anything like that. The house always burns down or the canvas rots. I've lost my orientation toward personal possessions. I'm adrift, I'm afraid.

High Times: But surely you used to have a home?

Beard: Oh yeah, I used to be a possession freak. Then last year every single thing I had burned up in a fire. It became perfectly clear to me then that possessions are just like passing ships. We don't possess anything except for the moment we're living.

High Times: Well, you obviously have respect for life. You respect the life of wild animals.

Beard: I'd say all we've got is life itself. So you might as well have what you call respect for it, but I don't use words like that. I also think that the animal world from which we came contains much more poetry, truth and beauty in its authenticity than the manipulated set-ups that have replaced it thanks to the human touch. I consider human beings as simply animals gone wrong.

High Times: Do you consider yourself a modern man or an old-fashioned sort?

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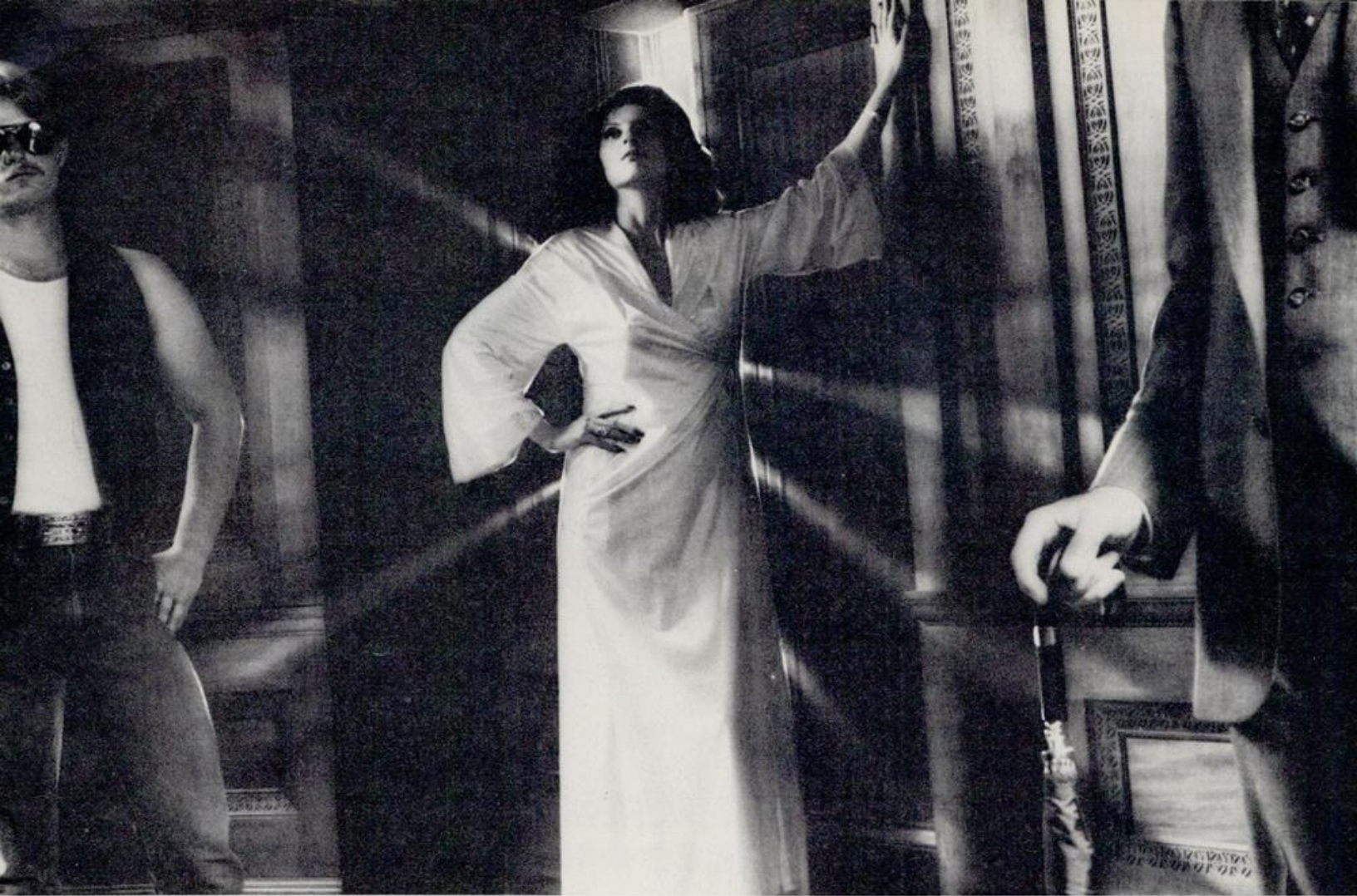
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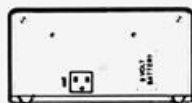
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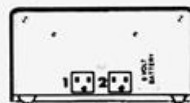
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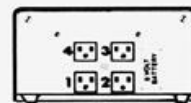
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merry Cannabis

& a happy new year



Second-generation Thai sinsemilla



Colombian gold featherweight

Old Meyer was dying. Miami's leading dope dealer for over half a century, dealing only with the carriage trade, he trafficked only in the finest marijuana: Kona sinsemilla, pure Guajirán gold, second-generation Thai. And now he was dying, full of years and money. As he thrashed about in a coma, his thoughts turned to his faithful wholesaler, Bob "The Bum" Cratchit, and Bob's crippled son, little Tim "The Dip" Cratchit. Though severely handicapped, not to say hideously mutilated, by life's raw deal, Tiny Tim was out on the streets and schoolyards of Miami in all weather, hawking loose joints to all comers even when they were scurrying for hurricane shelters.

Now, though Meyer had never actually burned anyone in 62 years of dope peddling, he had never been the life and soul of the party, either: to say that money stuck to his fingers like a brown bag of glue to the face of a supine teenager was no



California-grown sinsemilla from gold Colombian seeds

understatement. Now, as the precious vital spirit ebbed from his frail form, he decided to do something good for the Cratchit kid. Summoning his mouthpiece, old Meyer fought for consciousness as he hastily made his last will and testament. To his most loyal little street dealer, Meyer left his entire stash: Colombian gold featherweight bricks, Florida golden bricks in bags and baggies, kilos of sinsemilla from Trinidad and California, four tons of second-generation purple sinsemilla from Colombia, a truckload of Maui sinsemilla and an uninventoryed assortment of heady homegrowns.

"Meyer, this is really a beautiful thing you are doing, man," said his lawyer. "Thanks to you our young, one-legged, short-armed, hare-lipped, bucket-nosed Cratchit will lead the normal, productive life of a tax-paying American dope dealer."

"Merry Christmas, Al," said Meyer as the lawyer turned to go.

"Merry Christmas, Meyer," said the lawyer as he left, closing the door quietly behind him.

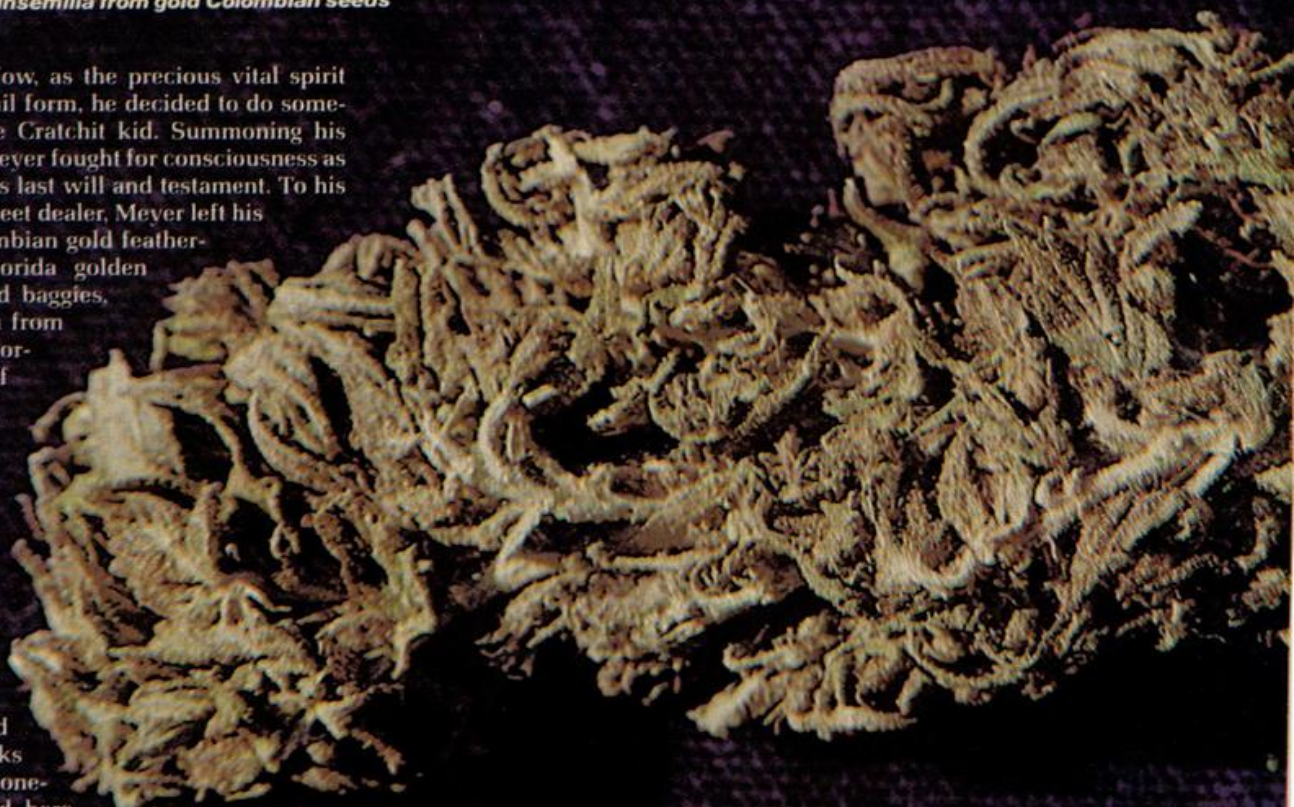
"Al—wait," said Meyer as the door was about to close.

"Yes, Meyer?"

"On second thought, Al," Meyer said faintly, "fuck him." And, with a smile of great peace and satisfaction, he slipped back into the great, deep sleep. ■



Pure Guajiran gold



Florida-grown gold

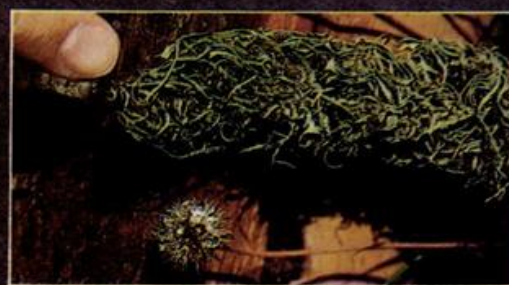


Maui sinsemilla

Second-generation purple sinsemilla from Colombia



Florida golden fruit



Sinsemilla from Trinidad, California



Four heady homegrowns



BIRD LIVES!

**The life and times of the greatest jazzman,
junkie, juicer, hipster and free-form bebop king**

THE LEGEND OF CHARLIE PARKER

by Albert Goldman

Revisiting Birdland, "The Jazz Corner of the World," struck me at first as a hoot. Who even knew that the once-famous cabaret, opened in 1949 and named after jazz's greatest hero and martyr, Charlie Parker, known as Yardbird, or simply Bird, was still in existence? Then that afternoon a CBS vice-president, all excited, called me up and told me that they were going to revive the old upholstered sewer for one more night as a publicity stunt to hype a new series of Charlie Parker "Live at Birdland" albums. No expense was being spared in the effort to roll back time 25 years to the days of bebop, bad axes and hot little combos quick-frozen on heroin.

The flacks at CBS were even going to restore to their dusty niches some of the human fixtures. Peewee Marquette, the midget doorman who used to stand at the foot of the coal-shoot staircase pushing around the customers by their kneecaps or screwing down the stage mike to shout unintelligible introductions: "Laydeeze 'n' gent'mens—Lestah Yowhng!" And Symphony Sid, the cancer-throated DJ who used to broadcast from a glass-walled, brightly lit booth next to the men's room. Enveloped in a cloud of marijuana smoke and flanked by a couple of hot Puerto Rican chicks, Sid was your ultimate Jew York hipster, riding a radio commercial like a riff or doing classic shticks, like this sick pitch for a local undertaker: (deep, gravelly Jew-Black voice) "When Fate deals you one from the bottom of the deck, fall by the Sunshine Funeral Parlors. Your loved ones will be handled with dignity and care, and the cats at Sunshine will not lay too heavy a tab on you. Now, I'd like to play a request: Cootie Williams's great record 'Somebody's Got to Go.'" Phew! This was gonna be a shot of nostalgia right in the mainline. I got so excited, I screamed into the mouthpiece just before I hung up: "Don't forget the original decor! Hang a talking myna bird in a cage above the bar!"

Then, disillusionment set in, the classic disillusionment of the jazz scene, which promises so much and delivers nothing (as compensation, I suppose, for those times when it promises nothing and

proves sublime). When I got down to Broadway and 52nd Street, I discovered that the Jazz Corner of the World had deteriorated into one of those shlocky Saturday Night Fever blisters that you find in Bensonhurst or Island Park. Now it was a drecky disco called Casablanca 2! Picture cheap, intrusive gaga lights revolving mindlessly on the ceiling. The wall behind the bandstand torn out, as if by an enraged Mafioso. The whole god-damned room rotated on its axis as if by a peculiarly accurate cyclone. When I looked at the bar, shoved out from the sidewall into the bullpen where we used to sip 90¢ nightclub beer out of waxy malted-milk cups, I spotted a matchstick birdcage, inhabited by one tiny stuffed bird.

**When I loved jazz, it
was just jazz, you
didn't have to be
Marcel Proust to
write about the stuff.**

What really made the night a bummer was not so much the *mise-en-scène* as the scene. Instead of the heavy diggers who kept mental scorecards on every eight bars of improvisation, giving or taking a few points in an interminable game of Who's Boss?, all I could see were those wimpy young parasites who show up at every record-company freebie, whether it's for Al Hirt or Vladimir Horowitz. Mingled with these hors d'oeuvre diners (who, oddly, did not include John Simon, the dean of New York's P.R. partygoers—he must have had a conflict of schedules and gone instead to a big gusher at the United Emirates Consulate), I found those dreary pedants who comprise the Jazz Establishment: ex-editors and contributors to *Downbeat*, guys who write hobby-shop liner notes, academicians without a university; in short, the bald, the fat and the self-important. When I focused on the stand, I made out the mortal remains of some once-good (but never great) jazz

musicians, who are pretty depressing to see and hear today.

As a lifelong jazz fan, let me say to today's youthful jazz public: please don't judge jazz by these paunchy survivors. Alcoholic ex-junkies over 50—or as Charlie Parker would have said, "on the Jersey side of the snatch play"—are not the measure of jazz. Jazz was, is and shall always remain a young man's art. There are a handful of guys on the scene today who are blowing better at 50 than they did at 25: Zoot Sims, Elvin Jones, Pepper Adams, Gene Ammons before he rolled the seven—old hands with young hearts. By and large, however, most of the names who show up on the big jazz labels, at the Newport Festival or on the college concert circuit are people who have been repeating themselves for a lifetime and getting duller and less spontaneous each time around.

Now that jazz is back in favor, the record companies are trying to hype some of these has-beens into living legends. Don't fall for their line. The Dexter Gordon or the Sonny Rollins or the Miles Davis that you hear today is just a caricature of the man who made that legend. Jazz in its traditional form is now virtually dead, after suffering a long and painful illness. What passes as modern jazz—whether it be the slick commercial crap called "crossover" or the boring and pretentious caterwauling known as "loft jazz"—is just sweet or pungent garbage. Pretty soon the only way that anyone will be able to hear real jazz is to listen to it on records. As a living art, jazz will join the No play and the *Play of Jonah* as one of those prestigious and ritualistic performances that edify but do not entertain.

This night at Birdland was typical of the current scene. Though 25 well-known musicians had assembled for the ceremony, none of them was eager to jam. Though they were honoring one of the greatest jazz composers, none of them (with the exception of baritonist Cecil Payne) thought to play a line of Charlie Parker. What was most revealing was the fact that none of these musicians was identified primarily with Bird's instrument, the alto sax. Twenty-two years after



Bettmann Archive

Parker was revolutionary. His bebop was a scorching rejection of the corny world of Louis Armstrong and Benny Goodman.

like the hero of Krapp's Last Tape! Weird, man, weird!

Thank god, Helen Humes, a big fat old momma in a red dress, was persuaded finally to come up onstage and belt out some dirty blues that were standards back in the days when Charlie Parker was a baggy-pantsed kid haunting the back alleys of Kansas City. Helen took us off the hook and laid the ghost of Bird. Boy, was I glad to get out of that burial crypt. Never again, I vowed, would I mess around with ghosts.

Now, I sit at home, burdened with all the intricate ironies of a world where nothing remains for long but where everything comes back, having suffered a sea change into something new and strange. When I loved jazz, it was just jazz. You didn't have to be Marcel Proust to write about the stuff. Now, every day, some nut dredges up a fistful of old sounds scratched out on some primitive wire/disc/tape recorder and sets the whole carefully arranged historical perspective askew.

What bugs me the most is the thought of young fans making their first acquaintance with the jazz masters through these musical shards and fossils, with their off-the-wall performances, cockeyed balances and atrocious sound quality. What are people going to make of the genius of Charlie Parker when they first encounter the man through the medium of recordings like these Columbia "Live at Birdland" discs? Instead of catching fire they are more apt to think: "I was right—this old crap ain't for me!"

The truth is that Columbia has no title to Charlie Parker. When Bird and the boppers were desperately scuffling for recording gigs, Columbia wouldn't give them a chance. In those days Columbia's jazz policy was dictated by a now hallowed but actually rather dumb and doctrinaire producer named John Hammond. Hammond picked up on jazz back in its swing-band days and developed a highly emotional attachment to it as a banner of black folk culture. He "discovered" Count Basie and Billie Holiday; then he drew the line against modern jazz. When bebop came along with its scorching rejection of the corny world of Louis Armstrong, Benny Goodman and all the other people Hammond adored, he turned a cold shoulder to the new sounds and is still bad-mouthing bop, as one sees from his recent autobiography, *On Record*.

So, while jazz reached its apogee and became for one brief moment a classic and brilliant art that satisfied the minds and imaginations of real music lovers—as opposed to mere jazz fans—Columbia went right on recording the dying strains of the Swing Era. Now, under its new president, Bruce Lundquist, the company has decided to make amends—and cash in on the revival of bop—by going out on the market and buying up a lot of shoddy tapes that have been floating around for years and have been issued many times before. Instead of offering this stuff as footnotes to jazz discography, as material that has meaning primarily for specialists who can supply from a lifetime of listening what is lacking, Columbia is taking big ads in the papers and ballyhooing these bits of musical flotsam and jetsam as the Charlie Parker you always heard about but never had the balls to try. What a cheap shot!

Fortunately, at this very moment, the great Charlie Parker records are all coming back into the catalog on other, more responsible labels. If you know what you're doing, you can pick up at bargain prices today a treasure trove of the greatest Bird sides by ignoring the hype and going for the authentic masterpieces. (See sidebar on page 73.)

But you must also have some idea of the musical and cultural context in which these statements were made or you won't be hip to the full import of the art. Charlie Parker was the greatest revolutionary in the history of jazz. Part of the pleasure and meaning of what he said resides in the recognition of how he transformed the musical heritage he assimilated in his youth. Bebop, the style that Bird created and championed, was basically a sensational act of one-upmanship. Like metaphysical poetry or atonal music or cubist painting, bop took a mature art, set in long-standing traditions, and kicked it up onto a vastly more sophisticated plane of discourse. Some things were lopped off and thrown away. Others were compressed or abstracted into telegraphic signals. Still others were ironically inverted or daringly extended, like a record that suddenly springs a whole new set of grooves.

While all these changes were being made in the language of jazz, everything else in this little ghetto-bound world was also undergoing a radical transformation. The roles of the instruments shifted; likewise the roles of the players as musicians, as entertainers and, ultimately, as Negroes. Toward the square world, white and black, bop adopted the tone of the put-on: the mocking, sarcastic attitude of amused contempt for the "citizens" who were not part of the game, who didn't smoke tea or shoot horse or didn't find the day world a spectacle worthy of farce. Toward the insiders the attitude was much different: bop offered the hip people their first taste in art of the wild

Charlie Parker's death, alto players are still afraid to invite comparison with Bird or even his ghost.

The ghost of the dead genius was the most disturbing presence in the club. Imagine: you've just heard the old-timers slogging through a bop chart that they still haven't mastered, when suddenly out of the P.A. comes streaking with the blithe buoyancy of immortal art the dead Bird. The coarsely recorded notes ricochet around the room; then, after spectral applause, out drones the once-familiar voice of Symphony Sid, broadcasting from this very same room a quarter century ago while the man himself—now a grey-bearded, yacht-capped old boat captain from Islamadoro—stands beside the speaker, digging his prime time

freedom, the fantastic wit and playfulness, the profound bitterness and sorrow, as well as the laid-back junkie dream castles, that comprised the brave new world of the hipsters. Bop was the greatest single breakthrough ever scored in popular culture on behalf of the modern urban mind. Only today, 30 years after its explosion, are young Americans sharp enough to comprehend the thrilling imaginative vistas it opened up and explored to the vanishing point.

When Bird and the boppers got on the jazz train, it was still a hard-chugging, short-winded, black-boy choochoo, shooting its bright sparks out of the roaring stack of an old-time Kansas City blues band. When Bird put down his horn, the old locomotive had been transformed into a jet plane, rocket-propelled to the limits of its creative potential. For one brief moment, popular music in America had been perfectly matched and mated with the real excitement, nervousness, brilliance, fantasy and despair of the modern metropolis.

The shock of this revelation was so great that no public could ever really accept it. The next generation of American listeners reacted by boring as deep into their ethnic and rural roots as they could go, until they finally found rock 'n' roll, a music that reached back to the turn of the century and the Deep South and the Eden of a world that never existed except in the mind of a Brillo-headed hippie. That's the reward that the popular artist gets for telling people where it's really at. You can say anything you want in words, but when it comes to music, you better give them that old corn-shuckin' bullshit because, man, the public is corny!

The best way to begin your education in Bird 'n' bop is to master the myth of the Master. The simplest way to obtain the requisite knowledge is to read the greatest of all jazz biographies: Ross Russell's *Bird Lives!* No, you won't find it on the revolving racks of your local drugstore. The author, who knew Bird well, recorded him extensively and spent 25 years thinking and writing about Bird and the boppers, took a terrific beating when his book appeared. The nit-picking jazz establishment went after him like a pack of piranhas, as they will go after any writer who does not maintain the traditional discretionary silence about all the sordid activities and ugly character traits that are typical of many old-time jazzmen.

On the other side, Russell became a victim of the rip-off artists who lie in wait for nonfiction authors and then hold them over a barrel for a piece of the action on trumped-up legal grounds. (One little nuisance suit entitles a publisher to withhold all payments indefinitely and reimburse itself lavishly for legal fees—a state of affairs that may soon put an end to honest nonfiction.) Russell's triumph, though, is his book, which epitomizes

Bop took a mature art, set in long-standing tradition, and kicked it up onto a vastly more sophisticated plane.

for all time the jazz life in general and in particular the crazy career of the greatest jazzman, junkie, juicer, hipster and free-form life champ in the long and colorful annals of the ghetto.

The story commences back in the '30s when Bird was a boy dressed as a man, always toting his hock-shop horn, stuck together with twine and rubber bands and carried in a pillow-ticking sack, haunting the tenderloin of Kansas City. In the '30s, K.C. was the jazz capital of the world. The Pendergast/Mafia political machine defied Prohibition and the Depression by turning the city into a vast network of speakeasies, cabarets, bars, dance halls, gambling dens and cathouses. The popular arts always flourish best in such a honky-tonk atmosphere. K.C. soon developed the greatest blowing scene in the history of jazz. Little Bird's favorite hang-out was the Club Reno, where his hero, the great tenorman Lester Young, would blow night after night with the original Count Basie Band. When the band concluded a set, they would drift out in the alley behind the club and fall to smoking sticks of tea, passing around jugs of gin and scarfing up barbecued chicken legs, which is where Bird got his street name, from his passion for chicken (yardbird) thighs.

When the band would go back on the stand (so small they had to cut a hole in the overhead shell to allow the string bass to stand upright), the kid would sneak up into the gallery, where, stoned on grass, he would lie back and soak up all night the finest jazz in America. When the clubs closed at dawn, the hundreds of charged-up jazzmen would prowl the district looking for a jam session where they could stretch out. It was at one of these "spook breakfasts" that Parker made his ill-fated debut as a solo performer.

Lining up with maybe 50 other musicians, all eager to wail, the kid got the nod. He called "I Got Rhythm," and the band took off, driven by the beat of the greatest drummer of the day, Jo Jones. When the kid got into his second chorus, he modulated into some distant key and then got lost. He faltered, faked and finally fell out. The band stopped playing. An ominous silence filled the room. Suddenly, there was a terrible crash. Jo Jones had gotten so angry that he unscrewed the cymbal off the stand and sent it flying across the floor. The ultimate jazz genius had commenced his career by being gonged off.



Bettmann Archive

The assembled hipsters laughed uproariously.

Humiliation acted like a spur to Charlie Parker. He applied himself so relentlessly to his horn that eventually he came back strong and won the recognition he craved. Then he took off for the Apple and got himself a gig in a dime-a-dance joint in Times Square. During his breaks he would hang out with the men's room attendant, an old Tom, who would admonish the youth: "Forget about your saxophone tootin'! Git yo'seff a good shithouse—and stay in yo hole!"

What Bird got himself was a heavy habit and a chance to blow every night at the most legendary of all after-hours jam joints: Minton's Playhouse in Harlem. Here he got tight with the men who created bebop: that ultracool electric

guitarist Charlie Christian; the ebullient, witty Dizzy Gillespie; the house drummer, Kenny Clark; and the house piano player, Thelonious Sphere Monk. Bird's brilliant playing soon won him a seat in the hippest band in the land, the Billy Eckstein orchestra, which boasted an incredible lineup of talent, beginning with Bud and Diz and including Gene Ammons, Art Blakey and Sarah Vaughan. The band business was not for Bird. He soon shifted to the more congenial surroundings of the small combo on 52nd Street, where he and Diz brought bebop out of the closet and delivered it into the minds and souls of wartime New York City.

There's always a kind of lunatic excitement in the air when millions of men are being butchered. Bird captured this hectic, crackling, nervous energy and projected it in the fastest, hippest, coolest music ever delivered to a nightclub audience. Called bebop after the clipped and semaphoric two-note, flattened-fifth cadence that the boppers would use to terminate a phrase, the new jazz struck its first listeners as being a kind of musical Dada: something to drive the squares out of their gourds. Louis Armstrong, the now-beloved but rather corny and Uncle Tomish king of the old jazz, was galled to the point of declaring, "Bebop is just preaching hate." He wasn't far wrong.

The new style would have no truck with the traditional role of the musician as entertainer. The boppers played exactly what they pleased with a shocking indifference to how they were going over. Their stance was defiant, their skills were astonishing; many a seasoned player heard them a few times and then slammed shut his instrument case forever. The manifesto of the new sound was a single breathless track recorded in 1945 and called "Koko." It exists for modern listeners in two forms. One is a mike check that cuts into the studio warm-up just as Bird is commencing an epic-making solo that is like a Blakean vision of paradise: the rolling hills and dales of some visionary landscape, rich, ample, Edenic, bathed in the golden light of genius. When Bird hits the bridge of the tune (which is based on "Cherokee," a dumb, vaguely "Indian" swing tune by a British bandleader named Ray Noble), he encounters a transposition that is extraordinarily difficult for the alto horn. Pressing down the challenge-greatness button on his matchlessly musical mind, he flips into some musical aerobatics that are as effortless as they are startling, coruscating and impossible to grasp, much less play. When the solo winds down—with one slight clam in an otherwise technically impeccable flight—the classic hipster laugh of Dizzy Gillespie rings out, followed by a typically laconic comment: "Thass alright!" Imagine the blind old Milton chanting the immortal first lines of *Paradise Lost* and some cat chuckling richly and shaking his head and murmuring, "Thass alright!"

When it came time to really cut the wax, Charlie Parker lowered his head, glared out over his horn, stomped off the tempo much faster and slammed into the public version of the tune: the take informed by the bopper's controlled fury and impersonally annihilative machine-gun chatter. In the first couple of bars, the horn comes swooping in like a jet plane strafing a truck convoy; then, after delivering a blast that could have wiped out a regiment of squares, the horn sweeps up again and delivers with the impudent assurance of genius a quick burst of the bebop cadence, the Bird motto, that to this day zaps the brain like a laser beam flashed in your eye.

A total description and/or translation of everything Charlie Parker said in this one 2:58 side would fill three solid columns of this magazine. "Koko" was the shot heard 'round the world. The "Poem d'Extase" of jazz. A blast on the bugle that would rally an entire jazz generation around its new leader. Never before or since has anyone ever said so much so well in so few seconds, saving a few insane outbursts of absolute genius by the likes of Ludwig

Bird commenced an epic-making solo that is like a Blakean vision of paradise: rich, ample, Edenic, bathed in the golden light of genius.

van Beethoven or Anton von Webern. When Bird packed away his axe that day, he had established himself as that familiar figure in the ghetto: The Boss.

Bebop, which is now back in fashion again after a generation of neglect, will always be understood by the squares as the last word in the go-man-go, I'm-flipping-out-of-my-kugel style of American art and ecstasy. That's how it appealed in its day to such relatively sophisticated minds as Leonard Bernstein, who tried for years to translate its urgency and bedazzlement to "classical" music. To the real hipster, however, bop's frantic, manic side is only as impressive as a classic Beethoven first movement is to a classical-music buff. The really deep message of the new style lay, as with the Big Beet, not in the frenzied and awesome happenings of its up-tempo, go-for-broke passages, but in its deep-frozen, arrested-animation sequences, tracking at a tempo approaching adagio the ultimate revelations of the stone junkie's deepest lucubrations.

The relations of dope and art, the intimate commerce of horse and heavy breathing on the jazz scene, have always been the sorest spot in the whole jazz

establishment. How were uptight, middle-class, self-preservative, nice Jewish boys and scholars, busy applying for grants and pussycat-in-residence deals with American foundations and universities, going to deal with something as sinful and sick as the equation forged in the bop days between the needle and the apogee of jazz genius? How were they going to tell all those nice young fresh-faced college kids that if you didn't turn on with Charlie Parker, you didn't get on the stand with Charlie Parker? How were they going to "bring dignity to jazz" when they had to admit that to the real hard-core boppers the basis of the whole art was that home-made set of works filled with clouded fluid, which the Bird would load with scientific precision (after all, the man had the hands of a brain surgeon) and hold up to the light of a bare bulb in a filthy dressing room, apostrophizing it, as he does in Ross Russell's early—and much more revealing—roman à clef, *The Sound*, with the awesome words: "Now, ya look-in' at the Cool World!"? Let's face it, gang: art is fine—but drugs, hard drugs, are only for the insane, the self-destructive, the walking dead in the ghetto. To associate the use of such nefarious substances with the creation of art, real art, the greatest art, is *am strengsten Verbotten!*

Now that a million light years have passed and all those sinners have been laid in their early graves, let us level and tell the truth. Jazz, hard jazz, the stuff that split our souls when they were young and virgin, was spawned and spermed from the hard stuff. When the cats got really high, they weren't spilling notes at metronome 180, like a teletype on speed. No, my dears, they slowed way down, into the key of narcosis; and then the most beautiful flowers of evil that the modern world has ever admired came like time-exposure photography blossoming out of their horns. I'm thinking now of "Bird of Paradise" or "Round About Midnight" or "Bird's Blues": all those junkie anthems that once filled the 3 A.M. air of a smack-and smoke-drenched jazz cellar as the Man would get down deep into his love-is-truth bag and deliver to the laid-back ringside the real soul, the real blues, the real sound of a head so high that it cannot and will not and need not blink the truth.

Imagine a lamppost on 125th Street, way past the midnight hour, with the girls parading their pussies, while the pimp glowers from his Cadillac. Now, with this tawdry painted drop for a set, we throw a lurid blue-white follow spot on the cat: the Street Man, the Night Man. Having made his load, he speaks in soliloquy. There ain't but one voice in your head when you're really loaded, and that voice is, guess who—you. I've always wanted to splice them all together, those slowly uncoiling, serpentine inevitable monologues that the Bird would lay down when he wanted to get down and deliver his deepest message to humankind. They are

things of beauty: Keats in his odes; Beethoven in his slow movements, Wagner working out with predestined precision his equation of love and death.

They have an attitude, all these long-breathed traversals of the classic American ballads: sentimental spawn of Jewish-American songsters like Gershwin. Stuff that was pretty but false. The first corrections had been made by Billie Holiday, who is Charlie Parker's junkie sweetheart in heaven, though never here on earth. Lady Day did her best to correct the corrupt text the first time around. But she was a sweet loving woman, later a phosphorescent old crone. It needed the Man, the Bird, to really tell the tale. And didn't he ramble on those slow sides that are the bottom line on America the Beautiful?

"Round About Midnight" is on the recent Columbia issues: a bitter, despairing exploration of the hero standing on existential Ground Zero, confronting the world with nothing better than his macho essence, glaring balefully over the top of his horn and telling the world, "It's pain to be alive and there's bitterness at the heart of the honey."

But that's not the end, not the classic revelation of truth and beauty that Bird achieved in his most pellucid moments. For those you have to page over to his breathtaking paraphrases of "Embraceable You." Here in an atmosphere of absolute serenity, the Zen trance of the pure heroin high, the mercurial movements of the horn are refined to the softly impulsive flittings of a silverfish wafting through crystalline water. Recasting and exalting the familiar tune with the confidence and freedom of a great composer, Parker breathes forth a visionary world of resolving and dissolving shapes and gestures, achieving expressive wonders through understatement and the deft use of the musical throwaway line, then rising at last to a nobly emphatic statement of the theme that suddenly vanishes in a cascading run like a puff of smoke. American music offers no more perfect or profound expression.

Then, the bottom dropped out. Bird's days as the colossus of jazz were grudgingly numbered. From 1945 to 1950, he stood at the top of his bent; then he began a precipitous and ignominious decline. Everything caught up with the man: his booze and dope habits destroyed his powerful body; his pimp style with women brought him nothing but sexual frustration; his overbearing attitude toward other players isolated him ("Bird makes you feel about six inches tall," rasped Miles Davis as he quit his hero's band) until finally the cat was out in the cold, scuffling once again to survive while playing in the flickering light of a brain that had been hideously abused.

The most significant failure of all was the failure of Bird's culture and education:

that great self-taught-American-genius education that we still consider the only true way to know. Yes, the street teaches its best pupils unforgettable lessons, but it denies them the discipline and the breadth of knowledge they need to translate these truths into art. Always, at the end, they come knocking at the doors of the old professors of classical music, complaining that they are imprisoned in their past achievements, unable to break out into the bigger world with which their imaginations tantalize them. One of the most poignant moments in Charlie Parker's tragic career came on the day when he offered to exchange for lessons by the great French avant-garde composer Edgard Varèse his own services as cook.

It was too late for the Bird. As he frittered away his last years playing ballads sublimely with tawdry string orchestras or fucking around with Latin mambo bands or doing virtuoso shticks out on the road with Norman Granz's flying jazz circus, Jazz at the Philharmonic, his clock ticked out. Finally, one night at Birdland, the whole scene came apart in one of the most grisly moments of jazz history.

The date was 1955. Bird had been off

If you didn't turn on with Charlie Parker, you didn't get on the stand with Charlie Parker.

the scene for a while but was scheduled to play an important comeback date at Birdland. On the night of his first appearance with an all-star bop band including Bud Powell on piano, Charlie Mingus on bass, drummer Art Blakey and trumpet player Kinny Dorham, Bird arrived late and refused to play the first set, sitting in the dressing room putting down double Scotchies. When he had gotten his head and was ready to romp, he appeared on the bandstand and announced that the first piece would be an original titled "Hallucination." The band went right into the tune, but Bud Powell, a drunk and psychotic ready to be returned to the loony bin, went into another tune, "Little Willie Leaps."

Parker stopped the band and repeated the order to play "Hallucination." The same thing happened. The dialogue that ensued, as reported by Ross Russell, was definitely uncool.

"Come on, baby!" Parker pleaded with Powell.

"What key, muthafuckah?" lisped the stoned and idiotically grinning piano player.

"The key of S[hit], mutha," barked Bird.

Bird Wax:

Two great anthologies of Charlie Parker records have recently been issued. They say it all:

1. *Bird/The Savoy Recordings (Master Takes)*—Savoy SJL 2201.

2. *The Very Best of Bird*—Warner 2 WB 3198.

For Bird live, nothing can compare with *Bird is Free*, a dance in Philadelphia in 1950, which provides the only documentary evidence of the incredible feats of speed, invention, energy, soul and insanity that Bird achieved in the no-holds-barred, wraps-off, virtuoso blowing session.

Leader and piano player began cursing each other, and the upshot was that Powell slammed the keyboard with his elbow and walked off the stand.

Bird called plaintively over the P.A. 12 or 15 times: "Bud Powell! Bud Powell!" There was no answer.

Finally, as the crowd began to leave the club in profound embarrassment, the young Mingus seized the mike and exclaimed: "Ladies and gentlemen, please don't associate me with any of this. This is not jazz. These are sick people." Later that night, when Bird had drunk himself into a stupor, he confided to Mingus: "I'm goin' someplace where I ain't ever goin' to bother nobody."

Four days later, on the way to a gig in Boston, Bird stopped off at the Stanhope Hotel, across the street from the Metropolitan Museum. He was going to spend an hour with jazz's one authentic aristocrat, Nikki, the Jazz Baroness, the Rothschild hipster, Panonica de Koenigswarter: a German-Jewish refugee who made the scene in a white Bentley. While Charlie was chatting it up with the Baroness, he suddenly became violently ill. A quick call to the house doctor established the fact that Bird was trembling on the edge of death and should be immediately hospitalized. Bird refused to budge, and the Baroness refused to eject an honored guest.

A day later, Bird appeared to be recovering. Propped up in an easy chair, he was watching the "Tommy Dorsey Show." A couple of clowns were hurling bricks at each other that stuck together in the air. "Crazy!" barked Bird, laughing his deep hearty laugh. Suddenly, he was choking on his own blood. The Baroness rushed to the telephone and summoned the doctor. When he arrived five minutes later, Charlie Parker was dead.

The body lay for three days in the morgue waiting for someone to claim it. The cause of death? A ruptured ulcer, advanced cirrhosis of the liver, pneumonia or a heart attack. The man's body was such a wreck that the doctor estimated his patient's age at between 50 and 60. Bird was actually 37 years old.

A week later graffiti appeared all over New York proclaiming: "BIRD LIVES!"

WOODS BOSS



CAT SKINNER



BULLCOCK



ENGINEER



BOSS' NEPHEW



the FINN



COOK



COOKHOUSE FUNKIES



SWEDDE



Johnny Bob's Logging Camp Saga

Trees fall like rain, rain falls too, in this mixture of Indians, chain saws and savage bull-Finns hell-bent on buggery
by Johnny Bob

Many times Johnny has flown into the smaller logging camps of British Columbia, leaving behind him civilization, loved ones and, often as not, creditors. Dropping down through the last high pass toward the West Coast ocean in a tiny seaplane, often blown through the mountains like a piece of litter through traffic, it is with a profound sense of relief he notes the cluster of camp buildings below, remembering with mixed emotions how, moments before, he had stared into the unblinking red eyes of a squirrel perched on a sturdy fir bough inches off the plane's wing tip.

Waiting on the seaplane dock is the bull cook, or janitor, though it is to be noted that one would do better to call the sheriff of Oxford, Mississippi, a cocksucker than to call a bull cook a janitor, regardless of the relative truth of the job descriptions.

Johnny and the bull cook unload the freight for the camp, the bull cook pointing out that unloading heavy machine parts is simple, "as long as you got a system." The "system" general among bull cooks is to let someone else do the work whilst they explain how easy it is. A matter of balance and leverage, don't you see.

The bull cook drives Johnny to the cluster of buildings and multi-partitioned house trailers that comprise the camp.

"Don't put me in no room with no guys with lung disease. An' I don't wanna be with any cat skimmers [bulldozer drivers] either. They have to get up 20 times a night to piss 'cause their kidneys are shot from the pounding."

Bull cooks always reply: "You'll go where I goddamn well put you."

Andre LaDoucer and the Dirty Video Disaster

Andre LaDoucer was a steel-spar engineer. A great laundry bag of a man stuffed into a plaid workshirt, with an active left hand that rubbed his goatee while his right manned a shaggy home-rolled cigarette. Andre returned to camp with a videotape recorder and several bottles of whiskey one day years ago.

"Got something here that will knock on your eyes," said Andre to the men after

**When not tyrannizing
his assistants he was
shooting at deer as
indiscriminately as
a Turkish policeman
blasts at a
shoplifter on a
crowded bus.**

dinner. "Pretty soon you see Andre fuck some whore and get cock suck too." He was hooking up his recorder to a small television. Among those present at this technological milestone were Johnny Bob, Nootka rigging slinger; the boss's nephew, a lad of but 16 summers; and a crazed Finn faller who knew about 7 words of English and about 20 of Finnish, if the other noises he made were a language at all, which Johnny for one doubts.

"You like the cock suck, young fella?"

the Finn inquired of the boss's nephew, placing a hand on the boy's shoulder. The kid said nothing, shrugging it off.

"Shut up, you damn Swede. I'm going to show the pictures!" said Andre.

"I no damn Swede, I Finn!"

"You're a damn idiot," growled a burly German chokerman.

The Finn struck a belligerent pose before slumping with a shrug into a look of disconcert when his adversary remained unimpressed.

The TV began to flicker and a girl in lacy black panties and a pointed white bra stepped on camera and cupped her breast with a move toward the watching loggers.

"Whatta hog," mumbled someone.

"I take dat Blackstone Hotel," announced LaDoucer proudly.

Just then LaDoucer stepped onto the screen behind the girl, white undershorts bulging out before him. The Finn began to laugh crazily.

"Damn Finns don't fuck," said LaDoucer, "just pour boiled water on rocks and whip each other with pine boughs till they blow in their snowsuits."

The Finn stopped laughing and said something no one could understand. He pulled his chair over toward that of the boss's nephew, who moved away.

On screen LaDoucer grabbed the chubby whore and bent her over backward in a slow kiss more suitable for use on one of Gable's leading ladies. He stopped twice to look at the camera and rapidly raise and lower his eyebrows.

"What two-dollar whore could resist such a man," said a rigging slinger.

LaDoucer led the woman back toward the bed. While he pulled her panties down

as she stood by the edge of the bed, she reached both hands behind her to unclasp her bra. Her tits bounded free, bobbing a little like two seal pups in a tank waiting for someone to fling them a herring. Andre reached up from his kneeling position and, placing one starfish-sized hand on her stomach, pushed her backward onto the bed, pulling the panties over her feet with the other hand and flipping them toward the camera. Suddenly the lens was blocked by black cloth.

The Finn sat up straight in his chair and said "Godamit."

LaDoucer removed the panties from the camera and scurried back toward the whore, who sat on the edge of the bed looking petulant. He dove between her legs and began eating her out with much sideways and up-and-down wagging of his head. The hooker looked bored.

The big engineer stood up and pulled his own shorts off, displaying buttocks that looked like a set of partially inflated weather balloons. He began pushing his cock around the woman's mouth, which she seemed, for good reason, reluctant to open. LaDoucer grabbed one of her ears with a free hand and, when she opened her mouth to protest, popped his pecker between her lips. Taking hold of her poll with the other hand, he began pistoning in and out.

"Good good!" said the Finn.

For ten minutes there was more of the same, culminating in an anal-intercourse scene that sent the Finn into transports and the boss's nephew edging for the door as the Finn's affectionate gestures became more overt.

"You know," said LaDoucer to Johnny later, "if I didn't know more than that, I would say the Finn was bent on bugging the boss's boy up the bum. But I know he's just crazy, because not like the homosexual he does not shave much nor shower and his bunk is a pig."

That night of course the camp was awakened by the shrieks of the boss's nephew, who had indeed fallen victim to the inclinations of the crazed Finn and was distinctly upset, not to mention sore, as a result.

The men were of two minds as to what to do with the Finn, who seemed unconscious of having committed any offense. That is, some were for hanging him in a hollering melée and some were for beating him to death after a period of indignant shouting. George, the woods boss, settled the matter by telling everyone to go back to bed.

A couple of days later George spoke to Andre LaDoucer about the videotape machine. The boss said, "You oughta not show no more films of an erotic nature in a place where the only outlet for such a drive is the timekeeper's wife [an ugly woman]...or something else." The woods boss blushed slightly, and LaDoucer apologized for any trouble he may have caused.

That Goddamn Cook and His History of Violence

In the same logging camp where the dreadful incident of Andre LaDoucer's video disaster occurred a cook named Ernie held sway over the saucepans, ladles and industrial drums of pie filling so dear to the institutional cook. Under his dominion were a squad of flunkies who boiled and baked tasteless legumes and bland starches (while Ernie strutted and shouted the propaganda of his own greatness). When the cook was not tyrannizing his assistants he was abroad the local hillsides with a 30:30 shooting as indiscriminately at deer as a Turkish policeman blasts at a shoplifter on a crowded bus.

The area around the camp was famous for its high proportion of mutilated deer. Almost every day, someone saw a three-legged doe, a one-eyed stag or a fawn with a sucking stomach wound. By the time Johnny had arrived in camp, informed sources put the cook's bag at over 100 dead—and the deer season was not scheduled to open for two weeks. The camp

**He trussed the
cook up with
packing twine and
hung the potboy
amidst his
slaughtered deer,
dangling by
his heels from
a meat hook.**

supply hut looked like Fu Manchu's torture lounge, dozens of skinned headless bodies hanging by their heels. Twice a week Ernie ground up these corpses and shipped them air freight to his sister, who ran a seedy burger drive-in near Nanimo.

Now this same cook when not marauding in the forest, tyrannizing his assistants or lying amidst a welter of gun magazines on his bunk, one pale paw gently massaging his gizmo, this same cook would loiter about the cookhouse at meal times, watching to see if any logger would be so bold as to take too much of something (rare), appear for the meal in an undershirt (less rare) or stick his knife in his mouth (much less rare). If one of these events took place, the cook would bellow denunciations and hurl the offending party from his mess hall like God showing Satan the door in *Paradise Lost*. Most of the men thus treated would just go peacefully, for loggers feel about fighting cooks the way an eighteenth-century English gentleman felt about formally duelling a scabby yellow-toothed journalist with holes in his handkerchief. It is not done.

It so happened, however, that a slow-moving Swede had recently come into camp fresh from the forests of his native land. The Swede, a man with a disposition about as fiery as that of a dry cedar stump, was in the habit of dining in his undershirt.

The man known to all as "the Swede" managed to eat every night for a week in his undershirt. The cook had been sleeping exhausted in his room in the back of the cookhouse after a hard day's slaughter in the bush.

Then one night the cook appeared and caught sight of the Swede. The big man was sitting peacefully at the table in his undershirt, eating a lot of everything, most of which his throat was big enough to handle without chewing.

Ernie was behind the Swede in a flash. "*I don't allow nobody, nobody! to eat in my cookhouse in a goddamn undershirt! Where the hell were you brought up?*"

"Sweden," said Johnny Bob helpfully.

"Go on, get out of here, you son of a bitch. You can't come in here dressed like that!"

Naturally the Swede payed no attention to the irate runt, reaching for a bowl of beets and ladling them onto his plate.

At this the cook turned purple and snatched the Swede's plate away. The Swede simply picked up a dish of stew and ladled it onto the tablecloth in front of him, beefing it up with some mashed potatoes and more beets. When the cook, who had gone back into the kitchen with the man's plate, returned and saw this terrible thing the Swede had done he gave a howl of anguished incredulity and, seizing a huge carving knife, charged the dining Norseman.

The blood of the Viking is not so easily spilled, however; and the big Svensker showed a surprising turn of speed in disarming the enraged griddle jockey. Then, without any communication with anyone, for he did not possess the English language but in the most limited sense, the Swede marched the cook outside, followed by a crowd of men. Around back of the cookhouse he trussed the cook up with packing twine, then, shouldering his screaming burden, dog-trotted up the hill to the supply hut, where he hung the potboy amidst his slaughtered deer and left him so, dangling by his heels from a meat hook.

The next day the Swede was fired, a cook being more precious in the mind of a superintendant than a mere chokerman. But it wasn't long before the cook quit too, unable to bear the shame of his humiliation in the midst of his own kingdom.

It occurs to Johnny he has left a lot out of the logging camp saga. The man who burned his money, the Hindu who was lucky at cards and the kid who put goofballs in the coffee machine. It will have to wait. Johnny is going to go to the movies and drink a mickey in the back row. ■



WHITE LINE FEVER

Like a galaxy of milky-white solar systems lying athwart the oil-blackened tarmac of outer space, the lane dividers of America's highways separate the right lanes from the left like the mucous wall in the nose of God. After prolonged use the dividing line grows blurred, vehicles pass in the wrong lanes, and radar gongs clang in downtown speed-trap-control console computers. Like adrenaline pumping to the nerves of a frightened forest animal, calling-all-car signals go out, and soon another case of white-line fever is cured. Yet across the continent the fever is spreading like ice melting on a hot stove. Mother of Mercy, is this the end of U.S. 1? Better pull over, Klingon vessel approaching at 4:00... Beam me up, Scotty.



Arizona



Id



Kansas



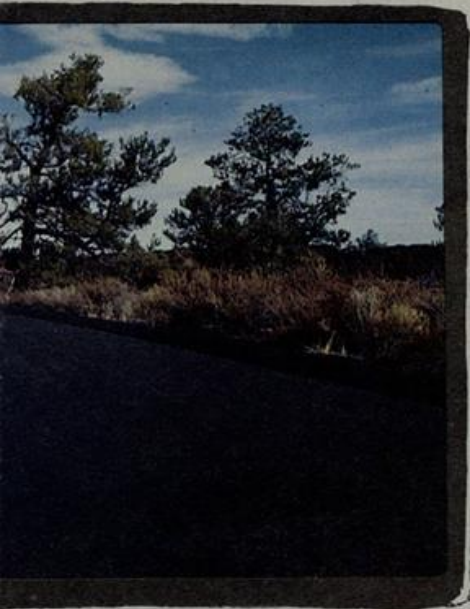
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California



Okla



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Wyoming



Dakota



Vermont



homa



Oregon

TEQUILA WARS

White Lightning from the Land of Blue Cactus
by Craig Pyles



Once thought only worth drinking in case of snakebite or cardiac arrest, tequila is now America's second-favorite import from south of the border. If the present tequila thirst continues, the hot-blooded cactus will rival the marijuana business in Mexico for popularity with high-society gringos. As with the pot scene, those close to the tequila industry in Mexico are secretive and loath to discuss their methods and plans. There hasn't been a white-liquor craze (as they call it on Madison Avenue) like this since the bloody-mary/screwdriver boom the vodka czars concocted during the cold war. Tequila—like marijuana, a limited and precious commodity—now has liquor importers scurrying across the Rio Grande in search of what they are calling “the vodka of the '70s.”

Unlike vodka, which was a carefully planned sales success for the booze barons, tequila has unique appeal because of its mysterious and rustic origins, redolent of old Mexico banditos and caballeros. Then there's the ritual associated with its orthodox use. And it mixes so finely with good dope, something the Mexicans have known since Montezuma saw the first tequila sunrise.

Though tequila sales in the United States only represent 1.5 percent of the total U.S. liquor market, tequila consumption here is growing three times faster than vodka, four times faster than

Canadian whiskey and eight times faster than Scotch. Sales volume has increased a whopping 210 percent during the last five years. This sudden and unslaking thirst for tequila has sent ecstatic anxiety pangs down to the Tequileros who manufacture the stuff, making them wonder how long this trend will last. They ask themselves if the sons and daughters of the “Big Brother of the North” can continue to guzzle much more than the 6.4 million gallons of tequila they drank last year. If so, the Tequileros privately admit, amid all the other economic chaos the world may experience its first tequila shortage.

Years ago when tequila was just introduced in the United States it was drunk only in the southwestern border states. Outside of the Mexicans, tequila was virtually unknown among the gringos except to California surfers and college students who would periodically buzz across the border into “TJ” (Tijuana). Before the border closed at midnight, they would bring back a bottle of tequila to drink ostentatiously with their friends while they smoked “horseshit cigarettes” and reminisced about how “fucked up” they were while pillaging the town.

Usually the tequila brought back from Tijuana was the same hastily made brew marketed in different bottles bearing different labels and prices. The poor quality of this tequila further helped to establish its reputation as the potentate of distilled

liquors. Just like the raw tequila of legend, this stuff was rushed slap-bang through the distillation process, with a proof usually exceeding 100 and a taste like methanol, benzine, fermented auto parts and the fingers of gas-station attendants.

But that was the tequila of yore.

Just what is happening to the tequila of today? And exactly what are the tequila importers importing? I traveled down to Mexico to find out.

“Well, what are we drinking?” I asked Guillermo Romo, who laughed contemptuously. “Most of your tequila is shipped in bulk and sent in tank cars across the border. Most of those American brands don't even exist here in Mexico.” Guillermo Romo will be a sixth-generation Tequilero when he and his brothers assume the business from their mother, Gabriella Romo, who owns Tequila Herradura. Tequila Herradura is one of the oldest and most conservative tequila manufacturers and is generally regarded by connoisseurs as making the world's best commercial tequila. Señor Romo is short, rash and outspoken, and absolutely arrogant when he discourses on tequila—especially Tequila Herradura. He is in many respects typical of the hot-blooded Tequileros.

As we drove out along the fields of the postrevolutionary remnants of the Romos' hacienda (or “ex-hacienda,” as it is now called), San Jose del Refugio, and headed toward the barranca along the



John Farrell

Sierra Madre, Guillermo Romo pulled out a .38 and laid it on the seat with the simple explanation that the fields are dangerous. "This is for the banditos, poachers and Frank Sinatra" (his joke for the marijuana mafia). "But it really makes me angry," he resumed after the issue of the pistola had been laid to rest, "that all these American liquor importers come down here with no idea of what they're buying. They think they're coming to buy a cheap whore, because the American public doesn't yet understand that there are good tequilas and bad ones."

Just whose tequila is a good one and whose is a bad one is often cause for fighting words down here. "Down here" is in Tequila itself, a small town at the foot of a volcano where 18,000 people and 18 tequila manufacturers are located, about 30 miles north-northwest of Guadalajara. In order for the liquor to be genuine tequila, it has to come from Tequila and it has to be made from a particular kind of century plant or cactus called the *agave tequilina* Weber (blue variety), which only grows in this dry, hilly region in this minute area in the state of Jalisco. (The growing area has recently been expanded to adjacent states, however, to accommodate demand, but the different soil and climatic conditions will vary the quality of the tequila.)

There are currently a few hundred

brands of tequila on the world market, and each of these has been individually certified by the Mexican government as coming from this region and meeting certain production norms. The United States, which imports more than 90 percent of all tequila not consumed in Mexico, now officially considers tequila a "national product of Mexico." This gives consumers a binational guarantee similar to agreements that insure that Scotch is from Scotland or that Canadian whiskey is from Canada. This recognition, conferred by the Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms Division of the U.S. Treasury, was something of a triumph for the folks down here. They had known for some time that both the United States and Japan were trying to make and market an imitation tequila, and the Tequileros were wary that as soon as tequila hit the big money their imitators might produce the "Big Con."

"Down here" can also mean Guadalajara, which is the commercial center of the tequila industry, or it can mean the entire state of Jalisco. Mexico, which is the eighth largest country in the world, has very little cohesive national identity, but it does have strong regional allegiances. A Mexican's region is his *patria chica*, or little homeland, and tequila has always been primarily a regional drink. Until recently a small number of inbred families have accounted for the manufacture of tequila, all of it trademarked with

the stamp of Jalisco. Two salient characteristics of that stamp are arrogance and passion, both as commonly Jalisco as pozole and mariachis—yet an arrogance and passion that the Tequileros have refined to an almost aristocratic expression. "Well, yes, we Jaliscos are a mean people," stated an employee of Tequila Sauza, seemingly unconcerned about the implications of that statement.

Whether or not they are a "mean people," they are opinionated and volatile, and these characteristics have been incorporated right into the very companies that make the tequila. Two of the largest tequila manufacturers in Mexico are Jose Cuervo and Tequila Sauza. Together their distilleries account for more than 8 percent of the production of all tequila. But for more than a century these two firms have been battling each other for control of the market in a rich, internecine, inter-familial feud. Sauza has managed to dominate the Mexican market, while Cuervo has clear control of the export field. Their feud is perhaps typical, yet in some ways a more explosive example, of the Tequilero sagas of Jalisco.

According to Guillermo Romo the last recorded outbreak of this feud was when Juan Beckman Gallardo, who is president of Cuervo, challenged Francisco Javier Sauza, the patron of Sauza, to a duel. It is hard to pinpoint the origin of the bad blood between the Cuervos and the

TIPS FOR TEQUILEROS

Tequila is one of those drinks that when it's good, it's really good, and when it's bad—Holy Chihuahua! As far as I was able to find out there is no official vocabulary to describe the variabilities you'll find in tequila. A good tequila is anything you can drink without benefit of lemon and salt and certainly without drowning the taste in orange juice and grenadine.

The standard test when selecting a tequila is to hold the bottle up to the light and check it for sediment. Any dan-druddy-looking garbage floating about can be a sign of impurities, though usually you don't have to worry about tequila sold in the U.S. Imported tequila is inspected by the manufacturer, the Chamber of Tequila Producers, the Mexican government and the U.S. Treasury. Any sediment left after these inspections is much closer to sentiment for the good old days.

The next step is to look for the words "*Elaborado y envesado de origen*" on the label, which means that it is made and bottled by the producer in Mexico. Since

most tequila is shipped in bulk and bottled in the United States, it is nearly impossible to tell what standards of quality control went into its manufacture.

As you eagerly open the bottle for the very important test of its bouquet, you will find sniffing impossible because of the new plastic safety cap. So pour a good amount into a tequila glass (a tequila glass is an elongated shot glass that can be readily identified if the word "tequila" is printed on it). The bouquet should be slightly sharp and pungent.

Tequila should be drunk at room temperature or slightly chilled. If you're tasting the tequila, do not use lemon or salt, but boldly take a good mouthful, hold it long enough to tickle your tastebuds, then swallow it all at once, maintaining a poker face all along even though your sinuses might flutter like four sheets in the wind.

The major education in drinking tequila is acquiring an understanding of the "mescal taste," or body, which can really

only be known through the experience of drinking. This taste is somewhat leathery or earthy; it is brought out through the double distilling and is the real bottom bones of the tequila. There are many people who actually prefer the rougher mescal to tequila for this flavor. This body is what combines so energetically with the lemon and salt, a reputed *ménage à trois* since Aztec times, though the lemon preferred is more a mestizo lemon or lime. The combination of these three elements became institutionalized in the margarita, a cocktail with lemon or lime juice and tequila, the glass rim frosted with salt, and the bartender usually ruining it by adding too much Triple Sec.

But no matter how you drink it, whether traditionally with a one-handed acrobatic display of arcing the salt to your mouth, or adding it to a Shirley Temple, or just plain mixed with blood, tequila is a good drink, though it is not more potent than any other liquor and does not contain mescaline or peyote.

Sauzas, but it is a chemical certainty that bad blood gets worse with good tequila. This particular challenge is obscured in the murk of counter allegations and unwieldy governmental influence, but essentially each man was trying to get the other arrested for hanky-panky with taxes. "Señor Sauza is very small and Señor Beckman is very big, and I think that it was a good idea for Francisco Sauza that he did not fight Señor Beckman," added Señor Romo.

Francisco "don Javier" Sauza at 72 is the self-styled patriarch of the tequila industry. He is indeed short, bantamlike, with white hair and alert brown eyes. "We are three generations of Sauzas," he proudly declares, "and yes, there has been a long feud with the Cuervos." Don Javier's daughter, Señora Smilgus, who heads Sauza's export division, suddenly breaks into the conversation and cautions her father about mentioning any impropriety that might tarnish the corporate image. But don Javier brushes his daughter's advice aside, saying, "Well, they happened." Don Javier chuckles to himself as if tickled by some forgotten tangle of memory, then continues, "Yes, I remember my father, don Eladio Sauza, was shot in the arm by Carlos Cuervo, who was in the government at the time and very powerful. Then my uncle Luis Sauza was shot by Enrique Cuervo. Well, yes, the Cuervos were always in the government and very powerful and could get away with things." I asked if any Sauzas have shot any Cuervos. "Oh, no. The Cuervos were too powerful."

While we spoke in Sauza's main offices in Guadalajara, don Javier rendered a

WAITER, THERE'S A WORM IN MY TEQUILA!

Gusanos (worms) are found only in bottles of mescal de olla from Oaxaca, and only in some bottles of that. The worm is included in the lower grades of Oaxacan mescal as a symbol of authenticity, though the Aztecs were supposed to put a live bug in jugs of their own liquor to give it the spirit of life. Modern-day mescal fanciers hold that the worm flavors the drink by adding a hint of the land to the liquor and an earthiness to the bouquet.

A popular myth is that when a bottle of mescal is passed around the cantina the person who finishes it eats the worm. This is not considered punishment but a great delicacy. Some manufacturers of mescal say that this is ridiculous, because if you drink the whole bottle you're too drunk to notice the worm. Rather, the issue of the *gusano* is solved through *El Cubilete*, a cantina crap game: the winner eats it.

The worm is about an inch long, slug-gish pink and flat and lives in the maguey, from where it ventures out about once a year during the rainy season. The only person I ever heard of with a worm farm was e.e. cummings's uncle, but the peasants are able to sell them to mescal manufacturers for about \$7-8 per thousand or to restaurants to be put into tacos. Don't worry about going to Mexico and being slipped a tortilla stuffed with gooey worms, because not only are they a delicacy, they're worth their weight in caviar. Employee pilfering in mescal factories is so bad that they eat them live before they're drowned, counted and dropped in the bottle. If you're saying to yourself right about now, "Boy, I think I'll eat some worms!", don't eat the character floating in the bottle of mescal at your local liquor store: it's plastic.

portrait of the Sauzas as helpless next to the influence of the Cuervos, while in the same breath he depicted the Sauzas as titans. But as any Jaliscan can point out, the Sauzas were never that powerless, were never powerless at all. Sauza's logo is plastered in every cantina in Mexico. And Francisco Sauza, as head of the family that bears the name, is the natural target of much resentment, envy and animosity in the rest of the industry, though nearly everyone grudgingly respects him as one of the major innovators in the field.

"There is nothing new in the industry

that I haven't done," Francisco Sauza beams immodestly. He took over Tequila Sauza in 1946 after his father died, having to await his natural succession because of his involvement in a Jaliscan Romeo-and-Juliet scenario. Don Javier became an heir not-quite-so-apparent when he married Maria Elena Gutierrez, a Cuervo, whom he met at the University of Chicago. The wound in his father's arm must have quivered many thousand miles away. "When my fiancée turned out to be John Cuervo's niece," don Javier explains, "I

(continued on page 115)

The Victor Licata Memorial CHRISTMAS CENTERFOLD

"Mon, I was just 'cutting up a touch,' you know. Slicing out some lines real fine, so when I snorted the mareewanna the seeds wouldn't stick in my nose. One moment I was slicing up a kilo of Colombian. Then my sister came into the room. I thought she was a kilo of Colombian and I hacked her up. Mom and Pop came in too. Hey Mom, hey Pop, you look like a couple of bricks of fine Mexican! Slice, chop, *snort!* I didn't know what I was doing, officer! The marijuana made me do it! So remember, friends, if you elect Oswald P. Snurk district attorney, rats like me and Abbie Hoffman won't be at large. This has been a paid political announcement."



BNDD BULLETIN

MEMO FROM THE DIRECTOR

On October 17, 1933, 21-year-old Victor Licata of Tampa, Florida, hacked his parents, two brothers and younger sister to death with an ax after smoking a marijuana cigarette.

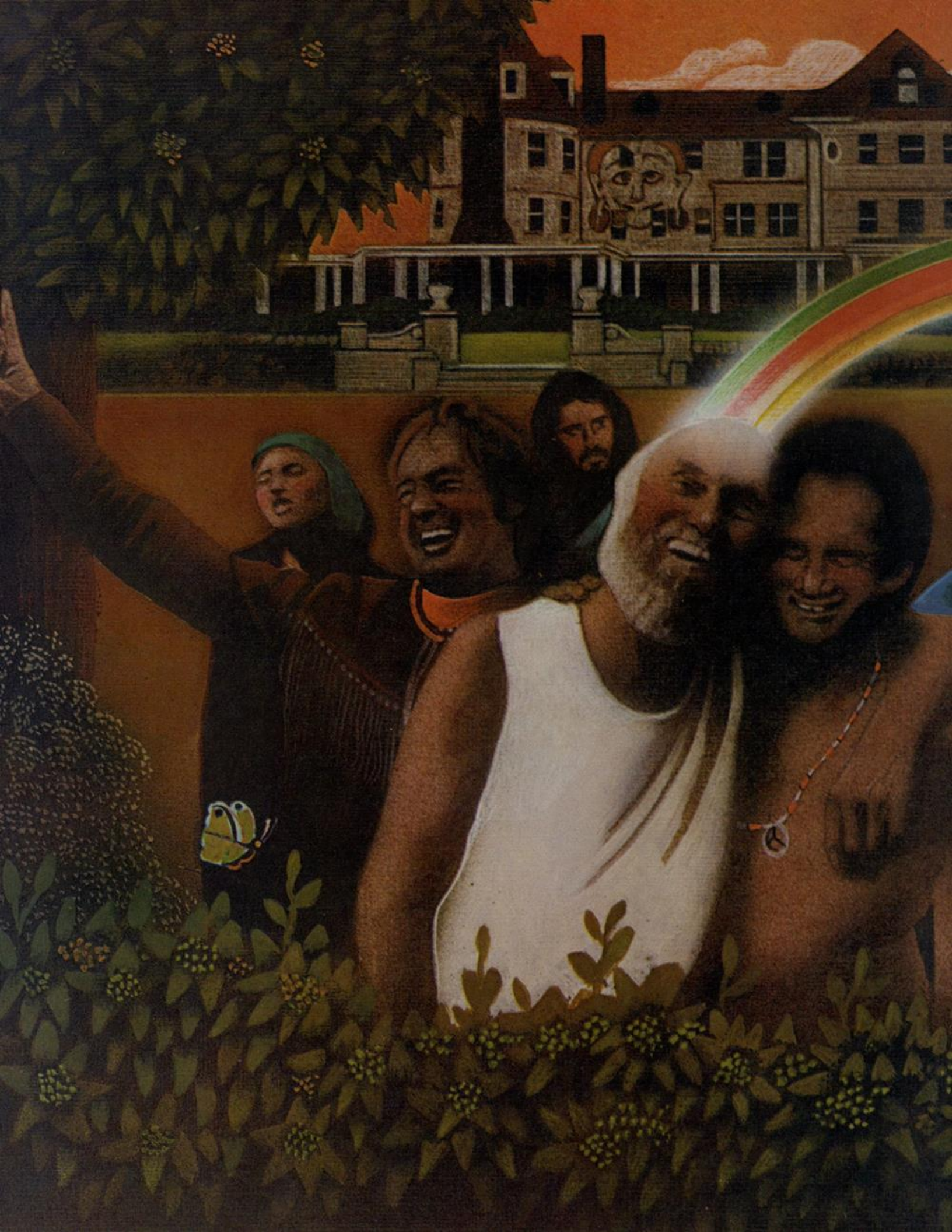
Victor Licata was sentenced to 20 years. His case provided evidence vital to the passage of the antimarijuana laws of 1937.

— H.J. Anslinger









Young, American & Ripped on Acid

My adventures with the remarkable Brotherhood of Eternal Love, the world's holiest dope-smuggling ring

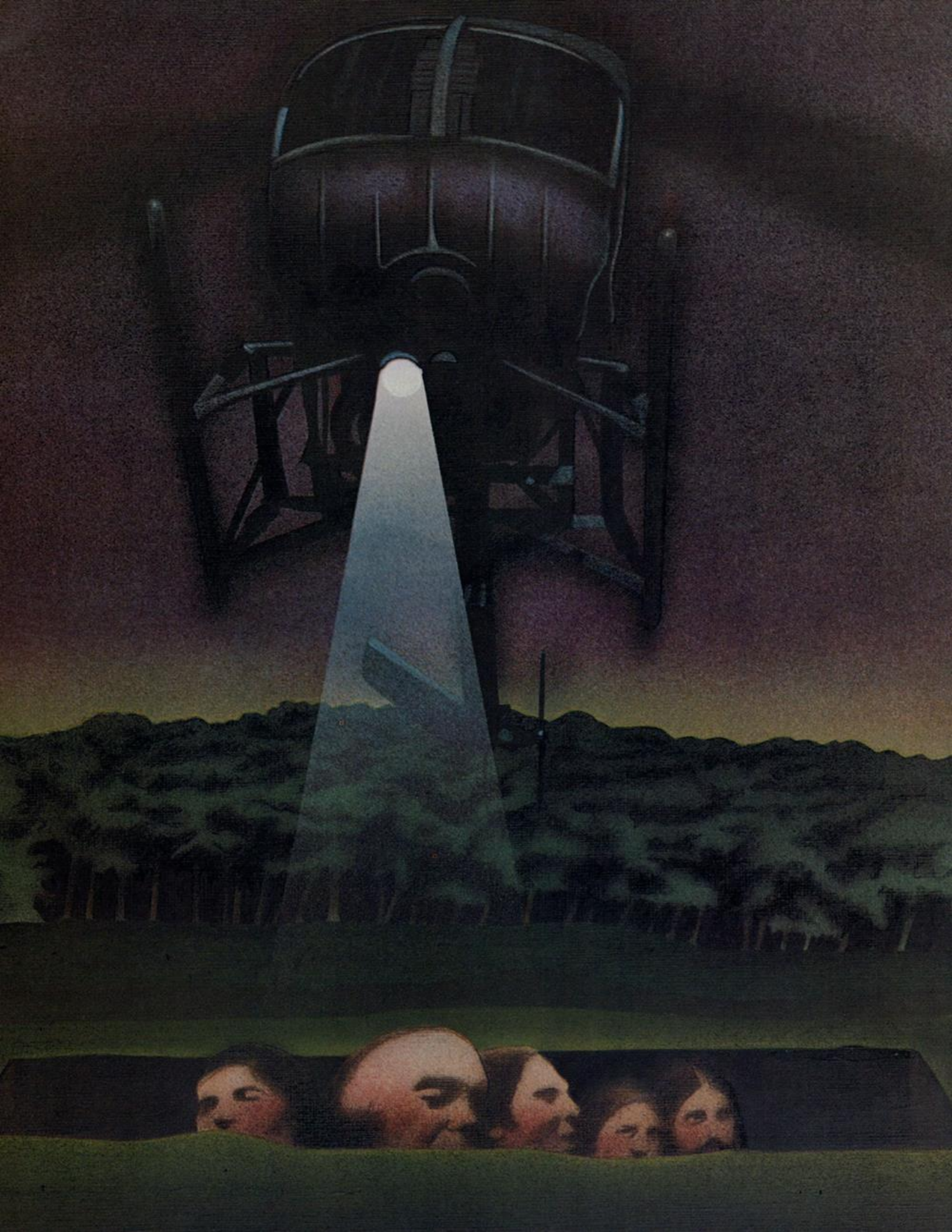
From the summer of 1966 until about the end of 1973, the Brotherhood of Eternal Love conducted what was in effect the largest psychedelic smuggling operation in history. But it was more than just a simple question of smuggling drugs; it was a cause, and a righteous one at that, for what had impelled them along the open road to risk was not money but a sincere belief that human life is better lived by getting high.

I first heard about the Brotherhood at Millbrook, that delightful island in the psychedelic archipelago where Leary and a few other survivors of the great Harvard LSD purges had eventually settled. This was in the early part of 1967. Tim had just gotten back from a few months in India, mostly spent in the mountains around Almora working on a new translation of the *Tao Te Ching*. Now he was dividing his time between preparing an imaginative rendition of the *Tibetan Book of the Dead*—which he believed could serve as a manual for people conducting psychedelic sessions—and helping to plan a series of multimedia happenings, or what he called “tran-art,” for a theater in New York. Together we had also formed ourselves into an organization called the League for Spiritual Discovery.

It was about this time that Tim started to get these phone calls from Laguna Beach. They came from Johnny Griggs, the leader of the Brotherhood. Speaking with a South Los Angeles accent, in a language sprinkled with such words as “boss,” “righteous,” “dig,” “cool” and “hip,” Griggs always made some reference in his conversations to the Brotherhood’s recent activities in California. “Hey, Uncle Tim. We moved a ton of righteous Mexican weed last week,” or “We’re going to be passing out half a million tabs of sacrament next month, Uncle Tim.” These remarks stood in such contrast to the sort of things we were saying and doing at Millbrook that they could almost seem to be lowering the tone of our entire operation, for whatever else Millbrook was it was not a center for supplying drugs.

Yet...there was this special something

by Michael Hollingshead



about these conversations—a frankness, an openness, a wishing for us to share what the Brotherhood was doing—that came through. Although unsophisticated by our East Coast yardstick, the Brotherhood was the closest those of us from the old Harvard team had come to seeing the new brave future.

It was obvious by the summer that we could no longer put off a visit to Laguna Beach. Tim rationalized that since he had to be in Berkeley in the fall, he might as well go to meet them. He suggested that I join him.

Accordingly, one fine afternoon in October '67, we drove to Laguna Beach in Tim's beat-up old Ford station wagon, and it was there in that easy and unrivaled southern-California resort town, where peace is still a way of life, that I first met Johnny Griggs. He was a short, dark, intense young man in his mid 20s, who met us dressed in Indian-style green cotton shirt and pants, with a Hopi headband 'round his forehead. We were ushered into the meditation room at the rear of the Brotherhood's headshop. They had bought the property on the Pacific Coast Highway in the center of Laguna a year or so before and named it The Mystic Arts. In addition to flowing robes and hand-made sandals, their boutique sold small, stone hashish pipes, Bambu rolling papers, water pipes, roach clips and chil-lums. They also had fresh fruit and a juice bar.

But the *pièce de resistance* was undoubtedly the meditation room. It was an airy, spacious, rectangular room with thick wall-to-wall carpeting on a bed of foam rubber. At one end there was a small indoor rock garden and waterfall, and apart from a dozen or so throw cushions the room was bare. They told me that this was where they sometimes held their LSD sessions.

Sitting crossed-legged on the floor of the meditation room, I listened as Johnny Griggs described the origins of the Brotherhood, how it had first come together to form the world's holiest dope-dealing ring and what they now saw as their spiritual mission.

It began in the summer of 1966 with a stickup at the home of a prominent Hollywood producer. Johnny Griggs and the rest of the group were at this time all members of a South Los Angeles motorcycle gang who had heard about LSD and wanted to try it. Through the grapevine they heard of this guy on Mulholland Drive who kept a stash of pure ergot-based liquid Sandoz in his refrigerator. So, one hot evening in Los Angeles, during the course of an intimate dinner party that the producer was holding for a few close friends, several members of the gang burst into the house. All they asked for was the acid. The producer was so relieved that he rushed after them into the driveway yelling, "Have a great trip, boys!

Jesus, I thought it was something really serious."

Johnny and the gang roared down to Joshua Tree National Park not far from Palm Springs, the place they had selected for their first acid trip. Around midnight, each took what they later estimated to have been about 1,000 micrograms, the equivalent of four times the usual dosage. By sunrise the gang had divinely mutated into the Brotherhood of Eternal Love. For when they returned to their bikes, one by one they threw away their guns and their knives (just as they were to later exchange their steerhide jackets and cowboy boots for loose-fitting tie-dyes and Indian sandals), claiming that, after the revelations of the previous night, they would no longer be part of the world of violence.

As I listened to Johnny Griggs, I realized that what the bikers had experienced during that session at Joshua Tree was akin to the "conversion" experiences I had studied at Harvard—the experience of watching someone's total personality make a 180-degree turn.

**Smuggling
became a
cause for
the Brothers,
who sincerely
believed
human life
is better
served by
getting high.**

Perhaps, too, I saw similarities between what had happened to the motorcycle gang and what had occurred in the lives of some of those early acidheads at Harvard, when Leary metamorphosed into the High Priest and Richard Alpert transformed himself into a Hindu Saint. It was obvious that, for the Brotherhood at least, there could now be no turning back. Like all great initiations, the trip never ends.

Despite our differences in age—Tim was in his mid 40s, I in my mid 30s, the brothers averaging 25 or younger—I was accepted along with Tim as one of their own. It was the start of a friendship that was to last many years.

After this initial meeting I returned to Berkeley but rejoined the brothers a couple of months later. They all lived in a cluster of about two dozen small, white, wooden-framed bungalows in Laguna Canyon linked by a labyrinth of dirt paths flanked by rows of flowering bushes.

Although they were by now making several hundred thousand dollars a year, their mode of life was simple and unostentatious. I don't think I ever saw a

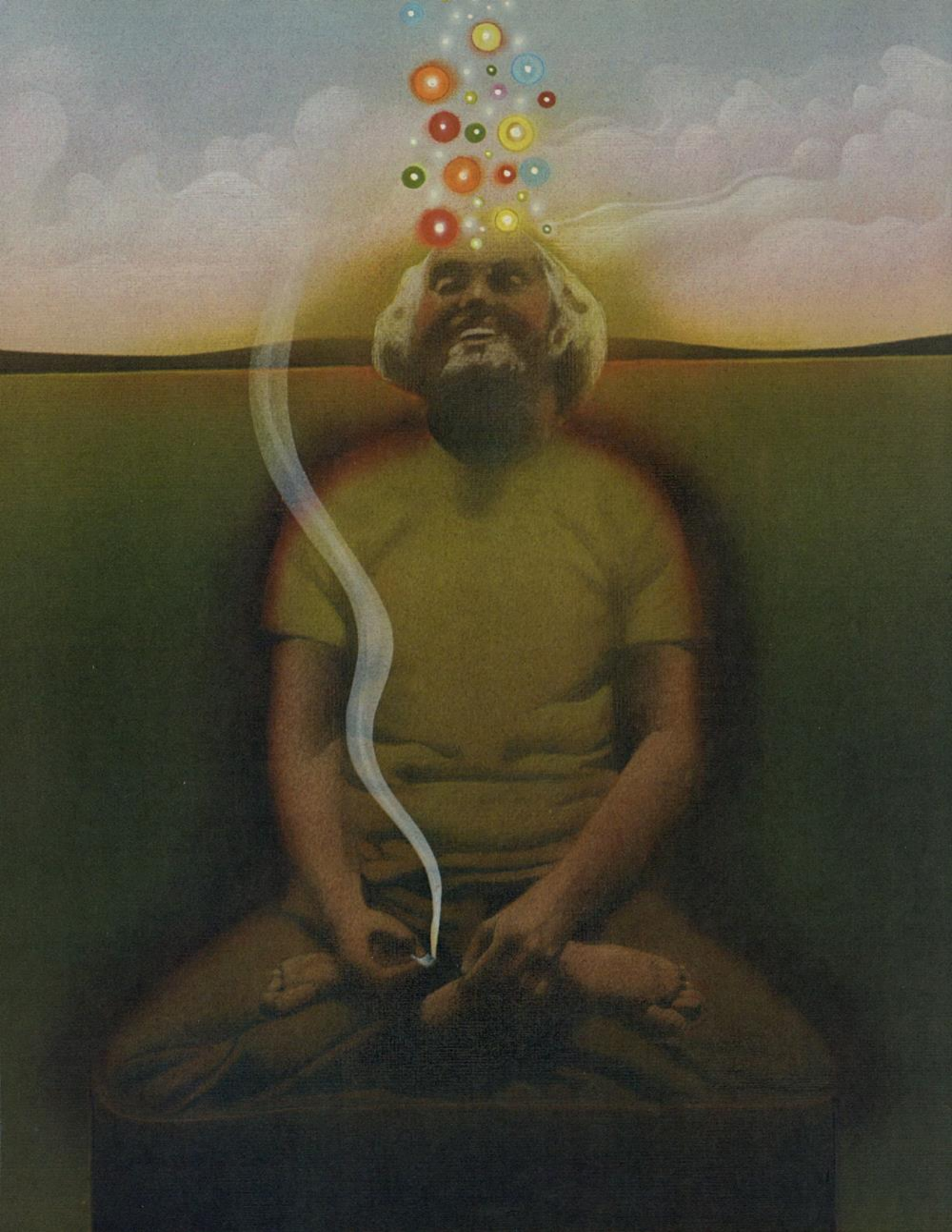
brother in a brand-new car, for instance. There were a couple of jeeps, an old truck of some make and several battered VWs.

In addition to the 14 full brothers living in the Canyon at this time was a corps of approximately 20 "apprentice" brothers, though the distinction was not at all obvious since everyone seemed to be on the same general trip. As the days lengthened into weeks and the weeks into months I observed a certain purity of spirit. The brothers were certainly very pure about money. On one occasion, as they were sitting around someone's kitchen table counting thousand-dollar bills, Jack Leary idly picked up one of the notes and set it afire. No one tried to stop him, nor did anyone reproach him. On the contrary, Jackie was accepted as a full-fledged "character." As Johnny Griggs explained to Tim, "Everyone wants to set fire to a thousand-dollar bill once in their lives."

In their trading, the brothers were likewise very honest, and I never heard of them ripping off anyone, or getting ripped off themselves, for that matter. There was an abstemious side in all their behavior save their pot smoking, which had become a normal way of life for them. They were clearly heterosexual and, from what I could see, were faithful to their wives and girl friends. There was not much fooling around with people outside their circle and there was some sense of exclusivity, but this was perhaps necessary in view of the fact that they were engaged in a massive illegal operation. They were also vegetarian, with an almost Buddhist regard for the sacredness of all living things.

It was usual on full moons for everyone to take acid; only the venue for the session changed. I remember one trip in particular. It took place at the old, deserted, hot mineral baths back in the hills behind Laguna. We had all arrived by car shortly before midnight; since the gates to this former spa were locked, we parked the cars in the road outside, which was a mistake as things turned out. We had the place to ourselves. The two hot baths were sunk about five feet into the ground, so when you stood upright on their bottoms your head was flush with the earth. It was an amazing experience to be floating in warm water, the silver landscape spreading out in all directions before your eyes, looking up at the stars.

About halfway through the session, with barely any warning, a beam of light swept the baths. It came from a large police helicopter hovering overhead. Everyone, from the most stoned to those more capable of walking, made a dash for the woods, with the helicopter still beaming the searchlight on our bare behinds. By the time the pilot had found a place to land we had somehow gotten into our vehicles; fanning out in every direction each car made its own way back to



Laguna via a separate route. We never did learn why the police had come by helicopter or why they had not simply blocked off the road at each end.

But life for the brothers always seemed to be like that—when danger appeared it never seemed to strike, a fact they attributed to their own high religiosity of purpose. “Those evil motherfuckers get zapped each time,” one of them told me, referring to a patrol car that had gone off the road while chasing him from San Diego.

Then there was the Brother David incident. One day we noticed a tall, gaunt, bearded figure dressed in a white robe, with a large wooden cross round his neck, walking barefoot around the Canyon. He said he was Brother David of the “Old Testament Church of God” and that he had come to the Canyon in search of a place to meditate and pray. Brother David hung around for a couple of days, sometimes joining the brothers for a meal or simply sitting quietly in the back of a room listening to music or the brothers talking among themselves. Everyone agreed he looked completely harmless.

On the third day, one of the brothers who had been away in San Francisco recognized “Brother David” as a narc from Oakland. Johnny Griggs called him over and said, quietly and without any change of expression in his face, “You’ve got five minutes to split.” That was all. And Brother David hurriedly left. The whole thing was treated as casually as if Brother David had been someone who had come around to check the gas meter.

While I was staying with the Brotherhood, Johnny Griggs decided that they should move out of the Canyon and into a secluded ranch somewhere. Soon they located a nice, 1,000-acre spread, complete with ranch house, outbuildings and barns, situated at the end of a two-mile dirt road in the San Bernadino Valley, with a ridge running along the top of the northern edge of the property that overlooked the rolling canyons, the desert and Palm Springs. It cost the Brotherhood close to a quarter of a million dollars—paid in cash.

On moving day, the combination lock on the outer gate fronting the Palms-to-Pines Highway was changed to 1-9-4-3, the year Dr. Albert Hofmann accidentally discovered d-LSD-25 in his Sandoz laboratory in Basel and the one sure date we could all remember.

There was also a small bungalow on the property, about a quarter of a mile from the main house, to which Tim, his wife, Rosemary, and myself were assigned. We had thought it prudent to separate ourselves from the main scene of activity if only because, unlike the brothers, none of us at the bungalow were engaged in either dope smuggling or dope dealing. We were also nonvegetarian and liked to have bacon for breakfast and the occasional barbecued sirloin at night, something

which the brothers could not but disapprove of.

The ranch was a near perfect setting for country life. The brothers were all city kids, so the country was new and strange for them. One of the first things they did was buy a dozen horses from a neighboring farmer, who assured them that they had been broken. He did not tell them, however, that the horses had not been ridden for over a year and were pretty wild. Some of us got together and built a Finnish-style sauna, where we would sometimes retire for an hour with some hashish, which we smoked in large, cherrywood pipes. A lot of heavy machinery lay about the place, some of which we got started. There was a massive road-smoothing machine that required two people to drive it, an old tractor with a souped-up engine and a baling machine (subsequently used to bale grass).

All the principal brothers had moved to the ranch, the rest having been left behind to manage things in Laguna. It was the first time I had seen them all together in one single space.

**As they were
sitting around
the kitchen
table counting
thousand-dollar
bills, Leary
idly picked
up a note
and set it
on fire...**

The routine developed of its own accord, everyone seemingly busily taking part in the daily chores. The girls would do the cooking and the guys the heavy work. There was an inexhaustible supply of hashish, marijuana and LSD, to which people could refer if they wished to cool out. A typical day might start with a silent meeting in the meditation room, where the brothers sat cross-legged listening to rock music. The remainder of the morning might be spent fixing the machinery, chopping wood, or mending the fences of the corral, which had somehow turned into a daily chore on account of the mean disposition of the horses. There might be a ball game in the afternoon, Tim usually taking the most active part. Or a walk up to the cave high on the ridge.

The cave was quite large, enough for several people to sit around in comfortably; there were several fur rugs over the floor and large foam-rubber cushions covered with smooth Indian silk. There was a fireplace just beside the entrance, and illumination came from two hanging oil lamps. Anyone taking an LSD session in the cave felt all sorts of magic things,

especially seeing flying saucers.

We had also built, up on the ridge, a square, ceremonial peyotl hearth, around which we spread a circle of fine sand, about ten feet in diameter. We would come to this spot at each full moon, bringing with us fur rugs, blankets, bread, fruit and wine. At midnight Tim would enjoin everyone in prayer, telling us to open our minds to “ecstatic wonder, ecstatic intuition, ecstatic movement.” Then a small wicker basket containing the entire range of clandestine brands of LSD was passed round, and each person was free to take as many or as few as they wished, though the average was in the region of 1,500 micrograms, especially among the brothers.

While this was going on, one of the brothers who had been selected to be “fireman” for this trip would light the tips of four long sticks, each coming from a different corner of the square-shaped hearth. The fireman’s job for the rest of the session was to continually move the sticks slowly into the center while keeping only the ends lit.

Half an hour or so into the trip, an American Indian peyotl rattle would be produced and passed around the circle. When it was your turn, the idea was to just let it all come out—crying, yelling, screaming, laughing, shouting. The effect of the rattle could be heightened by shaking it violently. Following the rattle, there was usually a period of slow chanting, accompanied by a single, monotonous drum beat. An hour or so of this and someone might join in with a flute, then somebody else with a guitar, and so on, until everyone was playing an instrument of some kind. It seemed to us listening to it as we sat around this charmed circle that there was harmony, rhythm and unity of composition, plus a few extra things of its own.

During my stay at the ranch I got to understand more about how the Brotherhood actually operated, that is, how they were able to smuggle in such huge quantities of hashish and marijuana. One method that seemed an un-failing success was to send a couple of brothers off to Kabul to buy several dozen kilos of Afghani primo. Since none of them had traveled much out of California, it was a trip each brother liked to make.

The plan was always the same. First, two brothers would fly to Munich and buy a brand-new VW bus direct from the factory. They would then drive it virtually nonstop (one driver sleeping while the other drove) to Kabul, where they contacted Nasarule, their local dealer. Once they had tested and selected the best hashish, they would conceal it inside the roof, sides and seats of the bus and then head directly to Bombay. From there they had the bus shipped back to Los Angeles. The most unpopular part of the hashish run

(continued on page 112)





CULT CULTURE

**DUCKS, DIETS, PAINTED VANS AND OTHER SUPERSTITIOUS BELIEFS
OF THE PRIMITIVE AMERICANS**
by **JOHN CALENDO**

"Pot is everywhere; thousands of people smoke it as often as they take aspirins. But the fact of illegality has bred a cultishness, a pot underground whose partisans are forced to skulk around like spies, convening in dark rooms to pass their criminal pleasure from hand to nervous hand. Many get high from the sheer risk."

—Hunter Thompson

There was once a time in Manhattan when Patti Smith was the cult. To even know who she was—let alone like her scrappy singing—was a signal that you were part of the Max's Kansas City

matrix of glamour, boredom and chick-pea antichic. And in certain circles such a signal was of vital, nay *critical*, import, for Max's, once the *boite noir* for all the bad and the beautiful, had just changed hands, gone touristy, gotten plastic tablecloths! Angst walked the streets of the Neon Apple. What would the hip do to be hip now? How would all those bads and those beautifuls know each other if they didn't have a common stomping ground. Or a common cause. So along came Patti, an ex-Max's vampire who used to write poems on the napkins, and a new underground tent show began.

Like all cults, Patti Smith was a shorthand way of saying who you were; in this case, it spoke of your 1,001 nights spent in Max's back room talking with Andy and Candy and hoping the terminally stoned waitresses would forget your tab. But nothing lasts forever. Too soon, dammit, Patti herself went touristy, cut LPs, sold out tours. And suddenly at better lofts everywhere the dropping of her name lost all its party-crashing clout. She now belonged as much to the Max's matrix as to the people in the real Kansas City! Patti and cultism—she taking the high road, it going the old subterranean route—parted company. For in such matters fanaticism is never enough. Cults are always functions of exclusivity.

Snob appeal is all. Think of the great cults of yesteryear: Coors beer, Jerry Lewis movies, the Sect of the Flagellants. All were cults because they were so off-the-wall, so easily dismissed by Joe or Jane Average at first glance that to like them implied that you were some sort of elect who had deciphered the true meaning beneath the apparent jumble. And there always is a true meaning. No matter what cults think they're about, they're really about elbowing the next guy and saying, "There are two kinds of people, my kind (the hip, the initiated) and assholes."

No surprise then that cults have a particularly hypnotic hold on those whom society terms losers. Bikers, gays,

dopers, blacks, teens and all the other disenfranchised have more of a need to invent their own "statuspheres" (to use Tom Wolfe's apt phrase) where they can set the rules and call the plays. When teenagers got into pig Latin and mirror writing, it was a way of turning the tables and excluding adults from the game.

Since all cults are similar attempts to stack the deck against "the winners," nothing is too obscure to get cultish over. In fact, the more obscure, the better. Thus, there have been cults for hot-dog stands (Pink's in L.A.), for graffiti stylizations (New York subway trains sport at least five distinct styles of flamboyant lettering), even for the forms madness takes (back in the Ford era, the most plugged-in cuckoos wanted to shoot the presi-

object its air of mystery. Actually the cult object has less a secret meaning than a specialized one. Consider Fonzie. Though a thousand creaming high-school cheerleaders were doing just that a while back, he was not a cult figure. No way. What he was about (sex symbol, nostalgically atomic) was too obvious, too accessible to all. He lacked the hidden message, the second meaning that would be picked up only by those on a special wavelength. Yet let's say in five years no one can recall who the hell the Fonz was. Then at last he will be ripe for the altars. He will have acquired a specialized meaning for a handful (and *only* a handful) of fanatics, who, through him, can define themselves (TV buffs) and exult in their superpowers (superior memories).

Fanaticism is never enough. Cults are always functions of exclusivity. Snob appeal is all.

dent; today these same people are having gory visions of Christ and getting born again).

Yes, for all rebels without a cause, cults are the answer. Right now, for instance, the hippest trip in Russia is religion. Students, dissidents and intellectuals are publicly associating themselves with that "opiate of the masses" that the Kremlin predicted would die out with the nation's candle-lighting grandmothers. But as things stand today, a Russian-language bible goes for \$100 on Moscow's black market (twice the price of a Playboy!).

Here then is a story as old as Eve and the apple. Forbid something, bury it, and the cults will spring up like mushrooms, like fists. And so if in the West, Christianity seems no more than a cynical business empire, in Russia it has returned to its origins, an obscure catacomb cult with overtones of State overthrow.

It's this sort of hush-hush obscurity that gives any cult

The key word here is "superior," not "sacred." The cult object is always profoundly beside the point. What is important is the need, on one level, to identify with an elect, on another, to worship, but at the deepest, to experience one's self. It's like Alice going through the looking glass. Once you get there in that backwards-mirror room, you can sit on a chair and look out into the real room, and the real chair will be empty. You experience yourself by experiencing your absence—a sense of things all outsiders share. Cultism tells you who you are by telling you who you are not: not square, not mainstream, not reality-oppressed. That's why cults are always such self-conscious affairs. The altars get trampled, the statues are defiled, but the revelers are too into their own ecstasy to notice.

Cults, however, are not completely without a self-emanating magic. The spookiest thing about them is

the telepathy factor:

Let's say we're at O'Hare Airport, in the Skylounge Bar. A businessman is distractedly killing his noon-hour Scotch when, through the smoky red haze, he perceives the ashtray. Doesn't merely notice it, mind you, he *perceives* it. "Hey yeah," he says, and the guy next to him, a total stranger, looks over and chimes, "Yeah, right!" Never met before, yet here they both are, *perceiving*. And out of the blue the businessman starts going on about how this squat little cigarette way station is, like, the Garbo of ashtrays.

Funny thing is, the other man, also a businessman but from the other end of the country, is with him all the way, even interrupts to mention his own collection of ashtrays: the big splashy amoeba jobs, the one he picked up in Vegas that's in the shape of a silver slipper and, of course, the pearly seashell classic with "Souvenir of Lake Ontario" on it. The first man is flipping because he didn't know anyone else was collecting the little rascals. Both men talk at once, dropping a register at the good parts like two sugaraddys swapping tales of Copacabana G-strings.

That's the telepathy factor. The businessmen are part of an ashtray cult, though neither knew such a movement existed. The idea had just jumped from head to head: who can say why? Maybe as a kid, one of them had an alky father who used to drag him along to the bars on the Strip—small-time desert bars, say, with relaxed policies—and though this kid was bewitched by these sexy little cocktail lounges, all he could do was eat the beer nuts and play with the coasters and push the ashtrays around. And just maybe this was happening all over, and lots of future businessmen turned ashtray freaks would be shaped by it.

Or perhaps the ashtray yen came from some national event, available to anyone, but picked up only by those with a certain mental set. Say our businessmen both happened to watch a CIA hearing on TV where it was revealed

that agents used to lock germ gases inside ordinary ashtrays, gases that would spray the most horrific death and deterioration on contact with a burning stogy (preferably Cuban). All of a sudden, these two unrelated men see ashtrays in a new way: that one would be a good carrier; this one attracts too much attention (nice nubs though).

One night in a restaurant, one of the men finds the perfect ashtray, so lethal it should carry a permit. He holds it, he fondles it, he can't help but pocket it. (What terra incognita of the soul flares into light for the first time because of the passing of this prosaic little comet?) Well, soon he's pocketing all manner of butt retreats. And then one high noon in a preternaturally dark Skylounge he meets this guy who has done the same thing! Not only that, but the guy knows yet another guy with a collection of ashtrays to knock your lungs out!

So the two businessmen, strangers no more, exchange numbers. "If you're ever in Duluth..." "If you're ever down San Antone way..." And they do keep in touch. Tipped off by this meeting, the first man is alert for other ashtray cultists. He finds them. Soon the mail is too much to handle, and he puts out a mimeographed newsletter. As the movement snowballs, the newsletter swells into a magazine. Now loads of people, people who never sat in desert bars adoring and hating their fathers, who never watched the CIA hearings with visions of the black plague—now they're in on the ashtray thing too!

But the cult is no longer a cult; it's a fad. Gone is the exclusivity, the obscurantism, the telepathic likemindedness. Gone, in short, is the *sense of community*. Now ashtray people are beginning to suspect the latecomers who, despite their knockout (if trendy) collections of MacDonald's tins, may merely be—dare we say it—ashtray poseurs! And that's called bad. Another cult bites the dust.

You'll know it's bitten the dust because the New York Times will probably run a

piece about how it's the hottest craze. The Times never fails. It's sort of the official obit of cults. In the last year alone, the paper caught onto "psychobabble" (the slang of the human potential movement, which as cult language has been dead for some time now). Tom Robbins and David Mamet (two unconventional writers who have already become blue-chip stocks) and Victoriana fashions (all that grandma esoterica that hippie girls have been wearing for the last decade). Alas, many are the cults that have gone the way of all Hula-Hoops.

Too many. In fact, so many that I suspect somewhere along the line everyone—even the nerdiest metermaid and the blandest jaycee—has broken out into cultism. Face it, cultism is not culty. It seems to be a mass phenom-

brought the reality of information overload home to everyone. We realized that we could never know even a little about a lot, so we chose to know a lot about a little.

Thus, the cult impulse was born and the cult impulse was televised to the masses. But instead of fetishizing government, art and science like the Big Idea-ists, the little guy chose the gut-level artifacts of his immediate world. The car. The comic book. The pinup girl.

Let us now salute the things that made us happy, the things that pulled us through, the things that put the world in a sensible perspective. Let us now salute cult culture.

We're sending this article out to you Blecker Street (once the profane heart of the Village, now souvlaki heaven), to you Baskin Robbins

No matter what cults think they're about, they're really about saying, "There are two kinds of people, my kind—the hip, the initiated—and assholes."

enon of our time. Why? We can only speculate.

Perhaps it's because all the idols have fallen. Religion. Patriotism. Science. But people are still people. They feel small. They feel powerless. They need something to appeal to. So the indomitable little human spirit pits its lonesome shoulders against the universe and says, "Fuck it, I'll create my own god-damn idols." And it does. In fact, the history of the twentieth century is one of a restless search for a religion substitute.

At first, people went for the Big Idea, probably because it mimicked organized religion's ability to put everything in a neat, artificial order. People threw themselves into the religion of nationalism, of Nazism, of avant-garde art, of Freudianism, of the great American novel, of life like it is in the movies.

But that didn't work. The Big Idea was really through after the arrival of TV. TV

(once indigenous only to Glendale, California; now the founder says, "I never met a flavor I didn't like"—or a block), to you Sherman's cigarettes, to you Madame Blavatsky, to you Ernie Kovacs—and to Zelda Fitzgerald, Frank Frazetta, Billie Holiday, Parker Tyler, Frodo, and to you, too, Jack Kerouac.

Cults are as American as mass murder. We are a nation of small towns and provincial tastes. Cults are only provincial tastes squared. Some of these cults may never be heard of again; some of these cults, by the time you read this, will already be big businesses and not really culty anymore. But at this moment here are the secret passions of bottom-line hippies, unwed secretaries, miracle workers, airline stewards, whiz kids, neonazis, the friends of Donald Duck, used-car salesmen, mutants of the Aquarian Age, Dow, Du Pont and all the extraterrestrials down on the corner. A partial listing.

The Cult Prole

The mercenary. According to the mercs' own war-worship mag, *Soldier of Fortune*, Vietnam vets are so eager to join the ranks of these hired guns that when an Angolan recruiter placed a tiny ad in a local California paper, over 100 men showed, of which only 17 were even eligible. But then cult proles have always been seen as the ultimate hipsters by both the "diploma elite" (who never got over the Marxist chic of the '30s) and the prole class itself, poor working whites, who, because they are so bullied by time clocks, tend to romanticize class members who break the rules: motorcycle outlaws, demolition derby-ers, hell-bent-for-Benzedrine truckers. Like his cult predecessors, the mercenary is one more refraction of the atomic man, a Brando-esque archetype who is just as inarticulate and all shook up—atomized—as the rest of us; but instead of going under, he opts to act it out. Violently. To the true believers, cult proles are Knights of the Atomic Mushroom, with mercs as the stoned cowboys of the globe.

Typically, the merc cultists feel disenfranchised, a sentiment best expressed by *Soldier of Fortune* editorials, which cite the clobbering the paramilitary gets from the media and the fact that Americans find "little glamour in their country's uniform" and little willingness "to play the role to which History calls us." The mag even advises mercs (and their armchair cultists) on the latest tricks of the trade. When applying for a visa to a war-torn African nation, for instance, give "tourism" as your reason: don't bring any hardware into the country because if it's found you'll be shot, instantly; and the best way to get connected is by hanging out at mercenary bars—in Luanda go directly to the bar at the Tropico Hotel; in Nova Lisboa it's the Amiran Hotel; in Kinshasa....

As you might suspect, the heavily publicized mercenary executions in Angola have not squelched the movement. Cults thrive on

adversity. And a cult always has one other alternative to becoming a fad or just dying out. The merc cult may become a legend.

The Van Cult

Painted vans, flashing along with wraparound murals of jungle sunsets, intergalactic wars, the Bambu logo, air-brushed dragons defied by Frazetta-type Amazons, crazy abstracts, phases of the moon, happy trails. Vanners knock themselves out painting these exteriors to win prize money at truck-ins, beer-party weekends where cultists compete at such in-group skills as spark-plug-changing contests, van pushes, van slams (everybody gets a go at some poor victim van till it's nothing but a John Chamberlain), and the ever-popular "Ms. Bazooms" topless event (though NSVA, a self-styled national organization of vanners, recently outlawed the flesh shows, with heavy fines for streakers, leading to a split between the organization people—West Coast "family types"—and the scruffier Midwesterners and East Coasters). "We go to truck-ins to get down and party, and sometimes that means we're gonna drop our shorts," says one vanner, who takes a hard line on cult exclusivity. "If nonvanners or the family types don't like that, let them stay at the KOA [Kampgrounds of America]."

The average vanner is a dope-smoking, beer-drinking 30-year-old male who works with cars either as a mechanic, a cycle-shop owner, a professional customizer, etc. These guys are the former faster-faster freaks who used to paint fadeaway flame jobs on their raked muscle cars. But come the marijuana revolution, hot-rodders melted into the spaced-out space of vans, expanding the space even more with trick interiors—shag-rugged bedrooms with inlaid mirrors, wood paneling, grandiose easy chairs of tufted Naugahyde or crushed velvet, icebox to one side, jazzy little bar to the other, TV sets, aquariums, giant hookahs—veritable massage parlors on wheels.



The Cult Diet

Overheard at a singles nightclub: "Kid, I've done them all—Stillman, Atkins—but this one is magic. The lettuce-and-Valium diet. You just eat lettuce all day, and when you start climbing the walls, you take enough Valiums to knock yourself out!" Has a small but irritable secretary following.

The Cult Transportation

Lighter-than-air craft—zeppelins, blimps and hot-air balloons—all literally lighter than air once they are filled with helium (sorry, hydrogen hard-liners). In a world obsessed with speed, it's only par that the travel cultist would be into slow. Blimps, for instance, average 35 mph, which means that seagulls overtake them when the wind is bad. Still, Goodyear gets over 700 pilot applications a year, though it operates only four blimps. You can't even steer hot-air balloons, which simply wing along on air currents and cause balloonists to boast that theirs is the only truly adventurous vehicle because it won't take you where you want to go—a classic example of cult reverse logic.



The Religious Cult

Virgin Mary sightings. Since the late '60s there have been a flurry of Mary apparitions, warning against (and increasing with) the spread of world communism. In Spain, she was seen by children. In Japan, her statue wept blood. One night in Cairo, she hovered over a church in heraldic praying pose for 12 hours, complete with angels and doves. (Witnessed by thousands, the vision was successfully photographed.) At the moment, wars, earthquakes and that old standby, fireballs from the sky, are forecast by a Queens, New York, housewife named Veronica Lueken, who attracts hundreds to her Mary vigils in Flushing Meadows and says that heaven is about to "chastise" mankind for the red menace and sex education. Many of her celestial messages turn on the anti-abortion stand, which serves to bind the cultists together, for they well know that American opinion is against them. Even their church has denounced them as fanatics into "scare theology."

Yet the Luekenites I spoke to were nonhysterical, blue-collar couples, pleasant, relaxed, even with a mild sense of humor about their night-long vigils. This, despite the fact that all the women wore Virgin Mary blue and all the men wore white berets with an insignia prescribed by the apparition. One man had painted "Resist Revolutionaries" and "Pray the Rosary" on the sides of his car. Some claimed their rosaries had turned gold overnight or that on special feast days the Virgin permitted them to see the

Cults have a hypnotic hold on those whom society terms losers: bikers, gays, dopers, blacks, teenagers...



The Mail-Order Cult

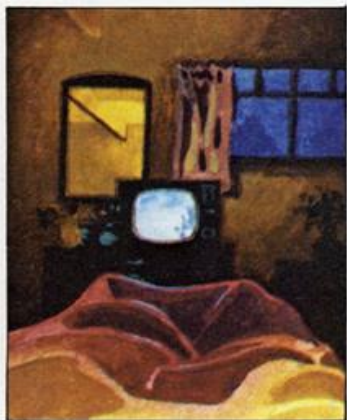
Edmund Scientific offers 4,500 gadgets, like Alpha/Theta Biofeedback Monitors (\$149.50), Solar-House Plans (\$24.95), White-Sound Machines (\$28), Lasers (\$325) with or without hologram (\$19.95), Hydrophones ("Hear goldfish giggle and lobsters laugh," \$5) and Personalized Mug-Making Machines ("Just arrived!" \$149.95). The Edmund cultists are obvious. They're the guys who exhibit Lafayette Radio catalogs on their coffee tables, turned to the custom-circuits pages.

It is the zeppelin that really blisses out the cultists, making them wax romantic on the take-your-time ambience of the lighter-than-air age, the '30s, when superglamour zeps loomed through the night with their 50 staterooms and silk ladies and tuxedoed gents leaning out the open windows as stewards lit their cigarettes (matches were confiscated upon boarding—hydrogen burns). Most of these heavenly tours were complimentary junkets to get industrialists to back a proposed zep airline, a dream that would go down with the flaming scraps of the Hindenberg. (Nelson Rockefeller, by the way, was on that disaster ship's maiden voyage.)

Obstacles like catastrophe and insured fuck-ups only fan the fan's ardor. No surprise then that a William Kitterman of the Atomic Energy Commission campaigns for a colossal zep that could carry 750 tons, including transatlantic passengers (at \$50 a head). Or that a Professor Morse of Boston University has designed a zeppelin powered by a nuclear reactor!

sun "dance," pinwheeling about the sky, throwing off deep blues and parrot greens. And everyone was operating brand-new Polaroids, for when Mrs. Lueken goes into a trance before a statue of the Virgin, frantic neon squiggles—invisible to the bystanders—somehow show up in the photos: G-O-D written in the clouds, rosary beads looping the cultists, demons and angels with tear-shaped faces. I watched the man next to me pull blank photo after blank photo from his Polaroid when suddenly out came one emblazoned with the fiery outline of a human heart (complete with aorta)—interpreted as Christ's Sacred Heart, a popular Catholic devotion.

Miracle? Why not. And yet all these worldwide Mary sightings always occur in an atmosphere of ultraconservative Catholicism, leading one to suspect that some sort of groupwish is being materialized. Perhaps the photos I saw are picking up a psychic energy generated by the prayer-chanting crowd and then focused by their medium, Veronica Lueken. For here are cultists with a desperate interest in reactionary revelations. Many refuse to attend Mass now that it's no longer in Latin and cite nuns in short dresses as sacrilege. Could there be a greater need for a cult apparition to tell them, as Mrs. Lueken's does, that the Pope has been drugged and will be assassinated by his progressive cardinals, that, in short, mainstream Catholicism is in the devil's claw?



The Cult Commercial

Homemade local spots, the

kind that look like they were filmed in garages. This is a national cult, though obviously the star figures in it change from place to place. In L.A., for instance, the cult is for Cal Worthington, a used-car salesman who always appears in string-tied cowboy formal, accompanied by his "dog Spot," which, depending on Cal's mood, may be a dancing bear, a steer or a killer whale. In New York, the massage-parlor ads on cable TV have a definite following. But the best locals I've seen are in Las Vegas, where 75 percent of the viewing is ads for second-string casinos and flashy boutiques, the pitches delivered by Mafioso jumbos (with spectacular pinky rings and wild jackets) or by their coarse, hardened girl friends (in blown-out whoredos,

resembled a junior Altamont. "Shoot," say the Appalachians, "if you pull back their long hair, you'll find the red necks." So in-group solidarity has been preserved. Yet it is often noted that during the high, feverish fiddling (competitors are judged on speed) some people are out in the parking lot, listening to tape decks. That's naked cultism! For the ritual (in this case, the convention) is never more important than the mere fact of belonging to it.

Fiddle cultists come in three styles: the old guard (mud farmers in bib overalls and toothless grins), the Sun Belt college set (kids who use bad English on purpose) and white-trash hippies (stringy, tattooed guys with slatternly wives and dirty-faced children). The white-trash hippies are the most hard-core of

The Walther PPK is the ultimate Nazi collectible, the totemic embodiment of storm-trooper deathlust.

with them hot pants smokin'). Local-spot cultists are the late-night-TV fans, namely insomniacs, the unemployed and that glamorous elite who sleep past noon.



The Redneck Cult

Fiddler conventions —of late, the wildest weed-sucking events going. At first the mountaineers resisted the invasion of the longhairs, but now farmer and folkie alike hoedown with big bags of Colombia's finest. Recently the convention at Cedar Groves, a small North Carolina town, was so clogged with stoned cultists that it

the cultists, probably because they have fewer traditions to fall back on. They are, after all, mutants of the Aquarian Age, new hybrids who talk hippie but think redneck. One van, for instance, sported the hand-written sign "Jesus don't love no assholes." Translation: Heaven is for cultists only.



The Cult Town

Livingston, Montana. *The Missouri Breaks* and *Rancho Deluxe* were filmed there, and Peter Fonda, Warren Oates, Richard Brautigan and Thomas McGuane all live there.



The Cult Sensibility

In the '50s, it was alienation. In the '60s, ecstasy. Right now it's—no, not cynicism, that's too widespread—it's optimism! To wit: the firm of Webre and Liss, futurologists to the Ford Foundation, IBM, Dow Chemical, Du Pont and General Electric. Webre and Liss predict that the next 25 years will usher in a new golden age, "a period of a largely capitalist global society." They came to this conclusion after three years of interviewing nuclear physicists, seismologists, ecologists, statisticians and other up-cultists.

"We believe that higher intelligent beings are signaling a peaceful political transformation of man," say the two futurologists. "UFOs, Virgin Mary miracles and the 1908 nuclear explosion in Tungus, Siberia, have been designed by these beings as messages, which, once decoded, provide a basis for an optimistic view of the future. We are now constructing a data-based theory of their game plan."

Kooky? Show me a cult that lives in a nice suburban split-level, a hetero couple and 2.3 kids, and I'll show you a cult that isn't. Besides, corporations are each paying \$15,000 a year for such rosy sci-fi advice; Webre (a former economics professor at Yale) and Liss (a former psychology professor at Rutgers) are apparently part of a 20-man consultation team at Adams & Peck, an old Wall Street brokerage house. Their happily capitalistic utopia (happy for their top-dog clients) will be brought about "under the aegis of a global hero," who will have a new

social vision and great scientific wisdom and who—get this—will fulfill the promise of both the messiah of the Christians and the proletarian revolution of the Marxists. Quite a coup, considering the contradiction. Our global hero, the futurologists believe, “will not be a single human being. It will be a business firm, operating in the competitive marketplace. And who knows, it might be a company like ours.” Now that’s optimism!

The Cult Gun

The Walther PPK, a double-action automatic about the size of your palm, has a mystique because it was standard equipment for SS men and James Bond slept with one under his pillow. Many of the cultists here are cops, who favor the Walther PPK as a second gun, hidden in the back pocket, even though recent advances in gunpowder explosiveness have made even lighter pistols better suited for that purpose. In fact, several American automatics surpass the Walther, but don’t tell the cultists that. They tend to be generally star-struck about German machinery, preferring Leicas to Nikons, Porsches to Corvettes.

Many are into Nazi artifacts, and, in a sense, the Walther PPK is the ultimate Nazi collectible. Replacing the Lugar during World War II because it was easier to mass-produce, the PPK soon became the totemic embodiment of storm-trooper death-lust. It was the pistol awarded ten year olds at Nazi athletic competitions and demonstrated en masse by slightly older kinder chanting things like “We are born to die for Germany.” Naturally, among cultists, the vintage PPK, with swastikas, skulls or runic thunderbolts on the hand grip, is the holy of holies, especially since newer models, in accordance with a recent gun law, have to be goosed up with “sporting features” (target sites, for instance) to tone down their clammy ebony war glamour. Fans of the PPK do not look kindly on this. Words like “tone down” are not in the cultist’s vocabulary.



The Cult Comic Book

Little Lulu. Like movies, comic books are a supercult with many subsects. If the world were peopled only by comic-book cultists. The

Why Lulu appeals to men, however, touches the root of why comics appeal to adults at all. Born as a joke strip in the Saturday Evening Post, later the star of Kleenex ads, Little Lulu, as well as her pals Tubby, Baby Alvin and the calamity-prone Witch Hazel, had an unsticky charm and a real-kid quality that did not lecture kids, that celebrated childhood without being barf-inducing. Little Lulu comics in fact are still printed (with Lu in those forever-’40s, erect-nipple beanies) but available, for some reason, only in small towns—very cult-o!

And while we’re on the subject, the Donald Duck/Carl Barks cult has finally

Cultism tells you who you are by telling you who you are not: not square, mainstream, reality-oppressed.

Fantastic Four and Donald Duck’s Uncle Scrooge (as drawn by Carl Barks) would be Christianity and Buddhism, respectively. Little Lulu, however, would be est; that’s how miniscule a cult within a cult is. Though Lulu’s fans are mostly 12-year-old boys and men in their 20s, she does attract the few women who venture into this 98-percent-male hobby. The rare female collector also goes for Katy Keene.

According to our sources at Supersnipe Comix Euphorium in Manhattan, Wonder Woman is a fake female cult, fabricated by Ms. magazine and appealing, actually, to the same right-wing males who buy Superman and, in fact, determine all comic-book values. (Law-and-order superheroes always rate top dollar at the conventions, while issue number one of Mad magazine, say, with its liberal leanings, is terrifically cheap.) All of which makes Little Lulu quite a phenomenon. Her value has increased geometrically over the last four years. Feminists are proud that she was originated by Marge Buell, one of the few female comics artists of any note.

made the big time, or at least the big screen. Barks, who created Scrooge McDuck, is not only the somewhat bewildered recipient of mucho mystic fan mail but will soon be the subject of a documentary by Ed Summer and the National Endowment for the Arts, with testimonials from film makers Fellini and Alain Resnais, both long-time comic cultists.



The Movie Cult

Frankly, the phrase “movie cult” is redundant. The only movies that aren’t cult are the ones that are bad. There are cults for training films, trailers, high-school audio-visual aids. There are people for whom Thelma Ritter is a star,

Connie Stevens a legend, and Barbara Steele a trip to the moon on gossamer wing. Because in movies the illusion of an alternative reality is so rich, so persuasive, an outsider, rather than build his own statusphere from scratch, can just find a ready-made one on film that suits him. And he can retreat into it whenever the movie plays, ad infinitum. He becomes so overexposed to its every nuance that small phrases begin to tinkle with music, a turn of the head becomes layered with meaning.

And so—picking any example out of the air—we get Richard Bakalyan as a cult ’50s actor. You’ve never heard of Dick Bakalyan? Well, neither had I. He’s the kind of actor whose name appears microscopically toward the end of the credits, but his cultists claim he is the face of the ’50s, a recognizable presence in every film of the Ike and Mamie era. As far as a whole movie goes, there is even a cult for *At Long Last Love*. Yeah, the one with Cybill Shepherd. This homage to white-on-white Fred-and-Ginger fare crept into the theaters on little lead feet and laid lonely goose eggs at the box office but is still strickly SRO with the Art Forum mob. They say it’s a masterpiece. No doubt someone is probably saying the same thing about *The Betsy*.

But let’s get to the nitty-gritty (O author heal thyself): what cult is your not-so-humble correspondent into? I confess. The cult closest to my heart is the most perverse one I could find. The Tippi Hedrin cult. Cultists get off on the fact that her whole acting style consists in the way she blinks. When she registers excitement, as in the attack scene from *The Birds*, she simply blinks faster. Her most articulate fans predict that Tippi Hedrin’s emotionless robot style will be the Method of the zombied-out future. You can’t argue with cult logic like that. You just nod knowingly. Even if you’re not really hip to it, it doesn’t matter. The appearance of hip is hip. And that is the great life lesson that cultism teaches you. ■

Ich Bin Ein Berliner



**Gleaming, rich,
strange, there
is no closing time
by Victor Bockris**

Friday:

Friends in London had warned me not to take drugs into West Berlin under any circumstances: "The Customs agents will undoubtedly search you because they are so uptight about terrorists and you look like one. Just give your stash," they said, "to us." So before I flew to Berlin from London on a Dan-Air charter (\$120 round trip) last night, I cleaned out my pockets and cases.

Squeezing down the aisle of the aircraft, I wondered who would be in the next seat for the 1-hour-50-minute flight into Germany. She was

more than I could have expected: a Berlin teenager returning from an English boarding school to join her parents for a skiing vacation in Innsbruck. Not only did she (16) speak excellent English, but—to my surprise and delight—her father was the eminent low-temperature German physicist Professor Klipping. Christine reported that Berlin "is full of drugs, and I am very shocked even to find my school friends now are all drugs taking, yes even LSD. Of course they all are hash smoking, you see." She loves Berlin, where "there is no poverty and everyone is very happy because it is a beautiful city full of parks and benches to sit on and admire the views." She gave me a list of places to visit and said she would like to invite me over for a drink with her famous dad but was unfortunately departing at 7 A.M. the following morning. I accepted the hospitality of this beautiful girl as a good omen.

Passing through German Customs: A large German with a flat face asked me if I had anything to declare. I said, "No," he said, "You can go." Cursing my London connections, I took a cab to the Savigny Hotel on the Brandenburgerstrasse, checked in with the night clerk and went to bed (hadn't slept the previous night doing London drug scene).

This morning, after getting up too late for breakfast, I hurried down the Kurfürstendamm (abbreviation: Kudam—the famous major thoroughfare) toward the Autoren Buchhandlung at 10 Carmerstrasse, a center for poets and writers, whose address Allen Ginsberg had given with a recommendation to make contact with a certain man, Kepi Herbach, who spoke English and would fit me into the picture.

As I crossed a vast street I noticed a huge yellow sign saying DEUTSCHES COMMERZ-BANK. One thing about traveling is to always make a careful cockpit check before exiting your hotel room and entering the new atmosphere. You should always, for example, carry your passport, because it is the only proof that you exist,

A headline in the popular Berlin weekly Zitty proclaimed BERLIN HAS A BABY AND ITS NAME IS ROCK AND ROLL.

since *nobody knows you*; also, if you want to cash any traveler's checks, you will need it. I did not have my passport on me when at midday on Friday (when, nobody had told me yet, the banks close at 1 P.M.), I suddenly realized I better get some cash for the weekend. I walked in:

"Cashen sie die...?"

"Ja."

I rapidly signed four and laid them out on the table.

"Passport, bitte." I knew this was going to happen, but my American Immigration card is a fine-looking technical document full of serial numbers and a photo, so I laid it down and said, "Take this, it is good." I was not at all upset when she replied negatively because in the process of digging the immigration card out of the depths of my wallet I had found one big fat joint of very good grass I'd rolled up and forgotten to discard in London. I managed to cash my check further down the Kudam at the seminal Kempinski Hotel and reached the Autoren Buchhandlung around 12:30. A helpful lady, who actually didn't speak much English, gave me the phone number of a man she said would be able to help me and suggested I visit a bar this evening called the Zweigfisch on Grollmanstrasse.


I walked from the Autoren Buchhandlung along the Kantstrasse and stopped in a small cafe for lunch. I told the patron to recommend something because he could speak English. I find it hard to understand the Germans when they talk. You look at them and go "What?" And they look at you like you're being rude. So he brought me an oval-shaped glass of beer with a three-inch head on it and a plate of cold potato salad plus an order of sliced potatoes and a piece of meat in potatoes (\$5).

Further down the Kantstrasse I stopped outside a

movie house that offered "The German Version of Punk Rock." This is obviously the hip cinema, and here it is in a good central location. Further on down the Kantstrasse the lights on the stupendous Cafe Mohring are blinking on and off. I bought a copy of the Paris Herald Tribune and went in for coffee. Everybody looked at me. The clientele was made up of content, rich young people dressed in expensive Italian or German (undefinable as yet) clothes, and old homosexual couples. At one table, an elegant 50-year-old son was discussing a financial problem with his dowager 70-year-old mother. Across the street Hot Tuna, Patti Smith and Richie Havens are advertised for upcoming performances. A headline in the informative weekly Zitty magazine proclaims BERLIN HAS A BABY AND ITS NAME IS ROCK AND ROLL.

It's funny to come to a city where you know no one simply to look at it. The people seem at first to be living in another world. They can see you but they don't recognize you, so there isn't much feeling of connection to others on the street. One experiences the isolation of the man in the single room. But Berlin feels like the right place to do this study, because I believe the best way to look at it is suddenly by surprise. As I walked back to the hotel, having read a disappointing Herald Tribune, smoking the joint down a quiet street on the way helped. In Room 93, I looked at myself in the mirror and said, "You're in Berlin." On intuition, and because many people had said "Berlin seems interesting." Also, while Samuel Beckett and David Bowie have both moved here in the '70s, the big guns of current German lit, Gunter Grass and Max Frisch, both keep apartments in Berlin—i.e., a lot of hip people live here.





My room is a high-ceilinged white box with light grey Victorian wallpaper. At 4:45 this afternoon, I decided to imagine what it would be like to have sex in Berlin and jerked off on the cold grey-and-white bathroom floor. Outside, I could hear the birds, and it was more exciting because it was in Berlin. I think if you actually had sex with someone here you'd lie there afterward thinking "I did it in Berlin" and feel more fulfilled.

Next to my bed there is a sign that shouts:

HERE YOU GET
BEST TELEPHONE SERVICE
USE IT!

The telephones are very modern, so I picked one up and made a few calls. On the phone it's actually easier to speak a foreign language, because the person can't see you. I made an appointment to meet Herr Herbach at the bookshop 11:30 tomorrow morning. ("The phones work pretty well"—stoned note scrawled on back of book.)

Around 5:30 I went to the Kant Kino for Wolfgang Busch's *Punk in London*, to see how it was being presented to the Germans. It's a fairly straightforward documentation of British punk but almost totally lacking in humor, except for an excellent film of the Clash playing Munich. They said they hated Germany because the police had thrown them out of a hotel. Rodent, the Clash's roadie, when asked about Germany, said, "Lots of money, isn't it? Many deutschemarks" (which sums up the English attitude). But I find it very hard to criticize a country when I'm alone in it, because someone might arrest you and you don't know anybody so you're fucked. So far I have not seen any policemen, but Berlin is an extremely law-abiding city: everyone is rich. But when I looked in the shop

windows this morning, there were big pictures of Bertolt Brecht and big books about Chairman Mao. Berlin is "the cradle of electricity," but I haven't felt any in the air. Evidently the people are not dedicated to the sound of punk rock, but they take a rather studious, content view. There were 10 in the audience, 12 waiting for the next show—no punks.

It quickly becomes evident that Berlin has a very good supply of everything, no overcrowding, comfortable accoutrements and virtually no street crime. So if you lived here, you might be content too. "But not," argue Berliners, "bored," because Berlin does have an edge about it. After all, it's an international center and has had an extreme recent history. According to Baedeker: "On 3rd February 1945 1,000 acres in Central Berlin were turned into a sea of flames in less than one hour." And: "80,000,000 cubic metres of rubble covered Berlin on May 2nd 1945 when the Russian guns ceased bombardment, after two weeks of fighting hand to hand, door to door, street to street." Yet today, while tweedy Londoners still offer "I had Jerry in my sights when..." stories, Berliners have clearly put the war behind them, and their city is now one of the most luxurious and modern in Europe.

I had a very bad night at the recommended "hip writers and artists bar" Zwiegfisch, where I was totally surrounded, just as I had feared, by middle-aged men with beards. There were two interesting-looking guys, both gay, with short hair, wearing heavy makeup, but I didn't get a chance to talk to them. I did overhear an American soldier telling two German girls, "America is a drug society, everybody's into drugs." I wonder if he knew that Berlin is a central point for drug traffic coming

from the East on Aeroflot flights?

Saturday:

I got up fairly early this morning and went along to breakfast, the only meal this hotel serves (for \$3 extra). A waitress approached me with "Ja?"

"Er, sprechen sie Englisch?"

"Nein."

I presumed there was either a set breakfast of scrambled eggs or at least a menu, so said, "Tea."

"Zo." She returned two minutes later with a big bowl of rolls, a big jar of jam, two small pieces of butter, a small plate with some cheese and cold cuts on it and a small bowl of fat black grapes, accompanied by a pot of tea. I got hold of a couple of kraut dailies from the sideboard—at least I could look at the pictures and make out the captions: "*Today Princess Margaret is 47. Her boyfriend has internal bleeding. She returns from the hospital after visiting him.*"

I laughed through the complete breakfast, collected my equipment and hit the Kudam, smoking the second half of the joint—snapping pictures of passersby, telephone boxes, street signs—heading for a 11 A.M. glass of sherry at the Kempinski. Unfortunately I had borrowed the camera from a lady in England who had failed to inform me that it didn't work, so, while sitting in the lobby of the Kempinski waiting for my sherry, I found myself unwinding the totally exposed role of film and pulling it out of the sprockets. Next time, I decided, I will stay at the Kempinski, where the whole staff speaks English. It felt very comfortable, international and discreet.

The lobby is decorated in black with dark browns and greens, but all three colors are picked up by heavy gold lights and fixtures. It's a presentation of stolid elegance. I mean, I think the Germans are a little heavy. Every time I go out I run into stolidity. And the standard smart 30-year-old German is a pretty brutal looking character, with his curling lip and blond wolf-do

Berliners have clearly put the war behind them, and their city is one of the most luxurious and modern in Europe.

(shag cut, Deutsch version).

All the pieces that make up a city are beginning to appear. This morning I actually saw a beggar sitting on the Kudam (very rare) and three excited kids jostling in a pin-ball shop next to the peep show (promising young models from all over the world) opposite a cinema showing *Achilles*, a very violent German film. The waiter brought the check: it cost \$3.25 to have a glass of sherry in the foyer of the Kempinski Hotel.

I met Kepi Herbach (who turned out to be a jovial public-relations man from the Academy of Art) at the Autoren Buchhandlung. He introduced me to the Turkish poet Aras Oren, and the two of them gave me the following pertinent information about West Berlin.

1. There are two million people in Berlin and it was built for four million.

2. It's very important to understand that Berlin life functions around social clubs (called Kneipes) and that these, though often informally based in bars, are strictly divided among the working class, older people and artists (who think of themselves as "the outsiders"). There is only minimal social exchange between these groups.

3. The "working class" are the people who run (as in "work") the city. There is no industry except the night life.

4. The rest of the West Germans are a little pissed off with Berliners because they realize that they're paying for this city that has no means of supporting itself. West Berliners are aware of this disdain and return it.

5. On television they run their commercials in 15-minute blocks so as not to interrupt the programs. There are a lot of political discussions, and the news comes on three times a night.

6. Berlin is an extremely well-organized metropolis. Everything is very fine and runs smoothly. Berliners were astonished by New York's inability to deal with last winter's blizzards.

7. Berlin and Berliners lost their identity when the city was pounded into "a sea of

flames," and they are always looking for a new one; this makes the inhabitants of the city very open-minded.

8. 100,000 Turkish people live in West Berlin. Beginning in the '20s, the Berliners imported Turks to work, but "recently a very big number of Pakistanis came to Berlin and it caused a problem because they imported too many of them, so the government put them back in the airplane and paid them all some money to start again in Pakistan."

9. Samuel Beckett has been personally directing his plays in Berlin since the late '60s, has a flat in the Akade-

following day. After the party, they suggested, we might go to the Zwiegelfisch and then on to Romy Haag's.

I went back to the hotel, made some notes and hopped a bus down the Kudam towards the Tiergarten: the buses are slightly more spacious and modern than the London double-deckers, with cream exteriors and red interiors. The receptionist at the hotel gave me the wrong directions, so the bus didn't take me to the Tiergarten, but it was fun to ride. The driver had a very clear intercom system through which he told the passengers which stop was

sniffing and going mmm mmm mmm as they munched on their brats, brots and brunts. It cost \$2.50. The patron asked me if I was French, and when I said, "Amerikan, aus New York," he launched into a panegyric saying now that the airfare between New York and Berlin had just been lowered to \$325 round trip he planned to go for his summer vacation. Another man eating a bratwurst chipped in his two cents: "I was there for a week and it only cost me \$1,000, very reasonable."

This afternoon I felt that it was probably something of a privilege to be a Berliner—at least, within the confines of Europe, they seem to have a more realistic financial scene than most. I have to count every pfennig and plan my excursions like minor military operations to make sure I don't get stuck with a big bill I can't pay.

There are punks in east Berlin—kids wearing jeans rolled up to mid-calf, bare leg, some sock and big black boots. They look dirty and good.

mie Der Kunst and can be seen walking daily the four kilometers from the Akademie to the Schiller Theater. If approached, he will speak.

10. Two good magazines to buy are Tip and Zitty.

11. There is a special desire on the part of the government to promote arts here. After New York, London and Paris, Berlin is the most important cultural center.

12. David Bowie's favorite restaurant is Exiles, a place where Austrian writers, who find their own climate extremely puritanical, gather to eat Wiener schnitzel. In the German edition of Playboy, Bowie said he considered Hitler to be the first rock star. "We were quite surprised by this, we couldn't understand it," Herr Herbach tells me.

13. In Berlin, there is no closing time.

14. The best drag-queen club is Chez Romy Haag's on the Fuggerstrasse. There are a lot of gay restaurants and a large number of gay people in Berlin. "One place you might think interesting for very simple people is the workers' drag-queen clubs," Herr Herbach tells me.

Before saying goodbye, Kepi and Aras invited me to a party at the atelier of a writer who was leaving Berlin the

coming, and not to misbehave. I got off halfway to Kreuzberg—the "hip" section of town—and walked across town to the Tiergarten, Berlin's version of Central or Golden Gate parks. At one end you can stare across the 100-yard dividing point into East Berlin.

I walked back along the historic Strasse Von 17 Juni in a blazing sunset that illuminated the black-and-gold Wagnerian statues of gods in the gardens on both sides of the avenue, and then suddenly came upon the spacious modern office buildings in the center of Berlin in the twilight. There was just the thinnest slice of moon as I walked and walked looking at every sign, building, pedestrian, car, and getting what Jamie Wyeth refers to as "indigestion of the eyeballs."

I particularly enjoyed the large dinner I ate at the bratwurst stand. I had two big sausages, each accompanied by a crispy roll and a big spludge of mustard, with a side order of French fries covered in a white sauce that looks and tastes like a cross between fresh whipped cream and mayonnaise. I was standing around an outdoor counter in a light rain with a bunch of people all

Sunday:

Apparently I didn't plan last night's excursion very carefully because I woke up this morning very angrily and had no idea where I was because I was dreaming about renting a car in England and these two girls are giving me a hard time about getting a nice car because they think I'll smash it up so I go down to the local cafe for a coffee and they give me their last cup which some mad lady snatches and runs away with so I go back up to the office and the girls are laughing hysterically, but actually this was the hysterical laughter of three chambermaids who had turned on six vacuum cleaners outside my room in order to wake me up! And were now hammering on my door yelling "When are you getting up?" (in Kraut).

I winced and moaned, searching for memories of last night's bash, and mumbled "Soon, soon," but Germans are determined to get a precise answer. So I yelled out, "*In eine halbe stunde!*" and started to have a hate affair with the maids.

I took a fall and landed next to the lamp and my wallet, which was luckily still filled with money. Stumbled into

the bathroom, took a look at myself, screamed, climbed into a pair of jeans, pulled on a shirt, slammed sunglasses around my face, yanked open the door and stared at *the maid*, dangling the key in my hand. She threw up her hands, shrugged her shoulders and said, "Ja, aber jetzt ist es ganz genug" ("Yes, but it's already too much") and turned on her vacuum cleaner. So I went out to the receptionist and threw the key into her face and ran out the door and she chased me down the street yelling, "When are you leaving?" (in Kraut).

I had to go to East Berlin. There was no orange juice, no eggs, no refreshments for this research. I miss everyone in America. Today I started to think "Berlin sucks." The party I went to last night "for artists" was the same scene you see everywhere. Here was the same man hating the same woman and later dancing with her ecstatically, the same overweight men with mustaches, complaining about the success or failure of their latest book, asking to be interviewed. "Berlin attracts many people who never made it," Edgar Hilsenrath, a German-Jewish author (of *The Nazi and the Barber*) recently publicly interrupted by the NPD, which he said is made up of very young or very old people and is not really a serious threat but something to pay attention to, told me. I felt as if I had seen enough.

I got a bump on my head last night, must have fallen over, came home and wrecked my room. It's a wonder I got here and I don't remember how. Rudolf Hess is still in Spandau. There was this guy last night telling me how successful he was, so I said, "Yeah, but how come you have hair on your nose?" I don't like the people who run my hotel. The thin blond behind the counter is giving me these "I know your number" looks and I'm beginning to feel extremely uncomfortable.

These are some notes I made this afternoon while taking the subway into East Berlin:

This subway is by far the

best in the Western world, ranks second only to Moscow's—clean, fast, efficient, neat. The trains are bright yellow and the seats are green. I haven't paid yet—don't understand that bit. They sell alcohol on the subway platforms in little bottles. Stops as I pass them: Blissesstrasse, Berlinerstrasse... It's very easy to use because everything is very clearly signposted in big letters and numbers. A Turk just got on beating up on his kid who didn't want to get on. No smoking on the subways, no cigarette ads in Berlin. Automatic photo machines on every platform.

Berlin, cradle of electricity, city of machines. You open the subway door yourself.

We just stopped in a station, but the doors didn't open. Berlin, cradle of electricity, city of machines. You open the subway door yourself. A guy just did it. Every time the train pulls out of the station a cat shouts "Zurück bleiben!" (Stand back). The thing about the Germans is they understand machines, as do the Japanese, and that is why they are so far ahead of everyone and proud of it ("You might know, of course, Germany is the richest country in Europe and with the lowest unemployment," Kepi Herbach told me yesterday morning). A beautiful chick just got on with her dog, who is leaping about playfully, amusing the passengers. A really cool guy wearing high-heel shoes, red socks and short corduroy zip-up jacket just got in and sat (the train is getting crowded) next to me. He's reading an occasional-romance comic book, the dog is barking. Here's my stop.

I am cool because I just got off the train and I could have gotten on the wrong train, but I felt deep down inside *Caution*, read the sign, and it said "Go upstairs and get on the other platform for Tegel, asshole."

On next train: I just saw on

the Friedrichstrasse platform there's a guy with a microphone directing the whole thing. We just passed the first stop in East Berlin without stopping, a totally wrecked derelict station covered in dirt and broken pieces of wood, presided over by a fat guard slumped against a pile of rusty boxes. I have to stop writing now because I'm about to go into East Berlin on the subway and I don't want to make a fool of myself or get arrested for taking notes.

Forty minutes later, above-ground, East Berlin: I'm here. This is really weird. I've walked about two blocks and

There are punks in East Berlin—kids wearing jeans rolled up to mid calf, then bare leg, some sock and big big black boots. They look dirty and good. Intellectuals here wear long black leather coats and are unshaven. Basically you can always tell an adult communist because of the grim look, shabby clothes and stodgy gait.

I had forgotten how sad life is in a communist country, how the people get run down by their personal series of disappointments, and of course the poor men drink surreptitiously out of little bottles wherever they are standing. I was just in a line in this cafeteria where I got an enormous plate of poor food for \$1.25, so bought it just to taste, even though not hungry. The girl behind the counter—blond and really very pretty eyes in a plain face—got very angry with the timid British couple who couldn't understand the menu. She just threw up her hands in disgust and said, "Das ist alles!" (That's it).

A man comes to my table, about 55–60 and poor, tries to talk to two old ladies about the pleasure of sitting in the sunshine, but they just stare moodily at their dishwater tea and think probably he is drunk. He just tried again. And the lady said, "Zoo." But now they have begun to chat in finished voices about the patterns the sun makes and suddenly it's so horrible here I'm getting chills. Another thing I'd forgotten about the East is that there are informers everywhere. You have to be careful about who you talk to and what about, especially in public, because the waiter might report you.

The kids are very good-looking, maybe better looking than in West Berlin, because they have that lean and hungry look that is always so popular. I wonder if there are any drugs here. Someone last night at that party told me, emphatically pounding a fist on the table, "The wall is open not for people but for drugs" (the 100 deaths from heroin in West Berlin last year is considered high). The wall is a wonderful symbol, but you can't actually see it. I mean,

it's there, but you don't keep bumping into it.

I came back from East Berlin via the subway and went straight to the Neue Welt Theater en Hasenheide to see Patti Smith's concert. The group was doing the sound check. I bumped into J.D. Daugherty (the drummer) and he said, "Welcome to Berlin, stay around, I'll talk to you later."

I sat down. Mario, the tour manager, asked me what I was doing and I said I was from *High Times* and could I have a backstage pass. He said sure (*High Times* has a very good reputation by word of mouth in Germany). Mario told me that every concert in Germany was sold out. Then this really beautiful girl called Rozi came over and told me all about her best friend Manuel Gottsching, who was the originator of Ashra Tempel, and gave me his address, suggesting I call him tomorrow and go over for a chat before leaving town.

Howard the publicist from Arista Records took me up to the group's dressing room, from which I got expelled ten seconds into a conversation with Ivan Kral by a tight-assed English roadie. Howard came out with his mouth full of food frantically apologizing and saying that he didn't realize they wanted to keep the room very empty, but it's actually better to get thrown out than thrown in.

Anyway, it was more interesting down in the chairless auditorium as people began to pour in. Very proper little old ladies in waitress outfits wandered around serving trays full of big cups of beer. The audience was very good-looking, a lot of well-dressed punks. Also, I notice a kind of Bertolt Brecht look, which is skinny hair, black leather and horn-rimmed glasses on a thin nose.

There was certainly evidence of a lot of drugs. Five guys next to me were dancing on acid, everyone smoked hash throughout the concert (no police evident), there were even the occasional sympathetic huddles around "a bummer."

Patti's concert was perhaps best summed up by the Berlin paper the following

day: they complained about the hype and said the music wasn't much fun to listen to and the lyrics were indecipherable but that she had a good voice. The group was made rather nervous by the silence and immobility of the majority of the audience. At one point Patti said, "I ain't impressed with you, I sang in front of 14,000 people, so 2,000 people doesn't mean shit to me," but nobody understood what the poor thing was saying. However, the proof of the audience's actually extremely positive reaction came with the hysterical ten-minute *political demonstration* demanding an encore (I kid you not). The manager of the theater told

Those who escape the rigid German potato diet and stay light have a supreme sense of attractiveness and superiority.

Patti there would be a riot if she didn't come back.

I couldn't help but compare seeing the Ramones in London to seeing Patti in Berlin. You have to hand it to the Berliners for their organized serious consumption of the concert combined with a clear presentation of their approval, but Londoners like to *rock out*.

Monday:

I tried to eat a big breakfast, in preparation for a long day, but got put off by the half-page closeup photograph of a corpse in Tel Aviv. Funny how reading the news in another language you wonder if it's true. My impulse was: "I must catch up and check on this." I think the Germans are rather attracted to terrorism, but I mean I don't know what that means.

You'll remember perhaps that I mentioned the Berliner's love of machines? I got an interesting look at it this morning. If you think the German walks his dog on a "leash," you would be wrong. He has instead a small machine that looks like the circular plastic casing for an electronic kite handle. It is red, and the dog connected to this thin metallic lead can walk as much as 30 feet in

front of the stroller. As he changes positions the machine adjusts the length of the lead so all the stroller need know is that the dog is attached to him at all times. I saw this on the Carmerstrasse this morning coming out of a store where I had bought some notebooks and postcards.

I went back to my hotel, packed, paid the bill (\$84 for four days, I think pretty reasonable for a very clean, efficient, if somewhat stolid hotel) and made an appointment to visit Manuel Gottsching at 3:30, which just gave me enough time to say goodbye to the lady at the Autoren Buchhandlung and have a nice lunch.

If anything hit me continually with a negative twinge in Germany, it was the heaviness of their objects, particularly the furniture, cutlery, clothes and buildings, but the character of a people is awfully elusive: as soon as one feels one has pinned it down, the impression is totally contradicted by a series of others. For example, in saying Germans make heavy things one ignores the delicate mobility of a Porsche. The beauty of German girls is largely based on their solidity, which does not sound like an attractive quality but can be, juxtaposed to... Naturally their problem lies in running to a little fat, but those who escape the rigid potato diet and maintain their lightness have a double-barreled attraction because of a supreme confidence in their superiority.

After lunch I went to Manuel's and waited in his lounge while he made a long-distance call to an electrician. He has a beautiful apartment with two enormous, sparsely but tastefully furnished rooms, a music room (where he records his solo albums) and kitchen (where the remains of breakfast—boiled eggs and coffee—sit complacently on the table). The bathroom, done in light pink,

is full of Rozi's *opium* perfume. Manuel also has a cat who seemed to know more about the German rock scene than anyone. And this cat was actually staring at me, so I felt a little unsettled but thought, "Anyway, this is my last contact in Berlin."

Manuel finished his telephone call, offered me a glass of French Cinzano and explained that the Berlin-born rock scene, as represented in its individuality by Kraftwerk, Tangerine Dream, Ashra Tempel and Klaus Schultze (going under the label "space rock" after rejecting the earlier "cosmic rock"), has very little support from the German press and businesspeople. Their records have consequently sold very poorly. One label called Ohr (translation: ear) had originally released all their records, but the owner of the label, a Herr Kaiser, quickly developed such a bad reputation for being crazy that all his artists found, even though they liked him and he was the only one who understood what they were doing, they couldn't afford to have anything to do with him.

According to Manuel (who is often called Mr. Ashra because he was *the* man behind Ashra Tempel and has gone on to produce three excellent solo albums, the latest of which, *Blackouts*, is just out on Virgin), this music did grow out of the explosion of political feelings created by the students from 1968 to 1969.

But radio and TV are very conservative and change is very slow in Germany. Most of these German groups had their first success in France, because the French public is open to new things, whereas the German audience is very critical and mostly concerned about how "correct" the musicians are. This, says Manuel wearily, "is part of the German mind you have to contend with."

Prior to "space rock" the German music scene was so dead that musicians had to create something so strange that it might get some attention, and that is why the sound of German music is so

(continued on page 125)

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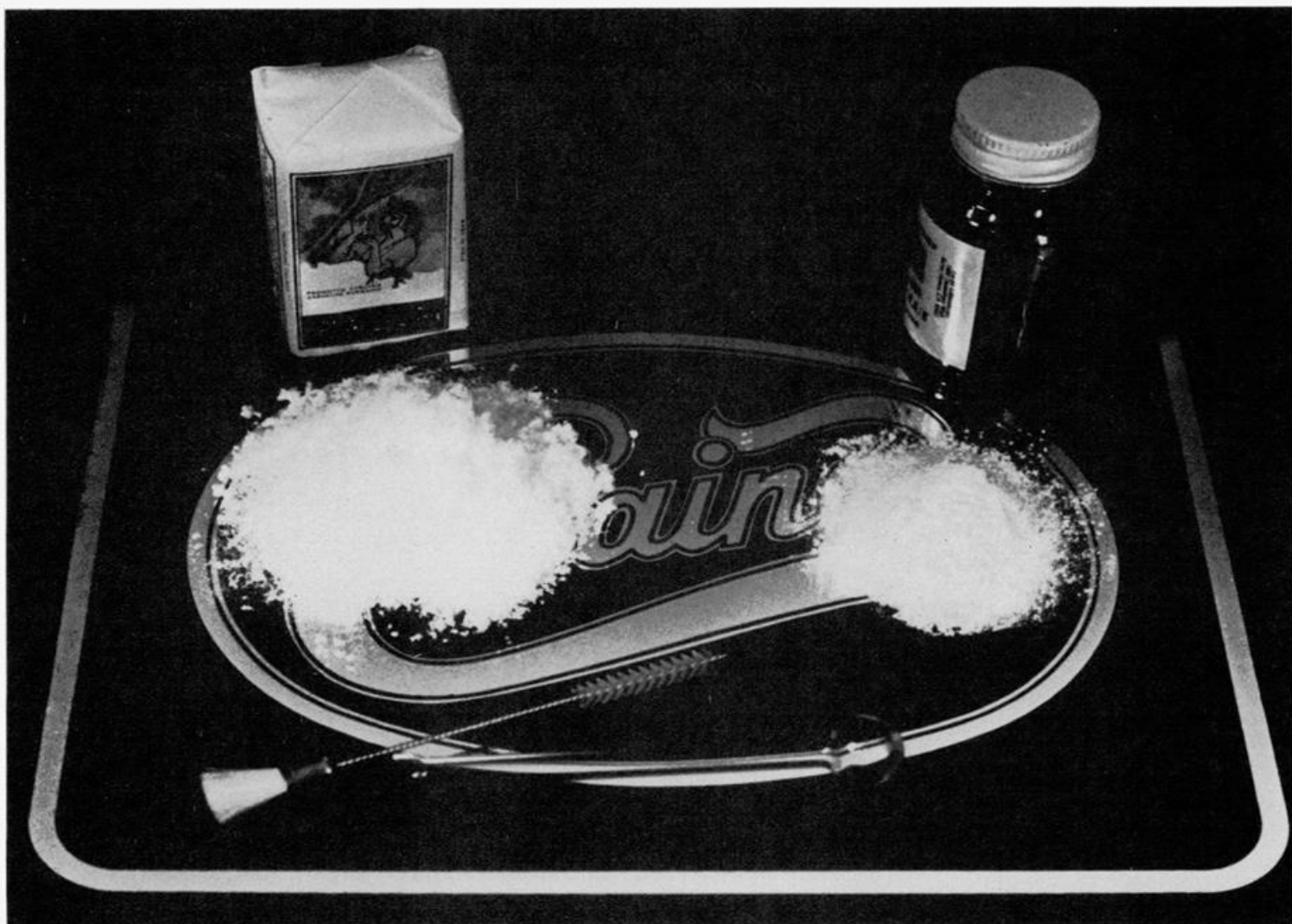
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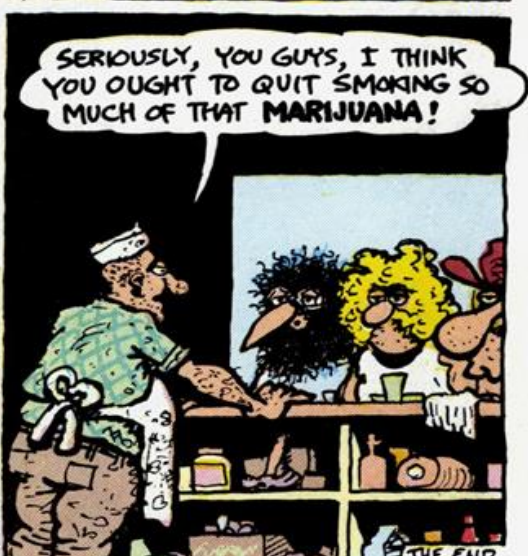
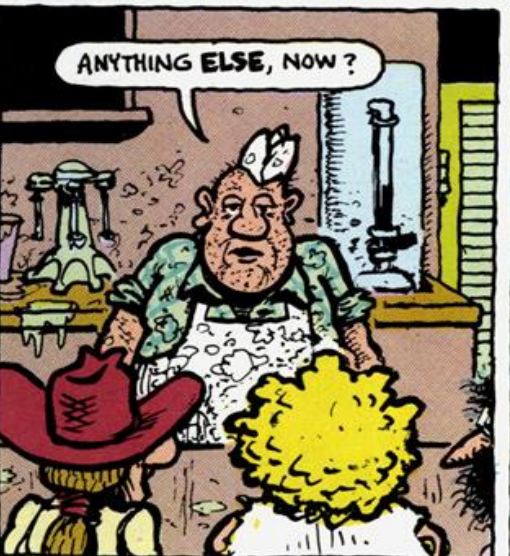
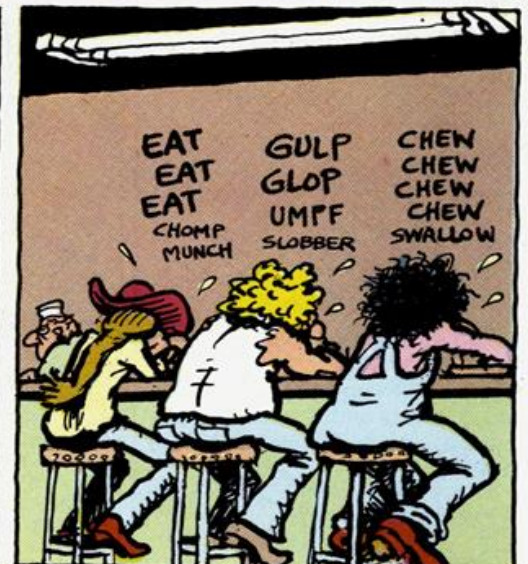
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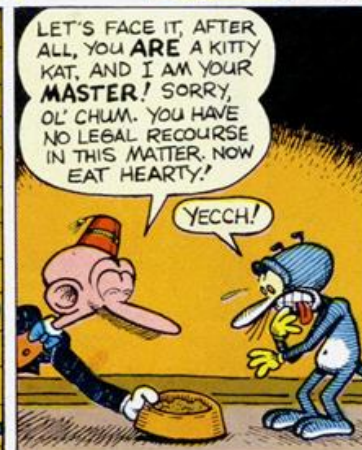
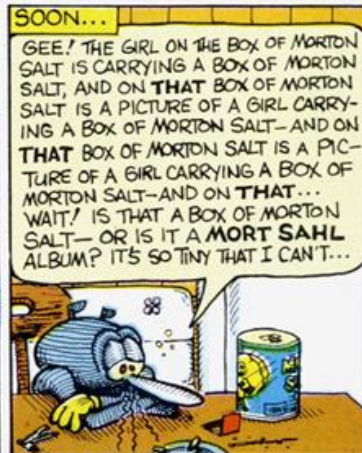
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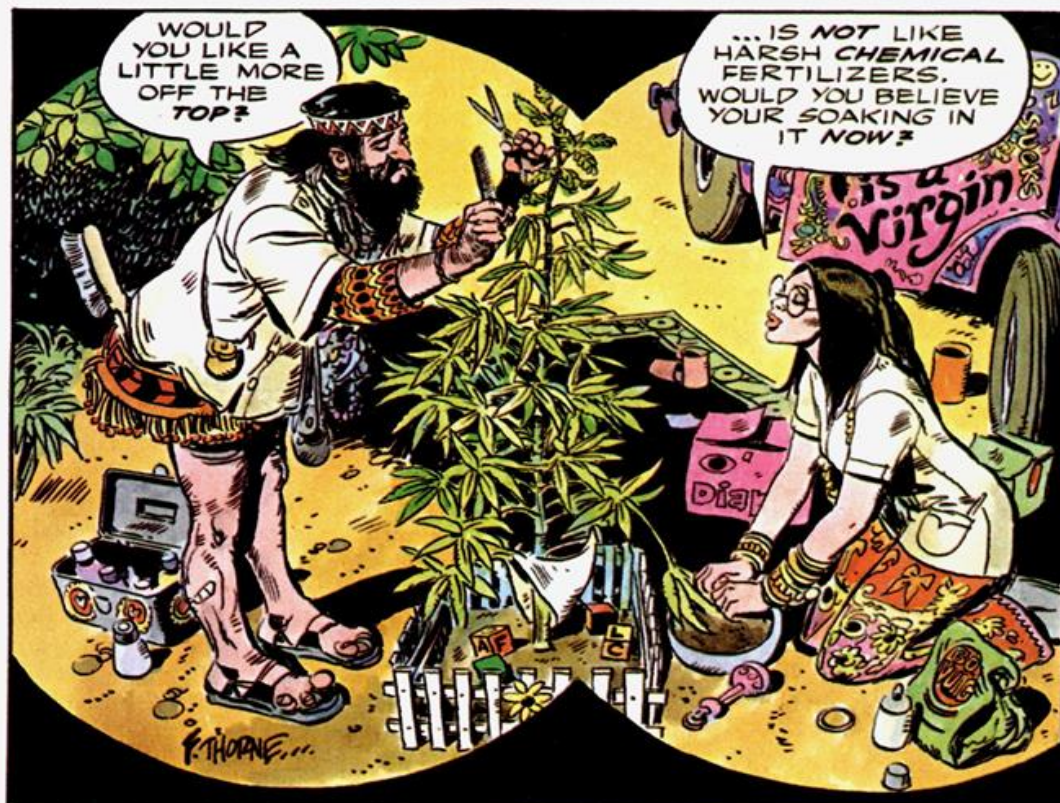
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NARD n' PAT

by JAY LUNCH
& GARY WHITNEY





Ripped on Acid

(continued from page 93)

was the actual pickup of the bus at the Los Angeles docks. Not that anyone was really afraid of getting busted, but whoever had cut the cards and had to go would have to wear a new suit, shave and have his hair cut short.

Once the bus was clear of the dock and on the highway, another bus would pull up alongside and the brother who had originally hidden the hashish would clamber aboard. The hash from one vehicle could then be transferred to the other vehicle, on the move. Once back at the ranch, we would usually each get a kilo for our own personal use.

Getting the acid was less of a problem, since it was mostly manufactured in California and was easy to conceal. I don't think the federal agents quite knew what they were looking for in those days. There was also a lab in England, and occasionally several grams would be brought back from London hidden in matchboxes.

The sale and distribution of the dope did not seem to present much of a problem, either. The brothers would simply deliver it to the other wing of the Brotherhood in Laguna, and they would then take it to Los Angeles, San Francisco and New York, where they presumably had people who would buy whatever they had. They never seemed to accumulate a surplus of any of the sacraments.

The fact that the Brotherhood was engaged in clandestine activity was never very much in evidence at the ranch. You might pass one of the barns and notice a few hundredweight of marijuana lying about, but by the next morning it would have mysteriously disappeared. Every now and again there was talk of not bringing the dope to the ranch itself, but it didn't seem to make any difference. I remember one day noticing the largest single quantity of grass I'd ever seen in my life; there must have been at least two tons of the stuff stacked up in the barn. I mentioned it to Tim, adding that whereas I would feel quite comfortable getting busted for a personal stash of a couple of ounces of grass, trying to explain away a couple of tons was beyond my capacity. Tim laughed. The irony is that Tim later got a 30-year term for admitting possession of a mere couple of ounces of grass when he was busted in Laredo, Texas.

By April 1969, I had been with the Brotherhood for a total of eight months, and I thought it was about time for me to move on. There had been a few signs that the police were starting to close in, though, amazingly, up to this time none of the brothers had ever been caught. But I sensed that something was brewing. The previous month there had been a couple of patrol helicopters flying low over the ranch, and it looked to me as if they were taking photographs. And a week before,

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some of us had been to a hotel whirlpool bath in Palm Springs and I had the impression that we were being followed, both in Palm Springs itself and by a car on the drive back to the ranch. There had also been the Brother David incident, and after him someone else had been caught planting bugs in some of the bungalows in Laguna Canyon. So I decided to split for Tonga in the South Pacific for a while.

Upon reaching Tonga I moved to a smaller island called Vavahu, about a 24-hour sail from the main island. It was an idyllic spot, with one of the largest natural harbors in the South Pacific. I had been there perhaps a week when I noticed a catamaran in the harbor. It belonged to one of the brothers who had originally been living in Laguna but had moved with a few of the apprentice brotherhood to Maui, where they smoked dope, lived in small huts next to the beach and spent nearly all their time surfing or sailing. He showed me several bags full of pot seeds, which he said he was planting around as many islands as he could visit. He had been to Tonga the year before, and we smoked some of the grass that he had seeded the island with. It was one of the best smokes I've ever had. He said they were growing it in Hawaii and that the money enabled them to stay on in Hawaii—indefinitely.

After a month I was bored with Tonga and returned to San Francisco. It was then that I heard about the big bust at the ranch. Apparently, a couple of weeks after I had left, the VW bus from the docks containing a new shipment of Afghani hash was trailed back to the ranch by as many as a dozen cars, each filled with federal agents. There were also three helicopters in use and a dozen narcs hidden about the property. As soon as the VW entered the property one of the helicopters landed and three agents jumped out and rushed towards the bus. Brothers Rick and Calvin, who were in the bus, tried to make a run for it, but Calvin could not resist taking his surfboard—which was stuffed with hash—with him. Johnny Griggs, who had been watching the action through binoculars from the top of the ridge, said he saw Calvin running across the desert with the surfboard and two men with guns running after him. Some of the brothers got away, and a few were arrested.

Today, the Brotherhood of Eternal Love does not exist, except in the minds of a few narcs. Of course, every now and again you will find someone claiming to be a brother or close with the Brotherhood, but he isn't. It became a popular bandwagon for every dealer from Vancouver to San Diego to jump on, sort of the equivalent of saying you had Johnny Walker. Johnny Griggs died tragically of an overdose of angel dust. The rest are either on the run or have completely disappeared from the scene. And the world is a sadder place for that. ☐

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Tequila Wars

(continued from page 84)

was forced out of the tequila business until my father died."

Today in Sauza's headquarters in Guadalajara, a large wall map of the world flashes stroboscopically from every continent where Tequila Sauza is poured. Says Señora Smilgus, "It is because of my father tequila is so popular today. What he does, everyone is sure to follow." Her father, she points out, was the first person to really publicize tequila and give it a wider respectability by lowering the proof. "He did this very gradually," she explains, "by 1 percent a year, so that none of the old tequila drinkers would notice."

"Well, yes," don Javier crows, "I was even the first to come to America with tequila. I was educated at St. Mary's in Oakland, so I knew America. I brought my tequila there years ago, and that was before Cuervo." Don Javier's brows knot. "People up there didn't like tequila very much." He glances nostalgically toward his daughter. "Chicago—remember? Tequila was so powerful nobody but the Mexicans would drink it in those days."

In these days, when nearly everyone is drinking tequila, the Tequileros' concern is that it is theirs that gets drunk. So with candor and sly public relations, the Tequileros have hired separate publicists, genealogists and Madison Avenue to prove that their tequila is at least a century old—for who can argue with age?

The "centenario" is commemorated by issuance of a special bottle of aged tequila, which has taken on a golden hue from its white oak cradle, a soft taste, an expansive bouquet resulting in a connoisseur's deference that befits a cognac or genuine tequila del patron. Each bottle is packaged with the guarantee that its company is the oldest. For instance, the Sauzas claim a span of four generations, going back to don Cenobio Sauza in 1873, but the Romo family charges that Tequila Herradura sold don Cenobio one of his factories; the Cuervos claim lineage back to Jose Maria Cuervo, who received the first grant from the King of Spain to make mescal wine in 1795. Well, nobody argues with age, but there are suggestions that a few birth certificates have been tampered with. The only thing all Tequileros agree on is that tequila was the first hard liquor in the New World. This, of course, is categorically refuted by the mescal manufacturers.

Both tequila and mescal were invented by the conquistadores, hard drinkers who might burn their ships to conquer a continent but who would never sit in a New World without an Old World still—an invention brought to them by the Moors in the eighth century. When Cortés moved on Montezuma in Tenochtitlan, he found the Aztecs drinking pulque, a fermented

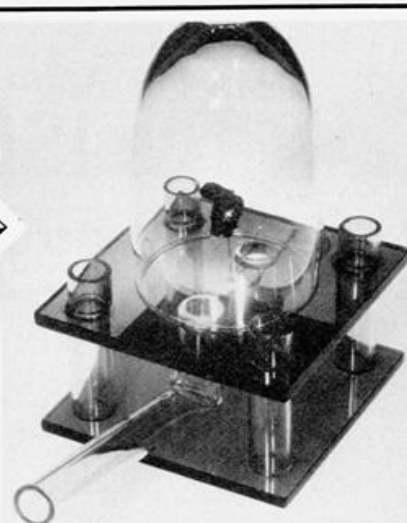
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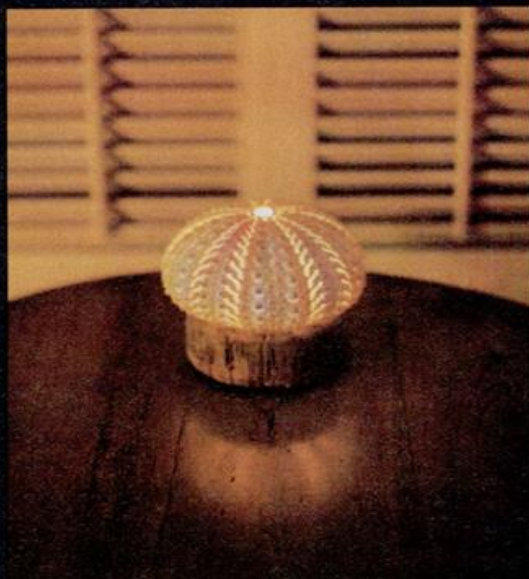
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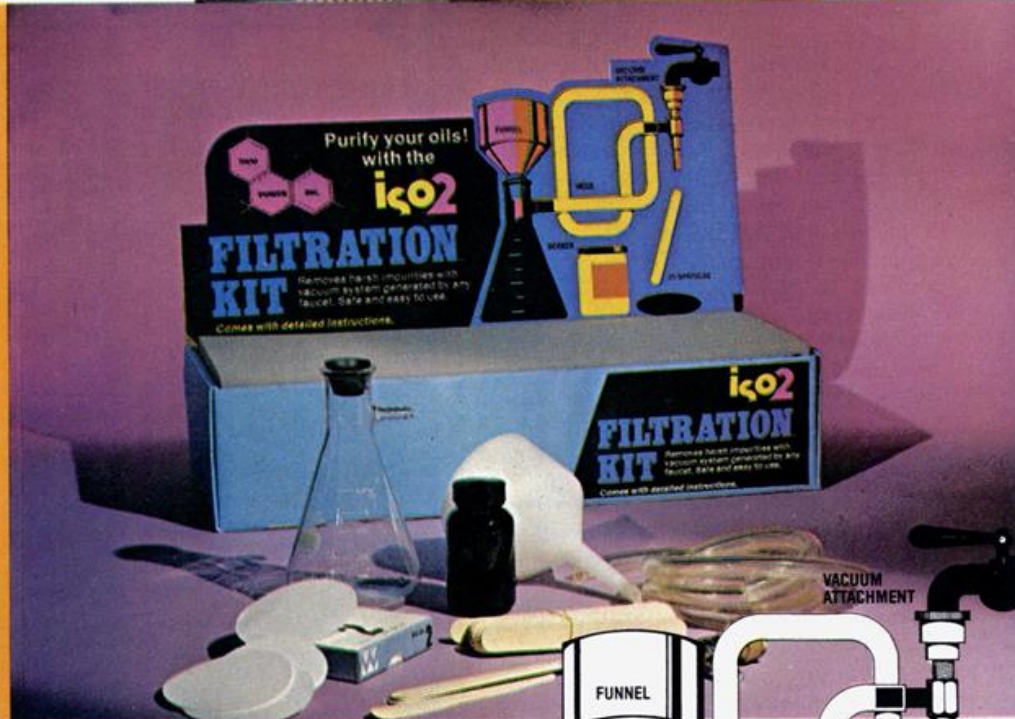
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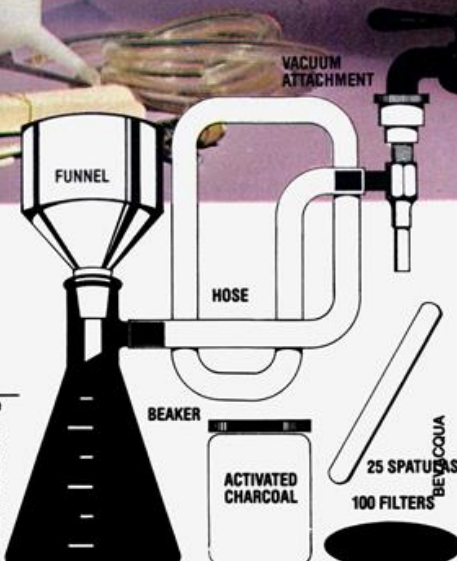
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beverage made from another kind of maguey (also called agave, mescal and century plant) that grows wild in the high plateau around Mexico City. Pulque was the original pre-Columbian booze, and the maguey from which it was made was the most important element in the economy of Mexico's Central Valley.

Since the invention of pulque many alcoholic beverages have been made from the more than 400 species of agave, though tequila, pulque and mescal are the best known. There is *comiteco* from Chiappas, *sotol* from Chihuahua and *bo-canora* from Senora. These drinks are rarely consumed outside the region where they're made. Like tequila, their regional characteristics are determined by soil type, climate, species of maguey and mode of production. Regional characteristics are as important in the identity of these drinks as they are in wines. For example, in the small state of Jalisco alone, besides tequila there is *tuxa*, *raicila*, *quitupan* and *barranca*—all tasting different from one another and yet very unlike tequila.

What makes tequila so special is the type of agave. The agave tequilina grows in a semi-tropical region that is fairly dry, in soil that is ferreous and containing some potash. The potash comes from the volcano that sits above the town like a large, extinct breast with a protruding rock in the middle that the townspeople call "La Tetilla," the teat.

"The Teat" is clearly visible from Amatitán, a small pueblo on the northwest highway out of Guadalajara just before Tequila. Antonio, my driver, stops the car. In the mountains above the town the Mexican Army is carrying out maneuvers against the peasants who are cultivating marijuana—a legacy of the Nixon administration and "Operation Intercept." Below the town and rolling out toward the barranca are millions of blue-green blades of agave piercing the sky. Antonio insists, as we make our way down to the fields, that the best tequila agave comes from here, not from around the township of Tequila.

Unlike most distilled liquors made from grains that grow seasonally, the very best tequila agave is around 13 years old at maturity. The cactus is easily harvested by peasants who cut off all the surrounding branches and leave only the head, which can easily weigh as much as 200 pounds. The heads of past harvests dot the fields like giant pineapples, or piñas, which they are sometimes called. Antonio says that a man can harvest more than a ton of them a day. At the distilleries they are roasted in giant ovens or autoclaves until the acrid sap turns brown and sweet. This is evidenced by a sticky, odoriferous cloud arising from the distillery flues that baste the town of Tequila in the permanent scent of slightly burnt squash. Antonio prizes the candylike hearts of the cooked agave for flavoring his atole, a

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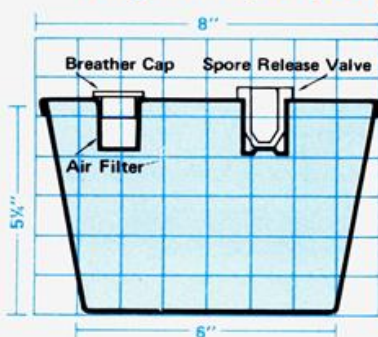
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Mexican corn drink. "It takes the chile taste out of your mouth," he says. He and the other workers also drink tequila in coffee or black tea, a relatively provincial but effective remedy to combat la grippa.

After the heads are cooked and cooled, they are pitched onto a conveyor belt and sent through a milling machine. Here they are either ground or shredded so that the juice is extracted, which is then pumped into fermenting vats where it sits for four days. The law requires that all tequila must be made from at least 51 percent natural agave sugars, permitting the balance to be made of brown sugars and molasses. Tequila will have the initials DGN (Dirección General de Normas/Bureau of Standards) printed on the label. Of all the commercial tequilas, only Tequila Herradura is pure, 100-percent agave, and there is a government inspector in their factories to certify this is so. The reason: the purer the sugar, the truer the taste. Tequila, like all distilled liquor, is primarily ethyl alcohol and water: flavor and bouquet must be developed from the minute presence of lesser alcohols, esters and aldehydes, which are highlighted in the processing.

While the agave ferments in huge stainless-steel fermentation vats it reaches an alcoholic content of 14 percent. It is then distilled twice successively to eliminate impurities and set the final alcoholic content. After the second distillation the liquid for the first time becomes tequila. Ninety percent of all tequila is bottled immediately as a young white or silver and put on the market. The other 10 percent is aged in white-oak barrels, which turn it gold; this is called tequila añejo, or aged tequila.

At the very end of the Herradura factory the sap of the agave has been completely transformed, and an old man is watching the clear tequila drip out of the faucet from its final distillation. "This man has perfect taste," Señor Romo declares. "He does not need to watch the gauges because he has been tasting this tequila for decades. He learned it from his father, who did the same." In his father's time the piñas were cooked underground and the fibers were mashed by a *molino chileno*, a heavy round stone drawn by mules to crush out the succulent juices. The Herradura motto—In God We Trust (En Dios Confiamos)—is still up on the wall there, though when it comes to tequila perhaps more trust is put into Guillermo Romo's mother, Gabriella Romo, who personally samples every batch of tequila that Herradura makes. If it doesn't meet with her approval, then it's served to the worms.

In the vine-crested patio of the Romo hacienda we are served some of Señora Romo's personal tequila. This is the tequila del patron, a smooth, pale gold, two-year-old tequila personally bottled at 98 proof. "Salud!" One swallow even eclipses the hundred snow white pigeons

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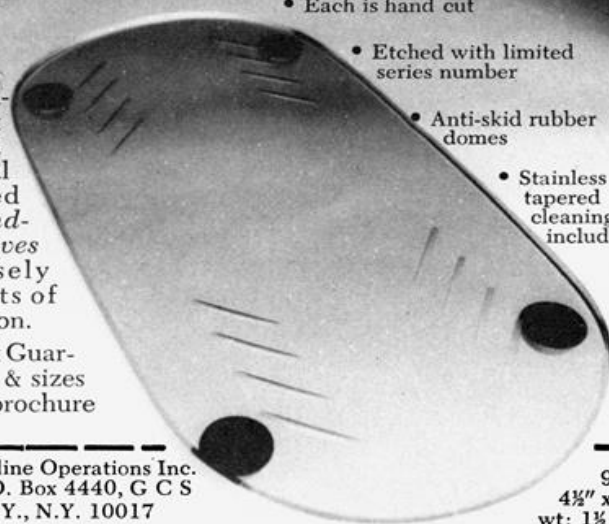
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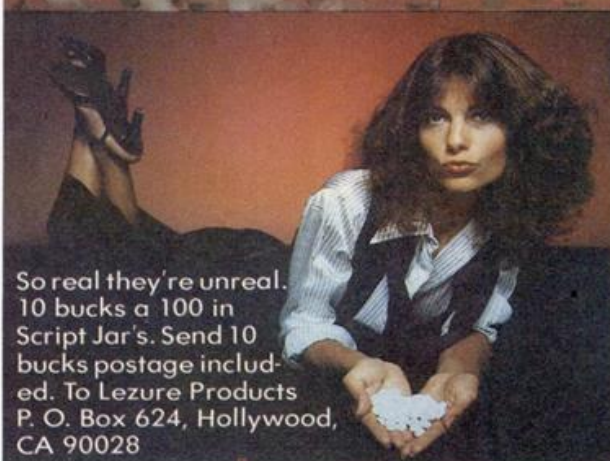


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Gabriella Romo keeps on her estate to serenade in her garden. "This is good but not fuerte [strong]," Guillermo replies. "My grandmother, Ester Rosales, drank only 110 proof every day. Just one cup. But if she was served anything less she would politely refuse, commenting that it was a bad refreshment."

Over the last hundred years the town of Tequila has grown from a small inhabitation of 2,500 people divided into an Indian and Spanish half into a prospering village. Coffee, citrus, peanuts and tropical fruits are grown in the hills, on the skirts of the 8,500-foot volcano down to the edge of the 2,000-foot precipice of the Barranca del Rio Santiago. Among the people who live and work there, there is little evidence of excessive inebriation, few cantinas and less public drunkenness since tequila was stopped being given with the wages. The town is larger now but much the same as when this present generation of Tequileros discovered it. The sticky smoke rises lazily from the distillery flues that dominate the skyline and compete with the church spires thrusting above the fire flowers of the galleana trees and the ferny leaves of the tabachines. In the back streets the women wash their clothes in the limpid waters of "The Virgin," the creek that is still the main water source for the town.

When the present families came to Tequila, liquor was manufactured in small private "tavernas," which the families bought and over the years molded into today's companies. Cuervos, Flores, Sauzas, Gallardos, Romos, Ruizes, Martinezes, Rosales and Orendains are just some of the names that have dominated this industry, this town and the whole state of Jalisco, vying with one another in a series of seesaw economic wars, alliances and marriages until huge factories were consolidated and bitter family rivalries developed.

Hires were often made by nepetismo, and ownership was often passed on matrilineally, giving rise to the peculiar phenomenon of the "Tequila Widows" (Vda)—Mexican-brand tequilas named after real and fictional inheritors: Vda de Martinez, Vda de Tomero, Vda de Rosales, etc., another nominal reminder of the salty drama of "All in the Familia" that continually plays down here. "You'll notice that there are no Sauza widows," don Javier jested. "That's because all the other owners died from drinking their own products."

This web of ownership of interlocking families has become so complex that history, a genealogist or a computer might some day prove that all tequila is actually made by one large quaquaversal family, however incompatible in the end. Guillermo Romo still remembers the day when Tequila Herradura's general manager was Oscar Rosales Orendain and the



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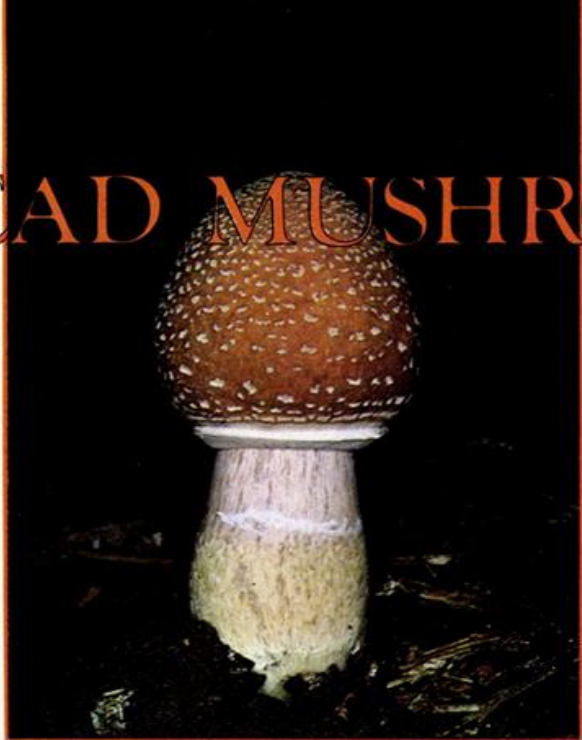
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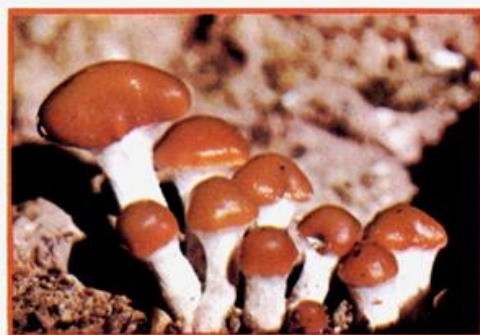
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purchasing agent Oscar Oredain Rosales. "You learn to tolerate these inconveniences," said Guillermo Romo, who once computed his current family connections at 160—or at least that's all he remembered. The purchasing agent and the general manager were also related to Herradura competitors such as the Ruizes, Rosales and Orendains.

But when Sauza married a Cuervo the lines of ownership became even more byzantine. Whether or not corporate involvement in the tequila industry will eventually affect this abstruse puzzle of intermarriages is hard to tell. Sauza has just sold a majority of his stock to a syndicate of Mexican retailers. Other Tequileros have also made partnerships with large liquor conglomerates and distributors who are able to fully capitalize tequila as a growth industry and offer superior marketing and distribution systems for worldwide arenas. For even with sales projections slightly lowered for the next two years, the future threatening economic collapse, crises in values provoking moral decay, the liquor import industry is forecasting a rosy future—for liquor importers. In America last year nearly 110 million gallons of liquor were imported just to supplement domestic consumption.

Hugo Enriques, Director General of Seagrams de Mexico, believes that the world market for tequila is "still peanuts." The major concern in the industry now is not so much sales but how to prevent the foreseeable shortage. "Frankly, this demand for tequila has caught us a little bit by surprise," Señor Enrique admits. "We, the largest liquor conglomerate in the world, didn't know it would catch on so fast. If consumption continues at this rate, the critical moment may soon be approaching. We're already putting away as much aged tequila as we can."

Haiko de Poel, a robust man in his 40s, manages exports for Jose Cuervo, which currently exports half of the world's tequila. Señor de Poel has been around the world five times, visited 122 countries and speaks 12 languages. He is indicative of the men the Tequileros have hired to sell, design and advertise their products. Standing by a small swimming pool filled with 22,000 liters of tequila at the Cuervo bottling plant in Mexico City, in a room in which every breath inhaled is 80 proof, Señor de Poel talks excitedly about sales opening up in England, Canada and Japan. "We go over to these countries and set up our Mexican pavilions at their trade fairs. We bring lots of tequila and recruit local people to dress up like mariachis."

In September of last year Cuervo went after the big prize: China. "The Chinese are very fussy about their liquor," Señor de Poel says. "They don't drink very much of it, but what they do drink has to be the best. They'll go crazy over this."

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Ich Bin Ein Berliner

(continued from page 106)

specific, though Manuel agreed that it was also a fair representation of the mechanical nature of the German intellect. However, he is now surprised to find that no new groups are forming.

Manuel is an excellent guitarist, often compared to the most innovative American and English players, he also seems to have a clear understanding of what he wants to do with the guitar, combining the monotonic Teutonic style with complex interior progressions, and he hopes to go to New York in the spring to do the music for Berlin fashion designer Claudia Skota's show there; but, although he feels very positive about the future, Manuel is clearly exasperated by the "nothingness" of Germany. He loves Berlin and seems to have a pleasantly cultured and tuned life there. He and Rozi were certainly the most interesting, hospitable and attractive (apart from Christine Klipping) people I met during my weekend in Berlin. After our conversation and exchange of addresses, they kindly drove me back to my hotel in a comfortable yellow Mercedes. From the Savigny, I took a bus for 60 cents to Tegel Airport, 20 minutes from the center of Berlin.

The bar at Tegel was very pleasant, and the whole airport is generally excellent. But, again, security precautions are rudimentary. A middle-aged Jewish businessman in front of me was forced to unload his whole briefcase and demonstrate that his cameras, a regular Nikon and a Bolex movie camera, work, whereas I, dressed in black leather, was passed through without the slightest... and I am carrying a tape recorder that could easily conceal a Derringer or explosives. At best, traveling is as dangerous as it always has been.

I had a very interesting conversation for the last 45 minutes of the flight with a lady sitting next to me who told me my German was very good—that got me going. We ended up discussing the beauty of German women as opposed to the beauty of Americans, who she said she found mostly too fat (!?).

She was in Berlin in 1943 during the bombing, when the Russians came in. She showed me a little book she bought then—a tiny English-German dictionary—she thought she would need it. She spoke a little English and she is a very good example of the resilience of the German people, because she said, "Well, when I got back to Berlin I found my man was dead. Well he was dead. First I thought I would go away, but then my friend and I, we came back to Berlin... I had to get on with my life and I did. Now I have many friends..." and she smiled. ☐



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18,000 Rally at Seabrook

Anti-Nuke Forces Mushroom

by Michael Chance

SEABROOK, NEW HAMPSHIRE—The 18,000 people who showed up in this out-of-the-way town to demonstrate against a proposed nuclear power plant are convinced that they are the first wave in the most important political movement of the coming decade. From left-wing politicos to apolitical environmental groups such as the Clamshell Alliance, backers report that the anti-nuke movement is becoming even hotter than the civil-rights, antiwar and women's movements that have swept the country over the past 20 years.

Virtually every state in the union has organizations fighting nuclear power plants in their area, and more groups are forming daily as the dangers of radioactive wastes and possible "meltdowns" become perceived as a greater threat than international foes.

"No nukes is the major issue on the left," said Abbie Hoffman in a recent interview. "The increased capacity that nuclear power has to centralize authority in any one place and grab the people by the necks... that's the issue."



Clamshell Alliance protesters, recalling last year's mass busts and prolonged jail stays in abominable conditions, kept an orderly, even mellow vigil at Seabrook.

The anti-nuke demonstration this summer at Seabrook has so far given the most telling testimony to the burgeoning antinuclear conscious-

ness. More than 6,000 people marched for miles to the site, sweating under full packs and waving flags like army platoons. In addition to the physical rigors, all had suffered through several hours of boring "nonviolence" training. Another 12,000 people wandered through the carnival of alternative energy, complete with solar hot-dog stands and windmill water.

To those who could remember the early days of the previous mass movements, the bright idealistic faces and spartan lifestyles were hauntingly familiar. There was no dope, no alcohol and, in an attempt to keep within the confines of the law, no occupation of the site past the permit deadline. The previous year more than 1,500 protesters had been locked up for over a week when they refused to move from the work area.

The Clamshell Alliance has won its first success. The week following the demonstration the Nuclear Regulatory Commission ruled that construction be stopped on Seabrook while new environmental studies were completed.

"The proliferation of nuclear power plants in this country was a deliberate policy decision by the country's leaders after World War II to provide a source of waste fuel that could be easily converted to weapons-grade material," contended one young man at Seabrook who was passing out plans explaining how to build an atomic bomb. "The intent of nuclear power plants never was peaceful," he declared.



The message got through this year: by pointing out how easily the Israelis hijacked a shipment of contraband French plutonium to make their own bomb, Clamshell stalled Seabrook—maybe forever.



By the definition of northwestern lumber companies, this oak tree is actually a "weed" and deserves to be drenched with 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T—herbicides that combine to make the baby-killing poison "Agent Orange."

W.T. Smith / Black Star

FBI Thwarts Eco-Terrorist

PERRINE, FLORIDA—FBI agents have seized over a ton of high explosives here and arrested a man who they claim intended to use them for bombing South American whaling ships. James Rose, 30, had scored the ordnance—3,000 coiled feet of lead-sheathed plastique, 30 pounds of white gunpowder, 150 blasting caps and two packed pipe bombs—in Ohio and drove it south in a rent-a-truck. He had planned, feds say, to mail it to a South American whaling port and fly there.

However, a week before the bust, Rose reportedly got a tip that he was under surveillance, dumped the plastique in a 12-foot-deep canal and stashed the gunpowder in a cane grove. The FBI, working with New Jersey cops, collected it all after Rose's bust.

A resident of New Jersey until last year, Rose is supposedly involved with one or more conservationist outfits concerned about whale hunting. It is believed he was working alone: "We are not investigating any conservation group at this time," claims FBI agent Jim Freeman.

Defoliation Threatens Pacific Northwest

Large timber-exploiting corporations in Eureka, California, and elsewhere in the Pacific Northwest have lately taken to defoliating "weed trees" with a vengeance. As defined by the companies, a "weed tree" is any broadleafed floral species that is less commercially profitable, in terms of paper and construction material, than pines, firs or redwoods. On state and private property, then, the selective spraying of competitor trees with deadly 2,4,5-T has increased markedly over the last few years, despite mounting alarm among local residents and economic hardship for many of them.

Indians on the Hupa Reservation near Eureka have termed the broad-leaf extermination program "cultural genocide." The beautiful Pacific tan oak has been virtually exterminated by spraying in the regional forests, depriving the Indians of acorns, a staple of the Yurok, Karok and Hupa

diets. Many varieties of fern, grass and root, traditionally employed in Indian basket weaving, are also near extinction, eliminating a vital source of money for the impoverished Indian community. "You kill the plant growth, you kill our culture," says Yurok spokesman Arthur Jones.

Yet the timber companies have continually expanded the 2,4,5-T spraying, in the face of broadly felt local concern that the herbicide—a known carcinogen and cause of birth defects—is contaminating much of the water supply. Recently a group of Eureka townsfolk stopped a tractor-trailer that was drawing a helicopter through town, on suspicion that it was to be used in spraying the forests upstream.

The federal Environmental Protection Administration is currently debating whether to ban all 2,4,5-T spraying as a threat to public health.

Miracle Tortilla Draws Thousands



PINTO GORDO, NEW MEXICO—Eight thousand people to date have viewed the face of Jesus Christ that Maria Rubio is convinced she miraculously burned onto a tortilla at her home here while cooking burritos for her husband Eduardo. The tortilla, which Rubio keeps in a glass case, is said to bear a truly astonishing likeness to the image of Jesus supposedly preserved on the Shroud of Turin. "I do not know why this has happened to me," testifies Rubio, "but God has come into my life through this tortilla."

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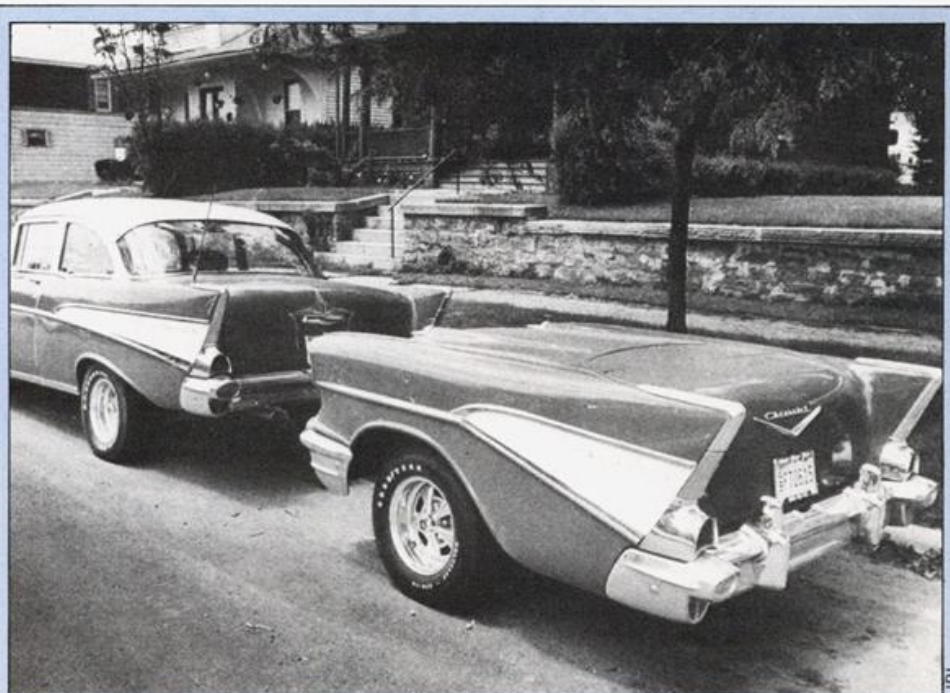
A lawyer in Oregon has filed a class-action suit asking that state prisoners be given the right to vote, and he has some support from prison officials.

Steve Chochrek's suit, filed in Salem, where he is serving robbery time in the state penitentiary, says it is unconstitutional for prisoners to be denied voting rights.

Chochrek says voting as a block could change things for the nation's 285,000 inmates. He says government would then hear them as a block and "would have to listen to the rights of prisoners. They couldn't shut us off so easily."

Chochrek wrote to 31 judges, and 12 of the 13 who replied supported prisoner voting. He also has support from the state corrections division, whose officials favor prisoners voting by absentee ballots in their home counties so that they don't unduly influence elections held near the state prison.

Executive assistant O.R. Chambers says, "These people are citizens; how can you get a guy to be a good citizen unless you give him the right to try?"



In an attempt to restore the population of the endangered 1957-model Chevrolet to its original abundance on the Great Plains, midwestern automobile buffs have striven to entice the cars to mate in captivity. The results, while faulty in many cases—such as this slightly deformed "two-wheel" hybrid, spawned by Tom Shullaw of Burlington, Iowa—are viewed with "cautious optimism" by Chevy protectionists.

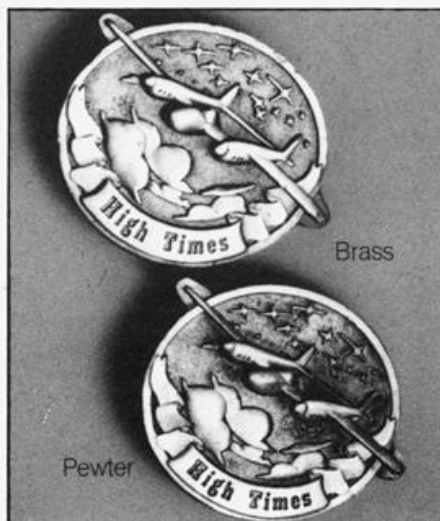


UNCLE SAM'S BEEF HOUSE—This Washington, D.C., topless bar, located one block north of the FBI building and frequented by agents, is owned by the U.S. government. According to the U.S. Justice Department, one of the cafe's previous owners, a Transportation Department employee, bought into the Lone Star with stolen government funds. The feds seized control of the embezzler's share, and soon the other partner relinquished his interests in the bar, leaving the beef house federal property.

Bee Crossings Sought

A group of farmers in Walla Walla, Washington, have asked the county commissioners to post "Bee Crossing" signs. The farmers say that auto traffic is "fatal" to low-flying alkali bees, which move in established flight patterns and are choosy about the alfalfa fields they do their pollinating in.

The farmers want the bee crossings to limit traffic speed to 20 miles per hour, claiming the loss of a single bee on the windshield of a passing car costs alfalfa farmers about \$1.



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Starving Colombians Get Color Television

BOGOTA, COLOMBIA—Colombia's electronics industry, the most technologically advanced on the South American continent, is tentatively gearing up to produce color television sets for this country's smuggler-rich elite. The government-backed electronics company here, Industria Colombiana de Electrodomesticos, is already producing color screens and tubes in the face of a heated public debate over whether investments in luxuries like color TVs are proper, in view of the backwardness of most of the country.

To compound the controversy, President Turbay's government has proposed to the other four nations in the Andean Pact—Venezuela, Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia—that the cost of developing color-TV facilities might be shared among the Pact countries. But the proposal has not been happily accepted by the other countries, who aren't enjoying Colombia's annual \$4 billion in smuggler imports.



Colombian president Turbay Ayala.

Next Colombian President Walks Out of Jail

BOGOTA, COLOMBIA—Representative Alberto Santofimio Botero, an influential Liberal Party politician, has been released from his luxury VIP cell in Bogota's 11th District police station. Santofimio Botero was jailed during the administration of President Lopez Michelsen for approving fat gov-

ernment "technical services" payments to some highly suspicious people, including an illiterate, at least one minor and a nationally renowned football player. His jailing only made Santofimio more popular with voters in his district of Tolimo, however, where he has traditionally stumped for Liberal Party leader Julio Cesar Turbay Ayala. As Santofimio predicted, he received even more Tolimo votes in jail than he would have gotten on

Turbay to Finish Pan-American Hwy.

BOGOTA, COLOMBIA—A few hundred miles of swamp and jungle near the Panama-Colombia border comprise the only remaining gap in the Pan-American Highway, which would otherwise stretch unbroken from Alaska to Tierra del Fuego. The undeveloped gap is mainly the result of mutual political resentments between Panama and Colombia dating from even before 1914, when with U.S. assistance Panama declared unilateral independence from Colombia.

Now Colombia's president, Julio Cesar Turbay Ayala, has told the Colombo-Americana Chamber of Commerce here that he intends the road to be finished "on completion of my mandate in 1982." Turbay pointed out that the terrain to be developed is extremely wild and isolated and called for the USA to chip in funds for the project "based not on free aid, but on an interchange of commerce conducted in a mutually beneficial manner."

the campaign trail.

Shortly after the national elections—which saw Turbay Ayala elected president—Santofimio gained a "temporary stay" of his conviction and was released on \$250 bond. The lifelong Turbay backer received a hero's welcome in his hometown of Ibague and has pledged to run for president in 1982.

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Costa Rica Crackdown on Fugitives Continues



Robert L. Vesco—an "undesirable."

With the arrest and deportation of Robert Heller, charged by U.S. police with running a Miami-

based crime organization, President Rodrigo Carazo made it clear that his campaign to end Costa Rica's status as an outlaws' paradise meant business.

Earlier, Carazo had told fugitive financier Robert Vesco that he was no longer welcome in Costa Rica. Today, Vesco is in the Bahamas, a homeless man. Meanwhile, Carazo's campaigning has focused on 20 individuals whom Carazo feels must be driven out to "reestablish Costa Rica's traditional reputation as a serious, law-abiding country... To do that, we have to get rid of these fugitives from justice."

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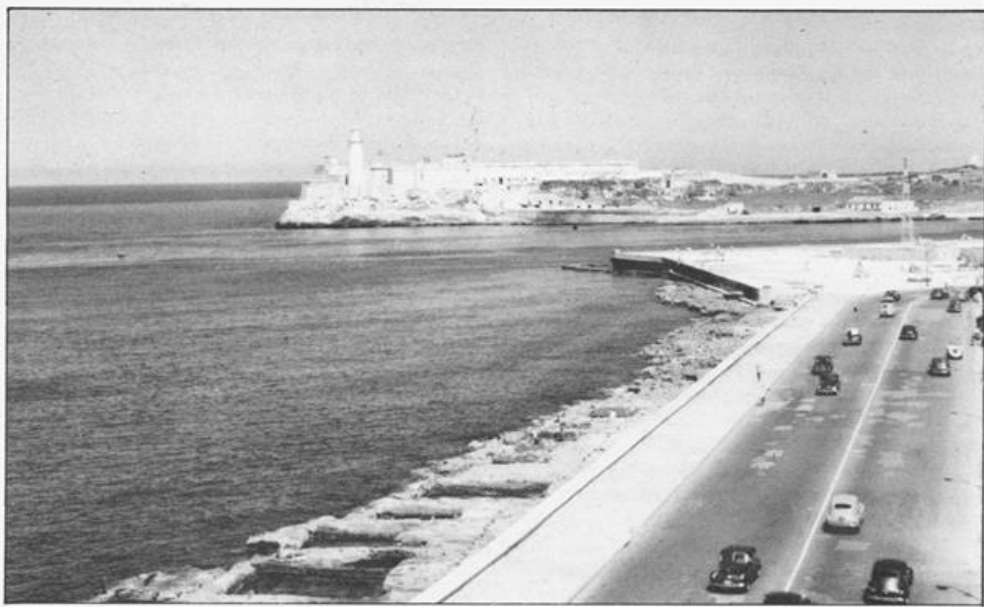
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Reds Turn Castle into Pirate Museum

EL MORRO FORTRESS, SANTIAGO, CUBA—Total restoration of this seventeenth-century Spanish castle overlooking Santiago de Cuba Bay was recently completed, and it has been turned by the Castro government into a Museum of Buccaneering. In the heyday of Caribbean piracy, the castle was used as a seagoing base by such immortal figures as Henry "Blackbeard" Morgan, Jacques de Suras and Cornelius "Peg Leg" Jolls. Later on it figured as a notorious Spanish colonial prison where Cuban freedom fighters were routinely jailed, tortured and executed.

Thanks to the "indolence and deceit" of pre-Revolutionary capitalist governments, says the Havana Party newspaper, the castle deteriorated into virtual ruin. Work has been proceeding on it since 1960, though; embrasures and crenellations have been restored, wells redug, floors renovated with new timber, and cannon and armor replaced with period replicas.

Why a museum of piracy in a Communist state? "In order to reflect," says a Party theoretician, "from a Marxist point of view and in general terms, the close relationship between incipient European capitalism and the origin and acts of piracy and its manifestations from the sixteenth century to the present."



El Morro Castle, haunt of buccaneers and Batista torturers before the Cuban Revolution, has been restored by the Castro government to illustrate the piratical roots of modern laissez-faire capitalism.

Shostal

Statehood Issue Heats Up Puerto Rico

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO—Puerto Rican statehood is emerging as the central political issue here as the 1978 presidential elections draw closer. The politically liberal Popular Democratic party, which currently controls the legislature and the presidency in San Juan, has consistently opposed incorporation into the USA as the 51st state. President Rafael Hernandez Colon, 41, has repeatedly called on Washington to lend Puerto Ricans a "new pride and dignity" by extending

their autonomy as a U.S. commonwealth.

The opposition New Progressive party, which supports the notion of statehood, plans to hold a national plebiscite on the question in 1982, if their candidate is elected. The New Progressives are extensively backed by U.S. Republican party figures, even though one of their front-runners is named Franklin Delano Lopez.

If the conservative New Progressives win in November, then the Cuban-sponsored proposal

currently before the United Nations Commission on Colonization—to have Puerto Rico formally declared a colony of the U.S.—is considered certain to pass.

Predict Mex Oil Boom Will Stop "Alien" Flood

BAJA CALIFORNIA, MEXICO—The newly discovered Mexican oil reserves, now believed to be greater than those of Iran and Kuwait, may very shortly clean up the USA's "illegal alien" problem, according to the State Department. Lobbying Congress in support of President Carter's program to

grant amnesty to long-term "alien" residents in the U.S., the Department pointed out that the problem mainly springs from Mexico's "staggering 50 percent unemployment rate." Once the Baja oil fields go into production it's anticipated that "aliens" will be delighted to return home.

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Reds Disrupt Poland's "Underground Universities"

KRAKOW, POLAND—The Communist Party is launching a new crackdown on what they term "reactionary" trends in Poland—beginning with the semisecret "Self-Education" program of historical lectures delivered by accredited professors in private apartments around the country.

The outright elimination of Poland's "floating universities," though, is a very touchy political issue, both nationally and internationally. One of the program's most prominent and outspoken supporters is Dr. Jan Kielanowski, 68, a world-renowned biologist who pioneered critical research in the area of protein metabolism. Under the aegis of Dr. Kielanowski and economist Edward Lipinski, the Self-Education program—though originally devised and promulgated by young dissident student intellectuals—serves to instruct Polish youth in their true history and traditions, subjects that are carefully censored in state-run schools.

Although such political history classes aren't technically illegal in Poland, police have repeatedly busted all 70 Polish professors and writers who deliver the underground lectures on trumped-up charges. Students have been terrorized by police to discourage them from attending Self-Education lectures, classes have been repeatedly raided, and people providing apartment classrooms have been routinely busted for housing violations. Only its broad support among Polish intellectuals and the Catholic church has kept the Self-Education movement from being

eliminated entirely by the Polish Communist Party.

Lecturers in the program belong to the Society for Academic Courses, a coalition of professional educators and dissident intellectuals. Dr. Kielanowski himself was nailed in 1976 at Warsaw International Airport attempting to smuggle out of the country a true written account of that summer's violent food-price riots; his passport was lifted, and he can no longer attend international science conferences. Today he works mainly with "these young people" to educate

middle-class Polish students about facets of their history and roots that are never taught in official party-run schools. "It is important to tell them to look for the truth," says Dr. Kielanowski, "and that what they are taught, even if it is true, is not the whole truth, usually just a chosen part of it."

One subject never mentioned in Red schools is the previous history of underground education in Poland. During extended periods of occupation under the Russian czars, and under Germany during WWII, "floating universities" kept Polish traditions alive under much harsher oppression.

Celebrated Shroud Gets Public Showing

TURIN, ITALY—To celebrate the 400th anniversary of its arrival here, this city is publicly exhibiting the celebrated Shroud of Turin, a 14-by-3-foot swatch of herringbone linen purported to be Jesus' burial cloth. Long considered by most authorities to be a fraud, the Shroud has more recently been shown to be perplexingly "authentic" by modern scientific analyses.

That a real human male, approximately six feet tall, was originally wrapped in the Shroud is beyond dispute, thanks to chromatographic analysis of the blood and sweat stains which form the distinctive pattern in the Shroud's fabric. Furthermore, the individual wrapped in it had clearly been nailed through the wrists and feet, severely flagellated about the back, scarified around the forehead and temples with thorns, and pierced by

a spear in the left side—all tortures described in the Gospels as having been inflicted on Jesus before his apparent death.

According to novelist and Biblical expert An-



Is this Jesus or just a pretender?

thony Burgess, the extreme trauma of these tortures would have caused the body to exude uremic acids, which would have etched this image onto the linen. Furthermore, he says, the aloe leaves with which bodies at the period were commonly interred would have fixed the image permanently into the winding sheet—but only if the body was removed from it within 36 hours after its interment.

Burgess goes on to speculate that Jesus may have in fact survived the crucifixion, although undoubtedly with grave brain damage. Other commentators, though, point out that *after* Jesus' well-publicized execution, innumerable "bush prophets" in Palestine strenuously sought to emulate his career, even to the point of inviting crucifixion, and that the person wrapped in the Shroud of Turin may very well have been one of these Jesus imitators.

God Helps Cons Split

GÖTEBORG, SWEDEN—Convicts at Harlanda Prison here were scheduled to play a game of football with local Lutheran clergymen, but just before the opening whistle seven of them jumped the churchyard fence and took off through the cemetery. Three were immediately nailed by cops, but four commandeered a Volvo and got away.

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Terrorists Mount Bomb Attacks on N-Plants

ALGECIRAS, SPAIN—Basque-nationalist terrorists infiltrated and bombed a massive new nuclear facility here last year in one of the mounting series of terrorist attacks on N-plants all over Europe. Only the fact that the radioactive reactor fuel hadn't yet been installed prevented a massive disaster, authorities say. In the last two years eight terrorist bombings have occurred in France alone, where plant security is tightest.

In the United States, where 58 such plants already exist (with nearly 300 more projected by 1999), Rand Corporation think-tankers are suggesting that security guards with shoot-to-kill privileges ought to be posted at all civil nuclear facilities. Security precautions over navy and air-force reactors are unknown, though Outside magazine reports that "dozens" of small SNAP reactors (like the one the CIA stupidly lost atop Nanda Devi in the Himalayas in 1964) exist in undisclosed locations around the world. These reactors are fueled by deadly plutonium 238, which has a 500-year lifespan. Experience has



Brookhaven Laboratory

Take your pick: would you rather have your local N-plant blown up by Basque, Arab, Croatian, Irish, Puerto Rican or Japanese Red Army terrorists?

shown already that the casings for these devices aren't nearly as durable as the poison within them: a SNAP reactor sitting on an offshore drilling rig in the Gulf of Mexico was found to be leaking

after less than two years' exposure to salt water.

The Rand theorists gratefully note that so far America has enjoyed "relative tranquility" with its nuke industries.

Holy Typhus Imported from India to England

LONDON, ENGLAND—London Hindus recently imported a quantity of "holy water" from a river in India that was later identified as the source of a lethal typhoid epidemic in that country.

To observe their annual ten-day festival of purification, members of the Shree Vallabh Nithi sect imported 400 copper pots of water from the River Jumna, a tributary of the Ganges, one of the world's most pestilent rivers. The holy water had already passed through Heathrow Airport and been distributed among the sect's 70,000 London

adherents when New Delhi health authorities determined that Jumna water had been responsible for a recent typhoid outbreak there. The Jumna is so thoroughly polluted by sewage and industrial waste, they added, that it can no longer be used even for garden irrigation.

In London, Vallabh Nithi guru Ramanbhai Patel told anxious Environmental Health author-

ities: "The water is not for drinking, it is for prayer. It cost about £1,500 to fly the water over. You must understand that we only want the water for religious purposes. There is enough water in England to drink already."

Health authorities pointed out, however, that typhus can be acquired if contaminated water enters cuts or open sores.

France Acts to End Auto Slaughter

RHEIMS, FRANCE—A new French law has been passed ordaining that all drivers stopped by police, for any reason whatsoever, must submit to breath-analysis tests for alcohol. Anyone found to be inebriated will be required to wait by the roadside until he or she sobers up. Authorities claim that drunk drivers are currently responsible for one death in France every 40 minutes.



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Brit Lover Shot as Rabbit

Englishman J. Hammerton, who was mistaken for a rabbit and shot while making love in a field, has just lost his claim for compensation for the loss of his eye.

Rafaelo Darienzo testified he'd been out shooting rabbits on his employer's farm some years ago and had bagged two when he lost sight of a third in tall grass. Seeing a movement in the grass, he thought it was the missing rabbit and discharged his shotgun. The judge was convinced that the hunter genuinely believed he had seen a rabbit and refused Hammerton compensation for the loss of his eye. Hammerton, deeply angered, vowed revenge on Darienzo.

Beirut's Good Life Rises Amid the Rubble

by T.D. Allman
Pacific News Service

BEIRUT, LEBANON—The bar of the St. George Hotel, once a national institution of a far greater influence than the Lebanese Army, remains, like the rest of the hotel, a charred, empty shell.

Diagonally across the street, where air-conditioned elevators once wafted visiting sheiks to penthouse suites with the best view in the Arab world, the Holiday Inn remains a twisted skeleton of metal, broken glass and charred concrete.

The taxi driver on this side of the "green line" dividing Christian Beirut from Moslem Beirut, like the taxi driver on the other side, carries a .45 revolver under his seat. Even the car is the same—a tattered, black Mercedes-Benz. The difference is that on the other side the decals on the windshield are of Catholic saints and a crucifix dangles from the rear-view mirror. Here one has a picture of the Kaaba in Mecca and of the Moslem Dome of the Rock in Israeli-occupied Jerusalem.

Up the hill are the ruins of the financial district that once was to petrodollars what Wall Street is to the world. Today no one, not even the looters, bothers to go there. The place, long ago picked clean, now is the preserve of packs of prowling cats and a few patrolling Sudanese who are members of the Arab deterrent force.

Even though the latest fighting has died down, one goes nowhere on foot in Beirut late at night, because Lebanese on both sides of the line no longer limit themselves to killing for politics. A watch, a passport, or being stopped with too much money, or not enough money, in one's wallet will suffice. The rising street crime in fact has created privations unknown even during the civil war.

One nonetheless still finds signs that some values in Lebanese life can survive anything. While the St. George and the Holiday Inn are in ruins, the yacht club located in an arm of the Mediterranean between them has come to life again. Once again here, as in the old days, the bikiniéd *jeunesse dorée* of chic Beirut while away the afternoon, flirting among themselves in French. "I hear one may be able to take tennis lessons again soon," a Moslem girl named Dominique replied when asked how the postwar reconstruction was going.

During the civil war, the markets of Beirut never ran out of three basic commodities besides



Beirut's Holiday Inn, the final in-city bunker of the Christian Phalangists, burns during a 1975 "cease fire" in civil war. While the once luxurious St. George Hotel remains gutted, its swimming pool has reopened.

guns and bullets. These were Scotch whisky, American filter-tip cigarettes and pornographic movies from everywhere.

Today, in spite of the recent fighting, conditions are much improved. Good champagne is available again at reasonable prices, and one no longer has to make do with the local mushrooms. The shops are filled with those lush, overripe giant strawberries that were so missed during the civil war. And one can get good lean pork, even on the Moslem side.

According to at least one definition of the term, the good life is better than ever. Because the tourists are gone, it is much easier to get a good table at the best restaurants. Because customers are fewer, the waiters are even more assiduous than before. And the Lebanese government—eager to do what it can to facilitate the mission of the U.N. forces—has resumed issuing special visas for what officially are termed "cabaret artistes."

As for the U.N. troops, they also have made life better. Fine smoked herring has become plentiful since the arrival of the Norwegians; the Nepalese have elicited a certain interest even among local connoisseurs in Himalayan art treasures. Lebanese tailors are learning to make sarongs for the benefit of the Fijians.



Perched atop a burned-out building there is another sign, this one literally, of the continuity of Lebanese life. It is an immense advertisement, brand new and the size of several billboards combined, for Diners Club International. It gazes out over the ruins, emblem of permanence among a people who, in war and peace alike, never cease to treat their country like a credit card.

India's Caste System Blamed for 78 Deaths

NEW DELHI—The Hindustan Times has blamed the caste system for the death of 78 persons. The incident occurred when a bus carrying 86 passengers got trapped in floodwaters about 100 miles southwest of Delhi.

A tea-stall operator tried to come to the rescue by tying a rope around a truck standing on higher ground and then attaching it to the stranded bus. He then asked the passengers to haul themselves along the rope to safety. But some high-caste persons refused to share the same rope with those of lower castes. The floodwaters rose and the bus was swept away, along with 78 persons.

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Japan Starts "Sleeper" Flights

TOKYO, JAPAN—Since Japan is so far away from most other industrialized countries, its business people have often suffered chronic fatigue and jet lag from regular 17-hour transpolar flights. Japan Air Lines is instituting a "sleeper" service on most of its flights, with beds available to passengers—at \$175 extra.

DEA Probes Japanese Mob

TOKYO, JAPAN—Cops from the National Police Agency met for three days with U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration agents here last year to exchange information about a Japanese crime syndicate that's supposedly spreading across the Pacific into the States. The DEA called the conference after a Honolulu Advertiser article claimed that Japanese hoods were infiltrating Hawaii and the West Coast with guns, whores, dope and porno.

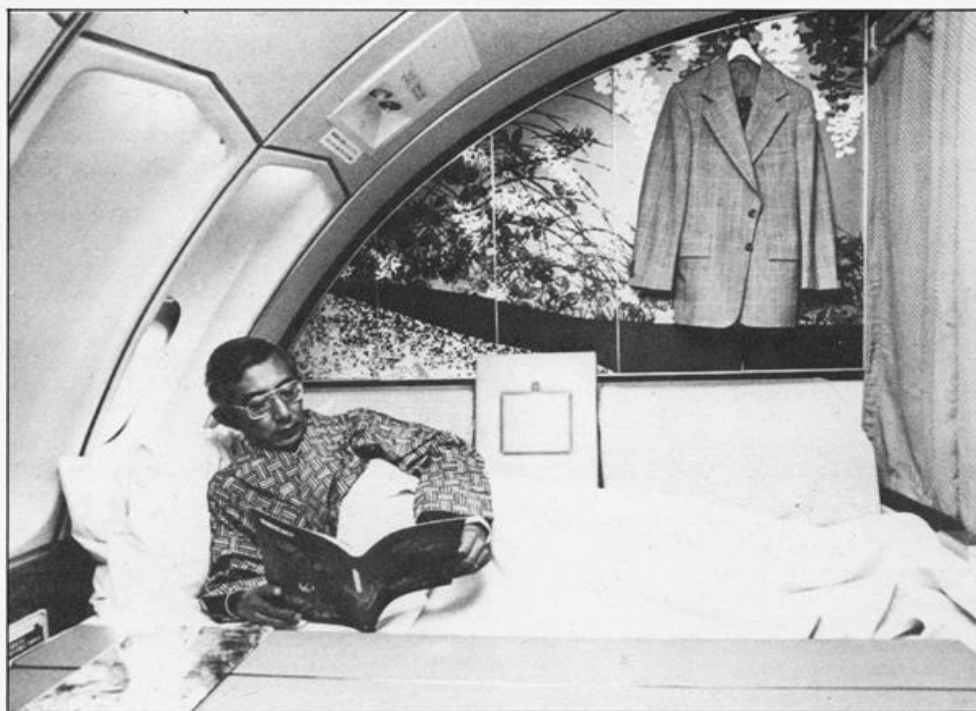


Photo Courtesy Japan Airlines

For that long Tokyo-to-Bahrain hop: you'd hardly know you were high.

Horny Clients Assault Druggist

EZERUM, TURKEY—Local folk pharmacist Ismet Okyar was doing a booming business in "powdered rhinoceros horn" love potions until a neighbor happened to spy him grinding up bricks and bottling the powder in solution. Five enraged aphrodisiac consumers descended on Ismet's home, stripped him, tied him to a tree and beat him up, and then they made him guzzle his whole stock of rhino horn. All five were charged with assault.

Tribe Extinction Caused by Natural Contraceptive

One of the world's most primitive tribes is literally eating its way to extinction.

The tribe, called the Onges, lives on a tiny island in the Arabian Sea. At the turn of the century they numbered about 700. Today there are less than 160, and scientists fear those won't survive beyond the next generation.

To find out why the Onges are dying out, a team of researchers from India decided to chemically analyze a tuber, which looks and tastes like a potato and is eaten in great quantities by the tribe. The scientists discovered that the root contains many of the same chemicals that go into the manufacture of birth control pills.

Another reason why the Onges are dying out is their rather harsh attitude toward unattached women. They consider it a sin to be a widow and promptly drown all women at sea when their husbands die.

Cheek to Cheek Comes to China

PEKING, CHINA—The "Gang of Four" had hardly been officially disgraced for a year before short skirts came into style in the trendier neighborhoods here. Now liberalization continues with the unopposed resumption of cheek-to-cheek dancing at private parties, even with top Party members present. Of course rock music is still officially banned, but bootleg albums are selling

briskly on the black market, and kids everywhere are playing their own music on homemade acoustic instruments and traditional drums.

There are no rumors yet that the traditional Chinese dope trade might be reestablished, but Western diplomats here—known to be trendsetters for all Capitol fashions—are becoming increasingly casual about their use of grass.



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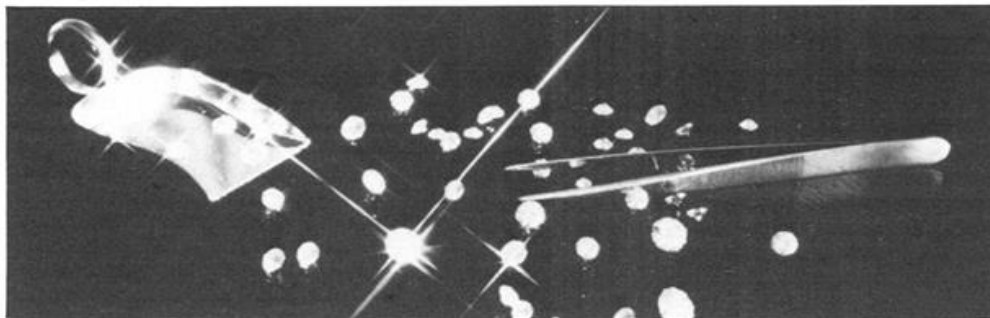
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Acres of Diamonds Discovered



PRETORIA, SOUTH AFRICA—Digging beneath the long-abandoned Premiere diamond mine, De Beers Consolidated Mines geologists have discovered an enormous new block of kimberlite rock, estimated to yield at least 72 carats of diamonds per 100 tons of kimberlite. The new bed contains an estimated 114 million tons of kimberlite, for a prospective diamond harvest that might be measured in billions of dollars.

However, since De Beers maintains the extravagant price of diamonds by releasing only 12 new carats of diamonds into the world market each year, production on the new mine won't start till 1980—and then will proceed very slowly. The old Premiere mine yielded such exuberant stones as the Prince Cullinan, the Premiere Rose and the Niarchos.



De Beers miners, mainly Mozambiquans with no possible fence contacts in South Africa, are strip-searched daily after work; in this way, diamond production is strictly controlled.



Photos by Harry Redi / Black Star

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Idi Amin Has "Good Hope" for V.D.



Idi "V.D." Amin

ENTEBBE, UGANDA—Ever since personally putting his minister of health into an automobile that subsequently smashed into a brick wall and exploded, President Field Marshal Idi Amin has been running the Ugandan Health Ministry by himself. One of his first policy decisions has been

to change the official Ugandan name for venereal disease to "good hope," in order to spare embarrassment for persons who contract it. "From now on," the president explains, "a person suffering from venereal disease has only to tell the doctor that he has good hope, and he will be treated."

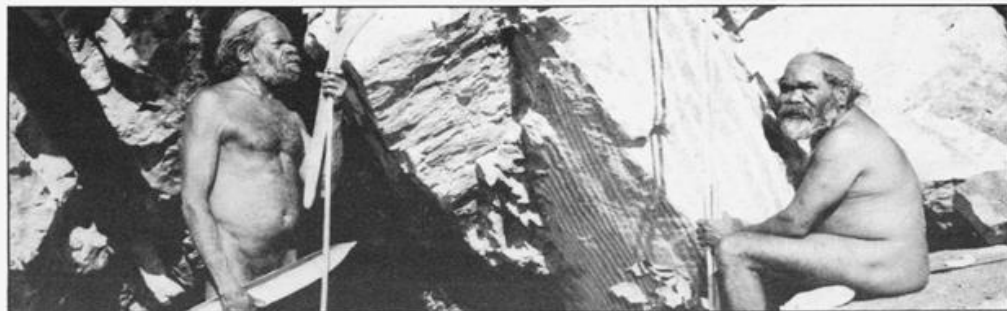
Apartheid Stalls "Saturday Night" Bash

CAPETOWN, SOUTH AFRICA—South African movie producers spent weeks ballyhooing a big disco party here for the opening of *Saturday Night Fever*, but the bash fell through at the last minute. The American-based production companies

CIC-Warner Brothers and Truetone Records asked the Pretoria government for permission to throw an integrated party, but it was denied. The Cape Independent Association, an anti-apartheid group, is calling for a boycott of the movie.

Australia

Aborigines Face Extinction by Aluminum Exploiters



To Australia's bush aborigines, the desolate outback desert is a living entity that sustains and nurtures them; but to the governor of Queensland, it's a potential bundle in mining leases.

QUEENSLAND, AUSTRALIA—The ultraconservative governor of Queensland Province has allied with a consortium of American, French and Dutch mining companies to illegally dispossess the native aborigines of a desolate northern section of this Australian territory. This inland-province area is so barren and desiccated that it can barely support the 750 aborigines who live there, each of whom must walk an average of 30 miles per day to gather enough water and food for minimal sustenance. Yet the land is rich in bauxite, the basic alloy of aluminum, so rich that two years ago Queensland's governor John Bjelke-Petersen "leased" the abos' land to several foreign mining companies, at a lucrative profit.

This was done despite the federal Anti-Discrimination Act, passed by the Canberra Parliament in 1975 to protect the continued existence of the continent's few remaining "bush" aborigines. Hard as their Paleolithic conditions are for them,

history has shown that very few bush abos survive the traumatic transition to "civilized" social conditions. If mine installations, refineries and slag heaps are permitted to disrupt the Queensland ecology though, the abos will necessarily be forced into the Brisbane and Darwin slums, where most will undoubtedly die out of sheer culture shock.

The Australian Aboriginal Protection Society, with the support of Prime Minister Malcolm Fraser, has successfully contested governor Bjelke-Petersen's foreign "leasings" all the way through the Australian Supreme Court in Canberra. With the support of the aluminum-producing multinationals however, Bjelke-Petersen has carried the case to the Queen's Privy Council in London, the supreme Commonwealth legal authority—where it is feared that the rising price of bauxite on the international market may overshadow the necessities of 750 bush aborigines.

Antarctica

Seeds of Life Found in Frozen Meteor

The recent microscopic examination of a meteorite gathered from an Antarctic ice shelf revealed that it is heavily laden with prebiological substances, including amino acids, the building blocks of life. The meteor is thus the first extraterrestrial containing the precursors of life to be found on Earth.

Described as a "type 2 carbonaceous chondrite,"

the meteor was gathered several months ago from Antarctic ice off McMurdo Sound. The discovery lends credence to the theory that life on Earth may have grown from "seeds" arriving on the planet from space. Scientists classify the rock as a "rare" type, and it was the only one found in the total of 300 meteors that researchers removed for examination.

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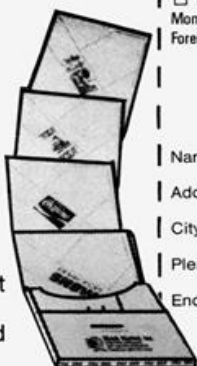
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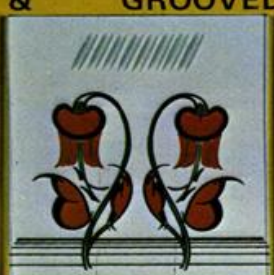
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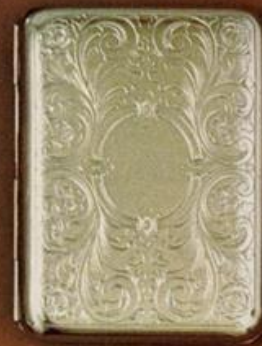
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Pot Offers Allergy Relief

North Carolina Army Corps sergeant David Strider has petitioned the State Drug Abuse Commission to allow him legal access to marijuana on the grounds that it is the only drug that relieves all of the 81 allergies with which he is afflicted. When Sgt. Strider begins to tear or sniffle, which happens very frequently, he will immediately "nose it with a power hitter," he says, and the symptoms are quelled.

Since grass clearly has the property of altering the levels of interneural-transmitter hormones in the brain, and since one of these hormones is histamine, it is altogether possible that grass would, in fact, have an antihistamine effect; and the use of a power hitter would get a sufficient charge of the cannabis into his bloodstream more expeditiously than anything short of intravenous hypodermic injection. The Drug Abuse Commission has taken Sgt. Strider's petition under serious consideration.

Natural Sleep Factor Sought

Dr. John Pappenheimer of the Harvard Medical School is chemically processing 3,000 dead rabbit brains to isolate "Factor S," a chemical used to induce natural sleep. Unlike the artificial downs currently employed by one out of every eight Americans, Pappenheimer's Factor S is an elusive substance that builds up in the brain as one gets tired during the day, eventually acting on the central nervous system to signal lights out. The 3,000 rabbits were slaughtered when they were totally exhausted, when presumably the chemical was in abundance.

Laser Beats Fluoride at Protecting Teeth

A 21-year-old ceramics engineer at the University of Utah, Ligya Stewart, is developing a miniature-laser technique for coating teeth with an antidecay preparation that will provide permanent protection against tooth decay. Working with a carbon-dioxide laser it is possible to spot-coat the pit and fissure areas of molars,

where food particles are commonly trapped, with a fine white powder called hydroxapatite, which will keep the decaying food from eroding the tooth enamel. Operating under a grant from the National Institute of Dental Research, Stewart reports, "Our work has progressed to the point where its feasibility can no longer be doubted."

Lamaze Births Found Safer

In a survey of 1,000 births in the delivery room at Evanston Hospital in Illinois, Dr. Michael Hughey has determined that the Lamaze pregnancy-training program has real and significant value in facilitating easy, safe childbirth. In Lamaze, the mother-to-be practices breathing and contraction exercises for months before delivery, coached by her husband; the father is commonly present in the delivery room throughout labor and nativity, and the infant is immediately immersed in warm water upon birth. A minimum of drugs is involved throughout term and delivery.

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Paranoia, Schizophrenia Not Always Linked

Contrary to widespread assumption, paranoia and schizophrenia are not necessarily linked in every case of psychosis where either appears. Even among psychiatrists, says Dr. Robert Freedman of the University of Chicago Medical Center, the term "paranoid schizophrenic" is often



Misconceptions abound about schizophrenia.

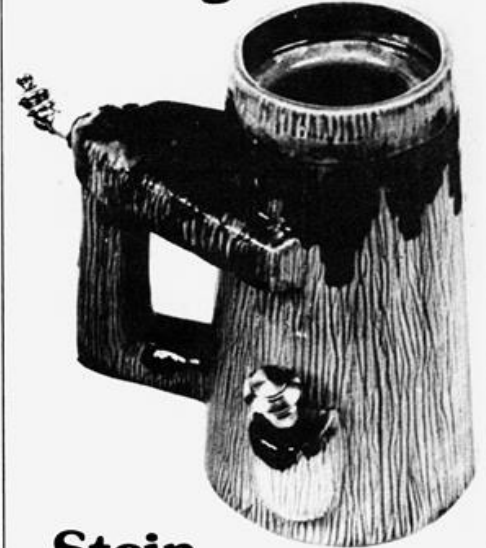
regarded as a single condition, thus "misdiagnosis of patients is common."

Of 105 paranoid patients studied by Dr. Freedman and Dr. Paul Schwab, only 32 turned out to be schizophrenic. "True, many schizophrenics are paranoid," says Dr. Freedman. "In our series, a lot of paranoid patients were actually suffering from depression. Many could be successfully treated by lithium or antidepressants. In some cases of paranoia drugs are indicated, in some they are not." ■

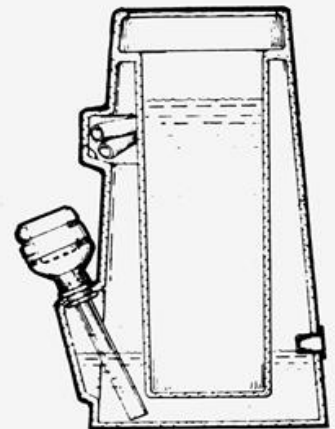


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Two Coke Mules Win 10-Year Sentence Reduction

Two young American women busted for coke-running in Puerto Rico and sentenced to ten years apiece have been ruled victims of "cruel and unusual punishment" in the U.S. Court of Appeals for the First Circuit in Boston, Massachusetts.

Custom narcs at San Juan International Airport had instigated strip searches of the two, aged 21 and 23, after noting "suspicious" anxiety manifested by one of the women. They were subsequently sentenced to ten years in jail even though both had clean records and cooperated extensively with the police. The initial judge claimed that stiff jail terms for "mules" would discourage them in the future and force big coke dealers to take their own dope through Customs.

The Appeals Court did not comment on this judge's logic but granted that ten years in jail was simply too long for carrying a few ounces of coke and was a violation of the women's Eighth Amendment rights. Resentencing is pending.

Random Pot Dog Searches Invalid

The U.S. Court of Military Appeals has reversed the grass-possession conviction of a young soldier in Twenty-Nine Palms, California, on the grounds of improper search. The defendant, a marine NCO,



Cops need "probable cause" to call in the dogs.

was stopped at the main gate to Twenty-Nine Palms Army Base by the sergeant on guard duty, who was testing out his new pot-sniffing dog by conducting random searches of incoming vehicles. As the defendant climbed out of the car to submit to a body frisk, two bags of grass dropped out from under his foot and were nailed by the dog.

In reversing the subsequent dope conviction, Chief Judge Fletcher affirmed that

the routine random search of vehicles entering army bases is a necessary security precaution, but in the case of marijuana busts real probable cause is required to initiate a search.

Murderers Favor Death Penalty

Capital punishment encourages murders, according to a statistical survey of 42 states by Cleveland State University sociologist William C. Bailey. Psychiatrists have long suspected that the death sentence is a form of delayed, indirect suicide for certain disturbed personalities who are reluctant to kill themselves, but Bailey's work is the first verification of the idea. The contradiction was most apparent in 1968, when homicide rates in death penalty states were almost twice as high as in states without the ultimate sentence.

Oldest Dealer Beats Rap

All charges have been dropped against 90-year-old Henry Turner, believed to be the oldest person ever charged with pot possession (see *High Times*, "National Weed," September '77). Disclaiming his crimes as "more of a nuisance than anything else," Leesburg, Georgia, District Attorney Claude Morris cited Turner's "age and fragility" as the reason for his decision.

Turner was charged last May after allegedly giving a joint to a Georgia Bureau of Investigation agent. Though he denies dealing, Turner openly admits smoking about once every six months for his health. "I hold it for a few seconds, and it makes breathing easier," he claims. "If they arrest me for smoking, they might as well arrest people for taking aspirin," he said.

North Carolina Okays Mixed Drinks

For the first time in state history, North Carolina public taverns may soon be permitted to serve mixed drinks containing hard liquor. Previously, people had always to "brown-bag" their booze, bringing it with them to restaurants to drink after a meal. But now that both houses of the state legislature have formally approved the licensing of public taverns, counties may begin voting individual approval of licenses in local restaurants.

But brown bagging dies hard in North Carolina. Governor Jim Hunt is a confirmed teetotaler but lacked veto power over the bill; and the Reverend Coy Priddy, head of the Christian Action League of the Baptist State Convention, has pledged to head a grass-roots opposition in county referenda across the state. ☐



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Lynn Goldsmith

Rolling Stones: Some Girls

The recent Stones fever this past summer was in part fueled by the hysteria surrounding the band's catch-us-if-you-can concert tour, wherein an unusually flexible itinerary allowed the Stones to play nearly spontaneous dates in theaters and smaller arenas around the country. Not since 1966, when the Stones were singing dope-oriented songs like "Mother's Little Helper" and "Have You Seen Your Mother, Baby, Standing in the Shadows" to an audience of screaming teenagers, had they performed in these more intimate venues.

There was a deliberate lack of class in the new Mick Jagger. His marriage and new-found gentility both worn out, Jagger was out to be the raunchy, vulgar street punk he once was. He gets right down to the bone now. In "Some Girls," the title track of the Stones' latest album (Rolling Stones Records COC39108) and one of the only two new songs they don't perform live, he sings about some of the women he comes in contact with. "White girls, they're pretty funny, sometimes they drive me mad/Black girls just want to get fucked all night, but I don't have that much jam."

Though the single from the album, "Miss You," took off in both white and black communities, several black stations across the country banned the entire album from their playlists because of Jagger's adamant refusal to alter the above lyrics. Nevertheless, "Miss You" has become the biggest hit the Stones have had in years. The driving melody is punctuated by infectious harmonica riffs from



Lynn Goldsmith

Jagger was out to be the raunchy, vulgar street punk he once was. He gets right down to the bone now.

Sugar Blue, an American troubadour the Stones discovered playing for change in a Paris subway station, and by sax breaks by English session man Mel Collins.

Though most of the album is made up of driving, minimal-chord-change rock, there is also a parody of country gospel in "Faraway Eyes" and a stirring ballad, "Beast of Burden," where Jagger cries out, "You can put me out/On the street/Put me out/With no shoes on my feet/Just put me out, put me out, put me out of misery."

The music on this album is strong and clean. Though the music is intentionally simpler and more basic than on many other Stones albums, the production gives it a clean and uncluttered sound. Yet with that comes Jagger's defiant, almost militant singing—the rebel flair.

Mick Jagger has said that the larger places the Stones played, like the Louisiana Superdome and Anaheim Stadium, were done "to pay the roadies"; presumably the concerts at the smaller halls were money-losers. Others have joked that the

stadium shows were done in order to fill the kitty for Keith Richard's defense fund. For whatever reason, this tour presented a string of the best rock concerts this country has ever known.

—Charley Crespo

Bruce Springsteen: Darkness on the Edge of Town

Bruce Springsteen was hailed as the next big thing of the mid '70s because his songs matched the fed-up fuck-it-all attitude of the American adolescent better than any cultural artifact since James Dean in *Rebel Without a Cause*.

Three years later, on *Darkness on the Edge of Town* (Columbia JC35318), Springsteen's familiar characters are all still here—the Brando-emulating punks, the lost-in-the-flood heroes and the mixed-up, fiercely independent women—

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Brando-emulating punks, lost-in-the-flood heroes and fiercely independent women—all of Springsteen's heroes are here, but they've grown up.



Lynn Goldsmith

but they've all grown. It's hard enough being a rebellious, late-night teen, Springsteen seems to be saying, but it's even harder to be a young adult still searching for the promised land. "Badlands" finds him declaring, "Baby I want the heart, I want the soul, I want control right now." There is desperation in this album. Springsteen has said that the album is not so much about the shore, fast cars and "drinking beers in the soft summer rain" as much as it is concerned with the demise of a way of life.

The album's standouts are "Badlands"

(sounding a lot like "Born to Run"), "Adam Raised a Cain," a raw, gritty, rollicking rocker, and "Candy's Room," an eerie love song. Unfortunately, saxman Clarence Clemons doesn't get many opportunities to blow his horn on this album, but in his moments he really soars. Springsteen plays more guitar than he has in the past, and he picks some hot licks, particularly on "Adam Raised a Cain" and "Streets of Fire." Springsteen's vocals burn with determination—he's still a man obsessed with the heart of rock 'n' roll.

—Seth Flaggberg and Jay Saporita

Jacob Miller: Dread, Dread

OK, you're sort of into reggae. But when the sound gets drier, when Bunny Wailer or U-Roy or the Spear's Winston Rodney begin to get down, to really testify, do you feel as uncomfortable as a tourist walking through Trenchtown at 4 A.M.?

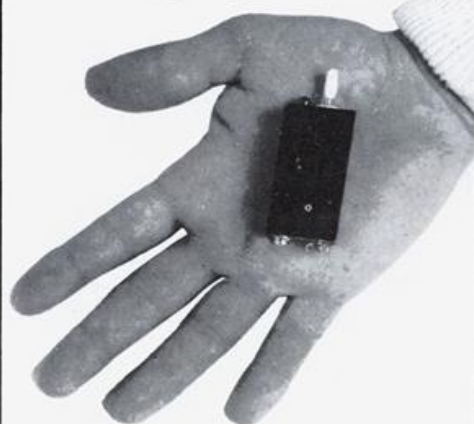
Is that what's troubling you, baldie? You say you really want to embrace reggae, that you instinctively commune with anybody who has long, matted hair, smokes the finest shit around and passes on the pork for some mangos, but you draw the line at Haile Selassie being King of the Jews?

Then cheer up, for Jacob Miller has arrived to take your ofay hand and lead you to the promised land where Garvey lies down with the lamb. The material on *Dread, Dread* (United Artists UA806-H), volume one of thirteen in the "Anthology

of Reggae" collector's series, his only album available here, is more accessible than your average roots disc. But even the covers of the American hits like "Why Can't We Be Friends?" and "(Sittin' on the) Dock of the Bay" are enhanced by Miller's remarkably rich voice and charismatic delivery. One of his own compositions, "Suzie Wong" ("Suzie Wong, she's a mystery, my first lover in history"), could have come from a James Bond movie for all its infectious ingenuousness. Not since the great Desmond Dekker—who has been regrettably missing in action these past few years—has anyone been able to bridge the gap between Peter Tosh and Tom Jones the way Miller does.

But don't think this is just MOR reggae. Miller's dread anthems are just as powerful and stirring as Marley or Tosh or the

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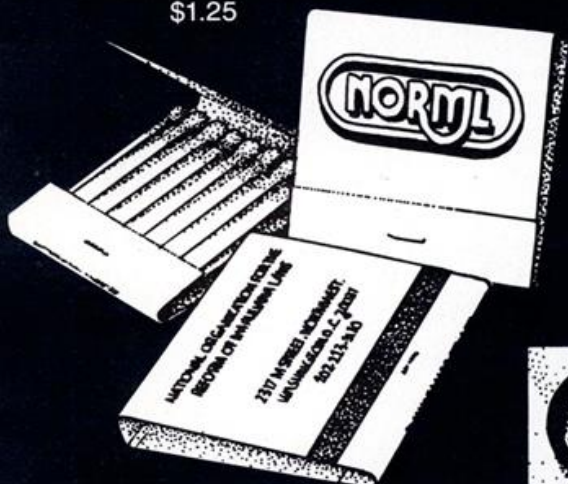
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—Jacob Miller



Spear at their best. His hit Jamaican single, "Tenement Yard" ("Dreadlock can't live inna tenement yard, too much watchy watchy watchy, too much soochy soochy sooch/Dreadlocks can't smoke their pipe in peace, too much informers and too much beast"), is a powerful sociocultural statement, and Miller's marionette-like delivery of it steals the show in the soon-to-be-released dread movie *Rockers*.

This album is divided between the root rockers like "Tired Fe Lick Weed in a Bush" and R&B-influenced numbers like "All Night Till Daylight," and it has the most variety of any reggae LP released here yet. You can have your spliff and smoke it too, and never have to leave Babylon at that.

—Larry Sloman

Iggy Pop: TV Eye

There was a time in the early '70s when you might have come across Iggy Pop wandering the streets of Los Angeles half-crazed and on the verge of distributing religious pamphlets, a victim of his own premature punk talents.

Were it not for the intervention of longtime fan David Bowie, the producer of three previous Iggy albums since 1973, the Ig might have been relegated to a bizarre footnote in the pages of rock 'n' roll history. Still, the fruits of their collaboration to date have failed to capture the excitement of the Iggy Pop that was, leaving potential new fans wondering what the fuss was all about and older followers bored and disappointed.

Iggy's latest release, *TV Eye* (RCA AFL1-2796), recorded on a Midwest tour in the spring and fall of 1977, is the first to document the frenetic power and menacing presence of Iggy at his best—that is, live.

The Ig appears to have regained most of his former energy, and his vocals have never been captured better on wax. His rhythm section—Hunt and Tony Sales, offspring of television phenom Soupy—provides a more than adequate backdrop for Iggy's antics but lacks the inspiration to really stimulate him. The same limitations apply to guitarists Ricky Gardiner and Stacy Heydon, who each play on half the album's eight cuts, as well as to keyboardists Scott Thurston and even the

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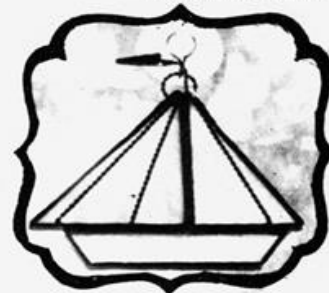
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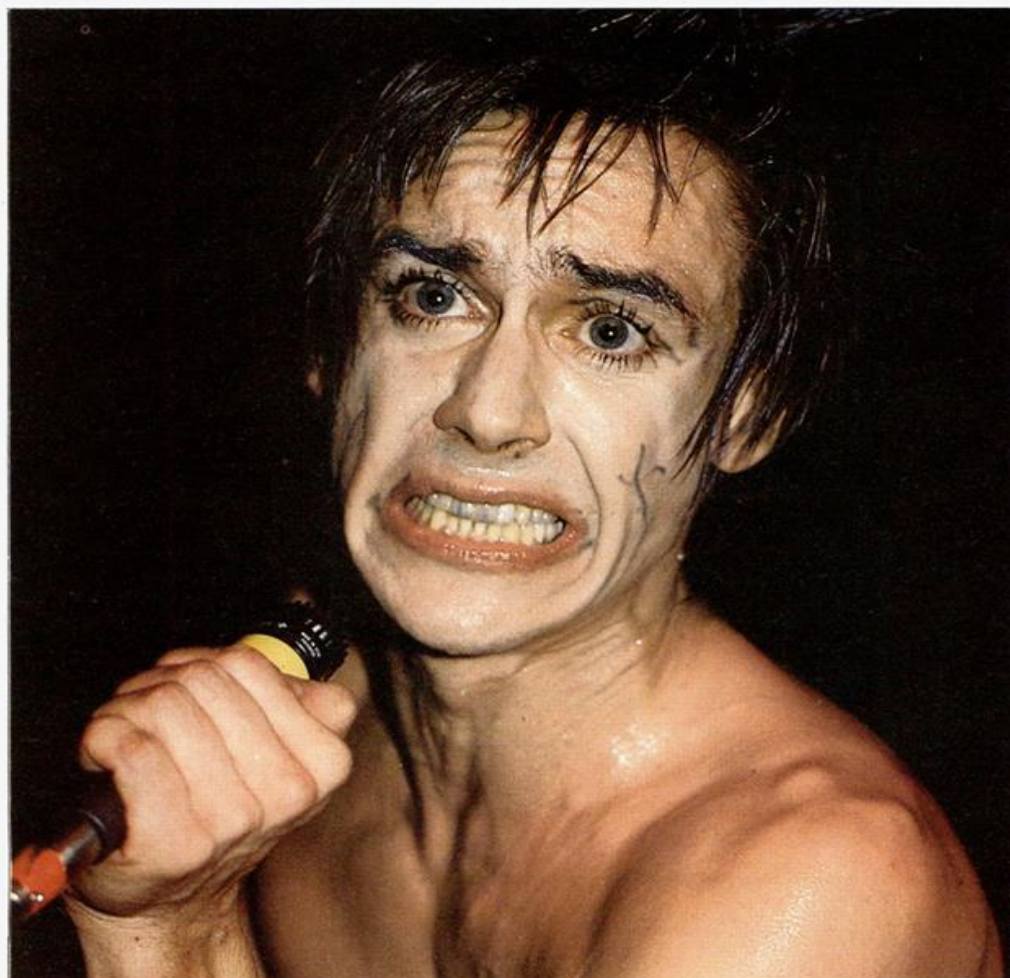
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Lynn Goldsmith

Diamond Dog himself, master Bowie.

Transcending these weaknesses are choice cuts of such established Stooges material as title track "TV Eye" and the strange and obscurely erotic "I Wanna Be Your Dog." The Ig does verge on self-parody on the former, its "I got a TV, you got a TV, big fucking deal" delivered with a sneer not truly felt, a mere echo of the old teenage angst.

TV Eye is well worthwhile as an introduction to Iggy Pop, but those who become hooked on his raw and raunchy style are advised to check out the bootleg *Metallic K.O.*, a record of the last Stooges concert ever, if they want to score their Ig uncut.—Bob Rudnick and Steve Ellman

Ill Wind Blows for Hurricane Flora

Singer Flora Purim is currently facing deportation to Brazil for a seven-year-old coke bust. She was the darling of the new jazz elite until disaster struck—she had lent her guitar to a friend and when it was returned there was half a pound of cocaine in the case. Flora was caught with the goods, a bust went down, and, even

though she pleaded innocent, she was convicted on charges of possession with intent to sell and sentenced to three years at Terminal Island.

But during her time in the slammer she received encouragement and weekly letters of support from Billy Cobham, Stanley Clarke, Getz, Corea and other jazz greats—some of them even wrote songs and sent them to her. Near the end of her sentence, she played a rare jailhouse concert, broadcast live on L.A.'s all-jazz station KBCA, in which the inmates were treated to the liberating power of jazz by Cannonball Adderly, Carlos Santana, Miroslav Vitpus and Flora's husband, Latin percussion master Airto Morerra. Flora also recently sang with Airto and George Duke in the Newport Jazz Festival. They have a young daughter, and Airto has said that if Flora is deported, he will go back to Brazil with her rather than break up the family.

Flora's first release, *Open Your Eyes and Fly Free*, was received with enthusiastic appreciation by her fans. Now on her second and latest release, *That's What She Said* (Milestone 9081), she takes yet another step off the beaten jazz path. As a vocal stylist, her abilities are amazing and

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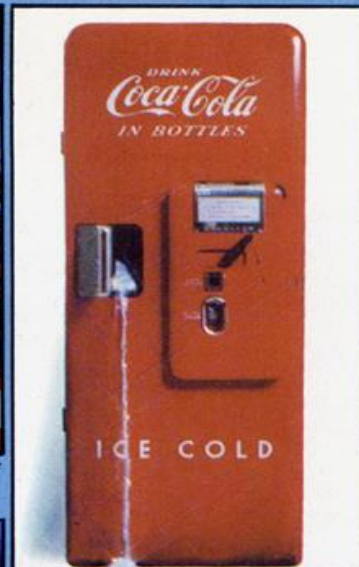
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Flora Purim: "Carry your bags, sir?"

her treatment refreshingly individual. Fantastic range, pinpoint pitch control and a deeply instinctive rhythmic sense color her vocal interpretations. Her voice is an instrument—she plays it like a saxophone or flute, or, even more surprisingly, like a jazz synthesizer. When she's not leading the band with her Latin-flavored, birdlike scat singing, she backs up the other instrumentalists by holding onto the melodic lines in harmonic unison. On *That's What She Said*, Flora is joined by husband Airto, George Duke, piano-synthesizer specialist Byron Miller and bassist Alphonso Johnson, with special solo efforts by Ernie Watts and Joe Henderson—some of the finest session talent on the scene today. —Charlie Frick

Tune in Television

Television, the first New York new-wave band to actually record (the single "Little Johnny Jewel"), released a great first album in March '77 called *Marquee Moon* that was incredibly taut, highly melodic and persistently aggressive. Television's second album, *Adventure* (Elektra 6E133), is more electric, harder rocking, and with a greater emphasis on guitar solos.

On *Adventure* Television reveals almost transitional pieces from their development. The album also includes several atmospheric tone poems with such metaphysical titles as "The Dream's Dream" and "The Fire" that somehow recall moments from Joni Mitchell's *Don Juan's Reckless Daughter*.

Adventure's best cut is a rocker called "Ain't That Nothin'," absolutely pure rock 'n' roll in the tradition of Eric Clapton's "Layla." Richard Lloyd's guitar solo, the rhythm underneath, the crazy chorus all around it, in fact the whole arrangement, make a great song that should be a hit single.

"Days," the only song on the album not written by lead singer Tom Verlaine, is cowritten by Richard Lloyd and has a romantic mellow sound (are these guys really from New York?) based around arpeggios on the guitar, a sugar-sweet

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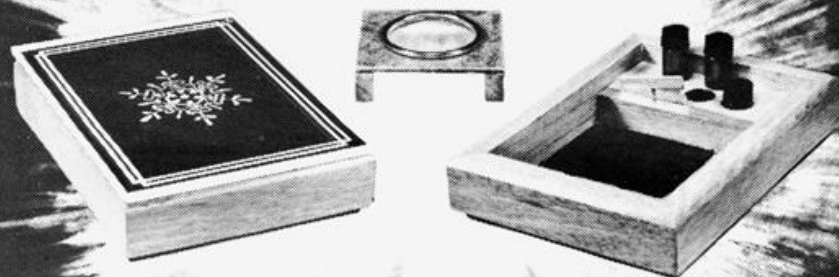
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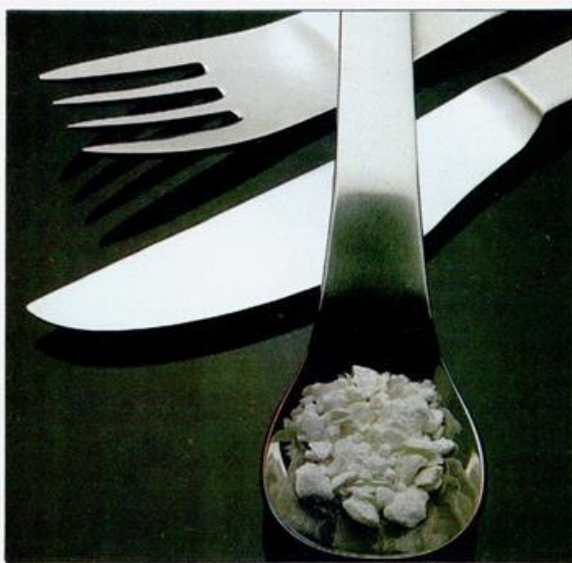
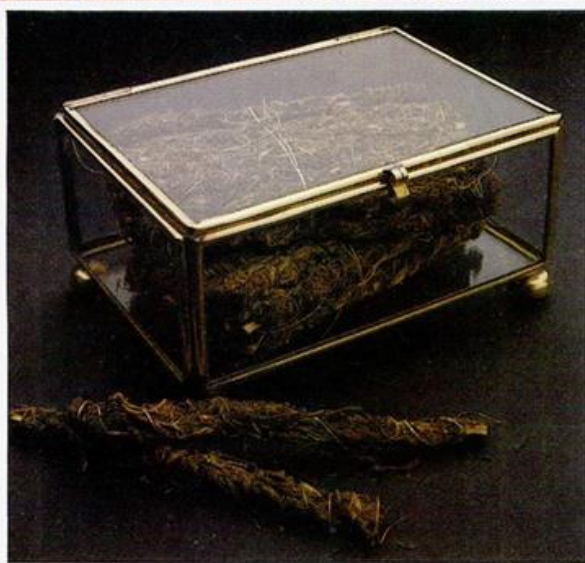
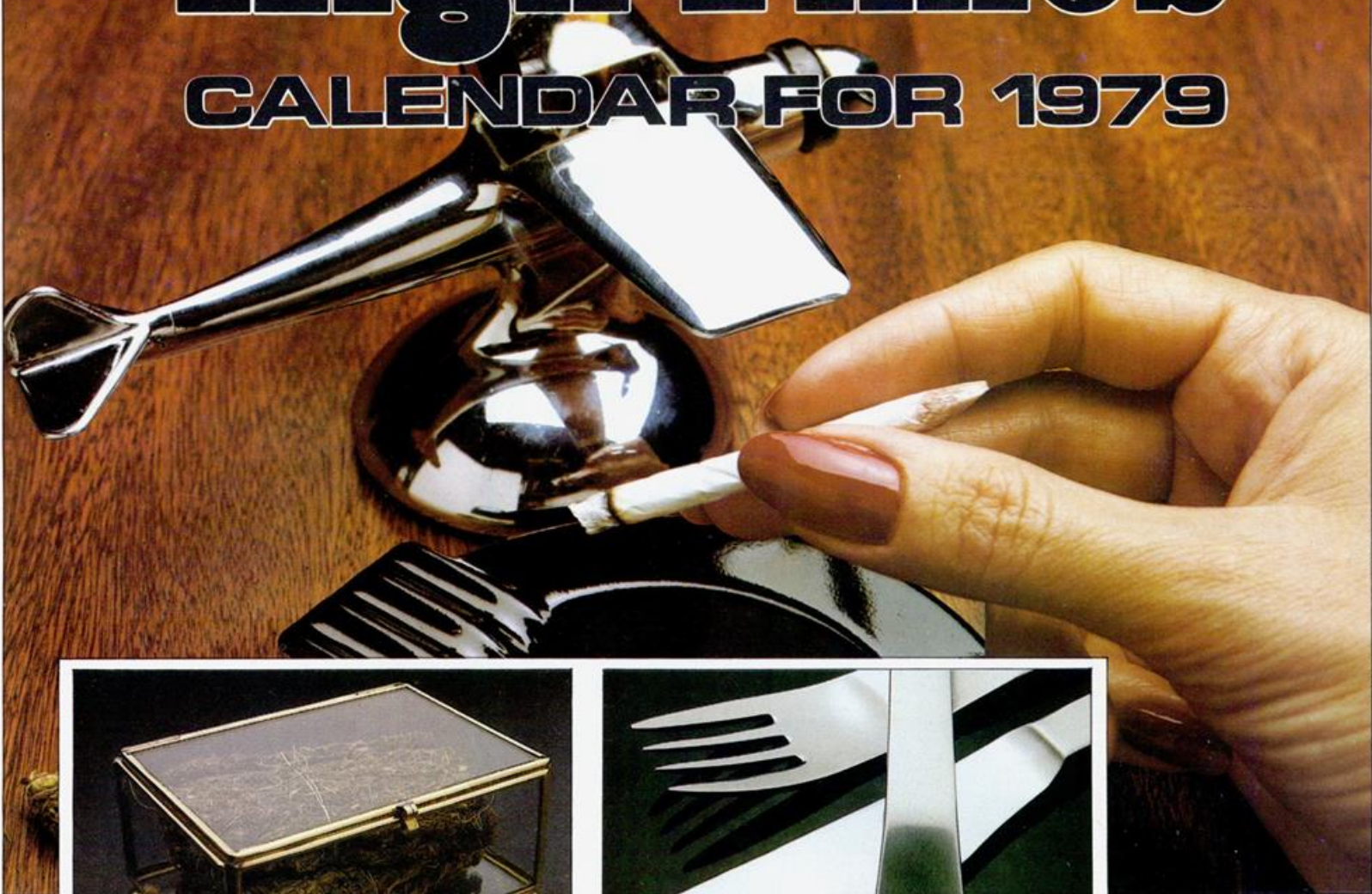
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Television's commercial break.

chorus and a note of yearning in lyrics like "Days be more than all we have." "Carried Away" is a deeply passionate song of melancholic regret, opening with an arresting interplay between guitar and piano chords and ending with a sparse but radically intense piano that makes it one of the album's highlights.

Adventure is great dance music for parties, and great music for moments of solitude.

—Will Powers

Prine Time: Here's Johnny

"There was a time a few years back when it seemed like every day a different friend had either died in a motorcycle accident or ODeD." John Prine was referring to "Sam Stone," his bitter song about a returning Viet vet. Songs like "Sam Stone" and "Illegal Smile"—a paean to the joys of cannabis puffing—brought Prine to



John Prine: Intimate, searing, ironic...

prominence in the early '70s as a bitter-sweet Dylan. But there was a three-year hiatus between his fourth album, *Common Sense*, and his new one, *Bruised Orange* (Asylum 6E139). "Things got so crazy for a while that I was just about ready to give up the business and open a body shop somewhere," Prine commented. Instead, he went to Nashville and met songwriter Cowboy Jack Clement.

Hanging out with Clement, Prine wrote

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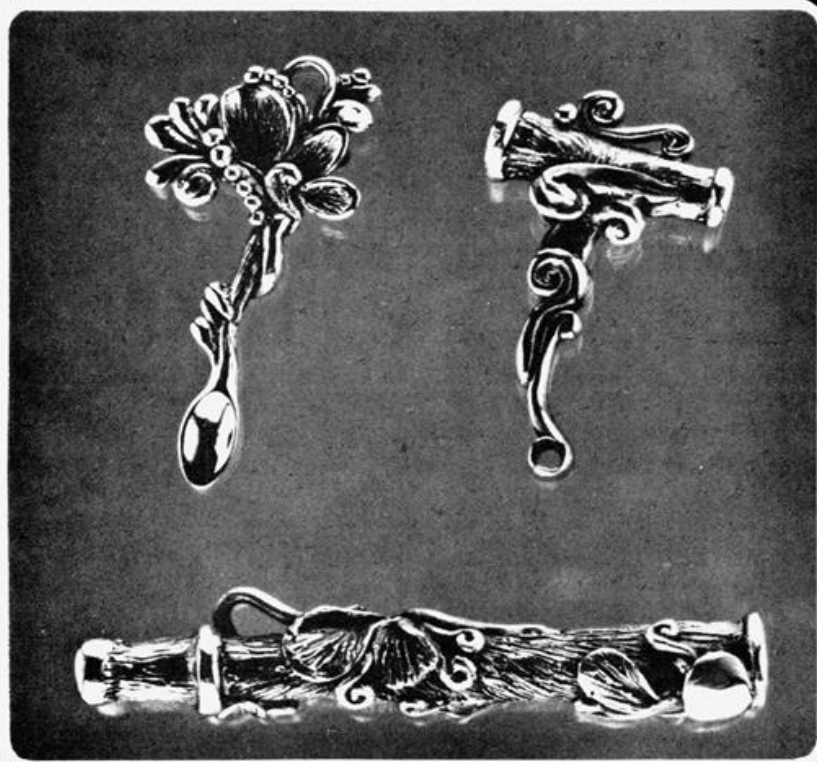
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over 20 new songs, 10 of which appear on *Bruised Orange*. Produced by Steve Goodman, another fine songwriter, Prine's newest album is a virtual tour de force. Standouts are "Fish and Whistle," "That's the Way That the World Goes 'Round," "Bruised Orange (Chain of Sorrow)" and "Sabu Visits the Twin Cities Alone." There's also a great collaboration with Phil Spector called "If You Don't Want My Love." Welcome back, John Prine, to the folk-rock mainstream.

—Jay Saporita

Rockin' Redneck

When Jerry Lee Lewis, alias "The Killer," married his 13-year-old cousin in the mid '50s, the work of this rockabilly Rembrandt was boycotted for years by disc jockeys, program directors and outraged mothers. Next came a few bad marriages, a bout with the demon alcohol, amphetamine addiction and God knows what else. Lewis has paid enough dues for three superstars and has still come up a consistent winner. In the past year, Jerry has recovered from his losing streak and



Ken Regan

Jerry Lee Lewis: Not getting older, just better.

come out with two chart-busting albums and has made a rollicking appearance in the Hollywood version of the rock 'n' roll '50s, *American Hot Wax*.

His latest release, *Jerry Lee Lewis Keeps Rockin'* (Mercury SRM5010), showcases both sides of his musical roots, rock and country. The straight-ahead rock numbers include new renditions of the classics "Blue Suede Shoes," "Lucille" and "Sweet Little 16." These cuts feature Jerry's boogie-woogie-influenced pounding left-hand piano, impossible right-hand solo runs and inimitable rockabilly vocals.

The rest of the songs are more countrified, laid-back, string-stretcher heart-breaker tunes about typical southern-redneck love gone wrong like "The Last Cheaters Waltz," "Wild and Woolly Ways," "Before the Night Is Over" and "I Hate You." These songs prove that Jerry has tasted all of life's experiences, good and bad, spitting in the face of adversity and shaking his fist at fate.

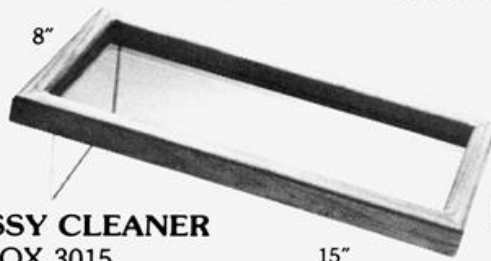
—Charlie Frick

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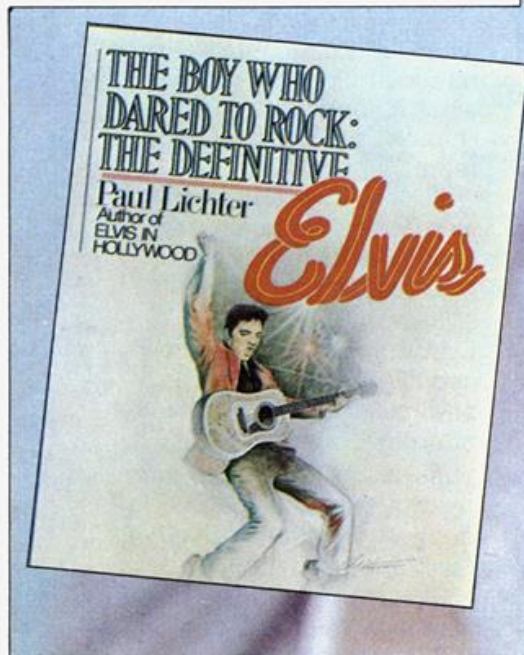
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Past Presley and Future

THE BOY WHO DARED TO ROCK: The Definitive Elvis, by Paul Lichter (Doubleday/Dolphin paperback, \$7.95).

At last, a complete listing of every name, date, fact and figure in the career of Elvis Presley. Paul Lichter, the world's self-proclaimed only official Elvisologist, is to the Pelvis what Von Kochel was to Mozart, an inexhaustible archivist whose labors have made it possible to see Elvis's work in sequence and consequence as well as in hundreds of photographs (both in color and black and white) including rare snapshots of the King with the Dorsey Brothers, Milton Berle, Natalie Wood, Jackie Wilson and Nick "The Rebel" Adams.

Lichter's discography and filmography are impeccably compiled and supplemented with an analytical breakdown of recording dates that enable us to place individual producers and sidemen at specific sessions with historical certainty. Thus the second half of the book, "The Definitive Elvis," is just that: definitive, and consequently a must for historians, sociologists and rock lovers. What's disappointing is the first half, "The Boy Who Dared to Rock." Mr. Lichter has little gift for the type of historical reconstruction

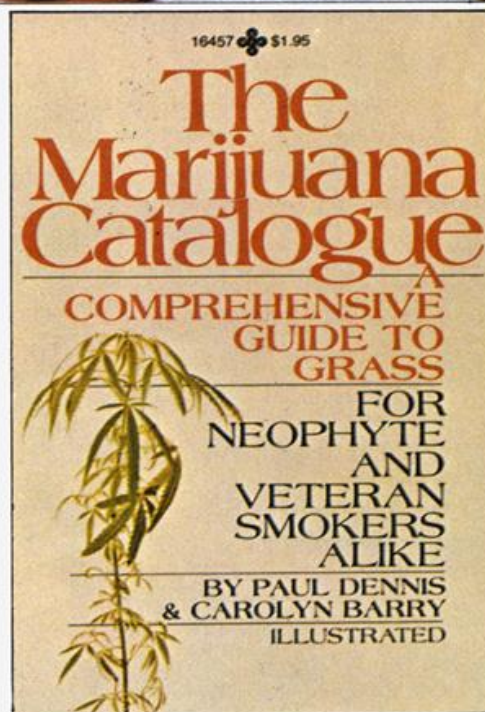
that Albert Goldman, for example, used in *Ladies and Gentlemen, Lenny Bruce!!* That is to say, he fails to illuminate the dark corners of Elvis's life and soul, the deeply felt spiritual crisis that made him break with the corny music of his day and, though it was an act all but forbidden to Southern whites of his day, "dare to rock."

For a believable portrait of the inner Presley and the tragic events that led

"When I met Elvis he had a million dollars worth of talent—today he's got a million dollars!"
—Col. Parker

Colonel Parker to remark, "When I met Elvis he had a million dollars worth of talent—today he has a million dollars," we must wait for a more intrepid biographer. Fortunately, word is out that Goldman himself has embarked on precisely that project. Meanwhile, Lichter's account remains a valuable source of facts, presented airily but authoritatively in the manner of, "On November 8, he played to 20,000 people—the gross for this show: a rousing \$150,000." I don't doubt it, but I look forward to a serious Elvis book that goes beyond a rewrite of the press clippings.

—Eric Kibble



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THE MARIJUANA CATALOG: A Comprehensive Guide to Grass, by Paul Dennis and Carolyn Barry (Playboy Press, \$1.95). This latest entry in the catalog craze is an update of *The Child's Garden of Grass*, that winsome little Woodstock-era handbook. *The Marijuana Catalog* is

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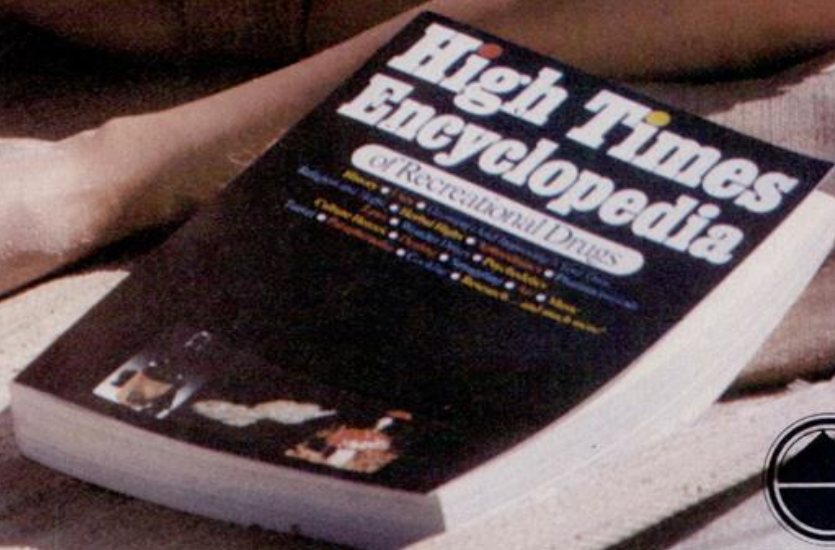
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more complete in certain chapters—notably, paraphernalia and basic growing techniques—since it has another ten years experience to draw upon.

Several chapters would have been better left unsaid. The recipe section is filled with undistinguished Betty Crocker fare with some pot thrown in. Most are the kind of heavy dishes that absorb and dilute the potency of the weed—a waste of money. The pages on cannabis history also contain some bloopers. At one point we have the Romantic era following on the heels of the Dark Ages. We have the dubious, undocumented assertion that the Aztecs smoked a lot of pot. And we have the ludicrous assumption that East Coast

Indian tribal shamans used marijuana because seventeenth-century explorers reported that they saw visions and then fell asleep after smoking their “tobacco.”

However, *The Marijuana Catalog* rises above these deficiencies in two sections that alone should win a place for the book in any well-stocked dope library. The second appendix reviews marijuana's American legal history, with some rare and outrageous anti-Mexican racist quotes from the legislators who outlawed the plant. And better yet, “The Pot-Love Connection” is a fine chapter on the contradictory reports about hemp's virtue (or lack thereof) as an aphrodisiac.

—Gary Stimeling

Hollywood's Last Secret

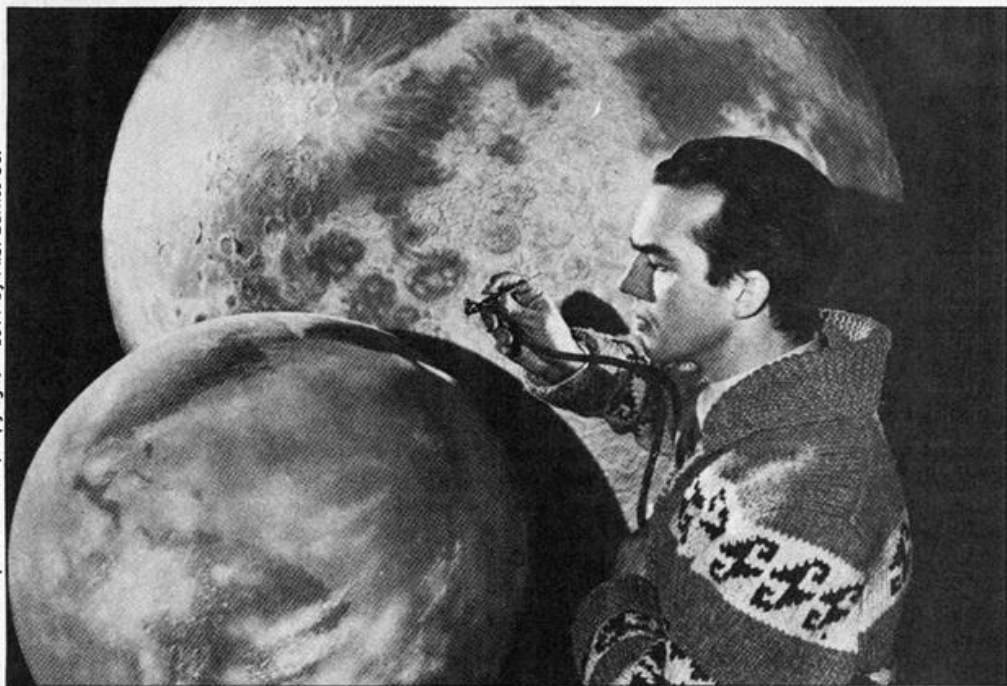
CALIGARI'S CABINET AND OTHER GRAND ILLUSIONS: A History of Film Design, by Leon Barsacq (Plume, \$5.95). **MOVIE SPECIAL EFFECTS**, by Jeff Rovin (Barnes, \$17.50).

I recall at the time of the release of the original *King Kong* (1933) seeing hundreds of articles, most of them in *Popular Mechanics*, explaining in fulsome detail how all the miracles of primate amplification had been achieved, yet no one I discussed it with cared much, so taken were they with the gaping reality of the big ape himself. In one of the first films ever made, audiences ran out of a theater when shown a film of a locomotive steaming directly toward the camera.

All that has changed now; George Lucas himself has admitted that he can look at *Star Wars* and see nothing but holes in its design technique. So perhaps these volumes on film design and special effects come at a significant moment in film history, when our yearning for illusion has crossed wires with the expectations of utter naturalness bred by years of cinema verité, television documentaries and low-budget verismo.

Jeff Rovin, a walking encyclopedia of useless knowledge, explains in loving detail how Salvador Dali and Luis Bunuel slashed a senorita's eye with a straight razor in *Chien Andalou*; just as lovingly, he will recount how Walt Disney animated the banshee in *Darby O'Gill and the Little People*. Barsacq is both more an artiste and more a schizophrenic. His

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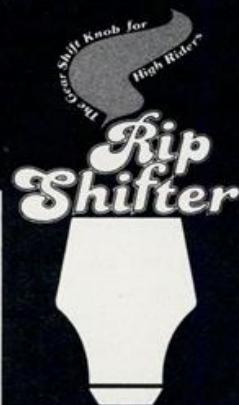
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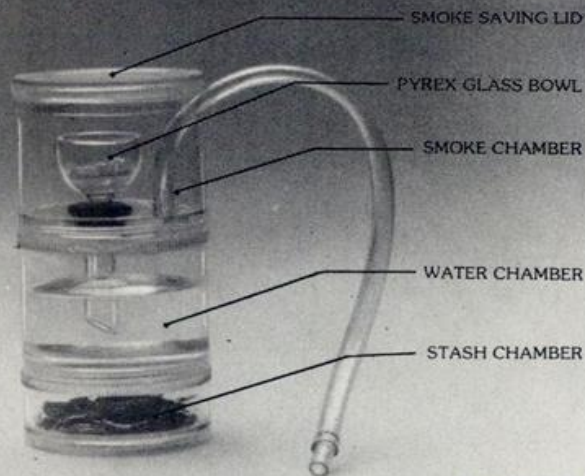
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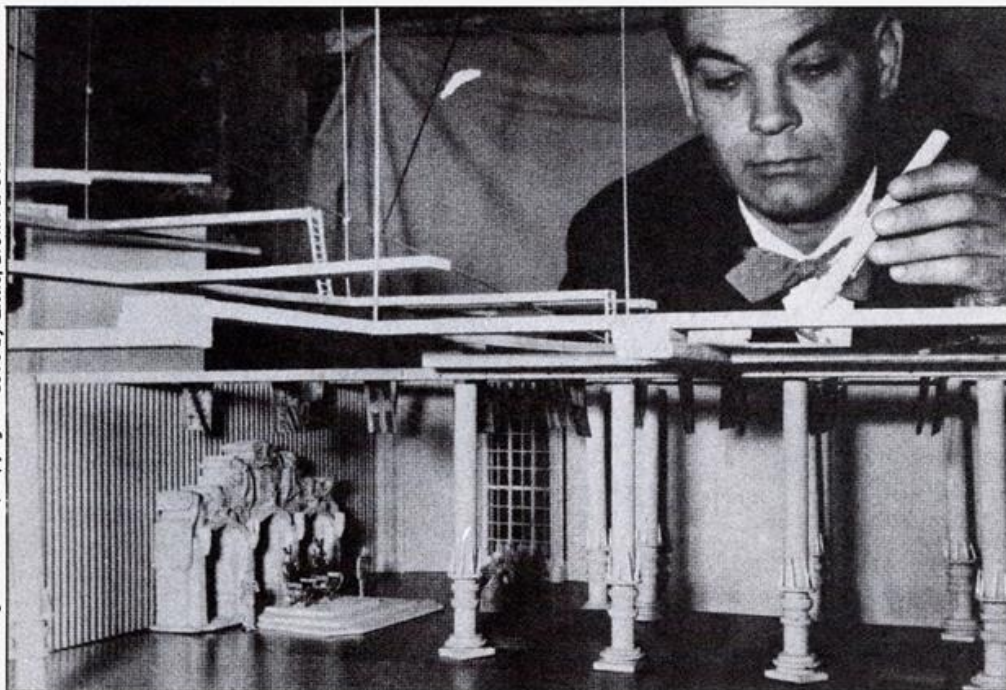
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Getting the set ready for Mickey Rooney

chief goal is to demonstrate to the visually untutored that directors do not merely point their cameras and shoot but frame each shot with a counterfeiter's loving care. In the same way, they hire experts on late-Roman-ruins decor to make certain that their Colosseum in New Mexico will not differ in any noticeable degree from the one in Rome.

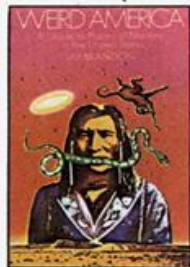
All in all, both of these books are worthy treatises on aspects of film making seldom considered by the majority of moviegoers. Of course, in a day and age when movies were crafted better than

they are today, one could assume that special effects and scenic design of at least minimal competence were included in the price of admission. Today, since this competence usually isn't, these books will enable you to complain about it in a knowledgeable-sounding way. Pretty soon, you may succeed in talking yourself out of wasting your time and money at the movies altogether—and believe me, once you quit, as I did during the first Eisenhower administration, you'll never miss it for a minute. Goodbye, Mr. Chips.

—Eric Kibble

Two policemen encountered a six-foot puddle of purple-glowing goo that disintegrated when touched.

WEIRD AMERICA: A Guide to Places of Mystery in the United States, by Jim Brandon (E.P. Dutton, \$4.95 paperback).



On July 29, 1880, two residents of Louisville, Kentucky, observed "a man surrounded by machinery which he appeared to be working with his hands," flying overhead at tree-top level. On September 26, 1950, two

Philadelphia policemen encountered a six-foot puddle of purple-glowing goo that disintegrated messily when they touched it. Among the Casa Grande Pueblo ruins of Arizona are numerous Freemasonry symbols, carved there very clearly around A.D. 1000. Precipitations of "angel hair," a silvery filament that drops from the sky and rapidly dissolves, have been reported in places as diverse as

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—Dean Latimer

(continued on page 165)

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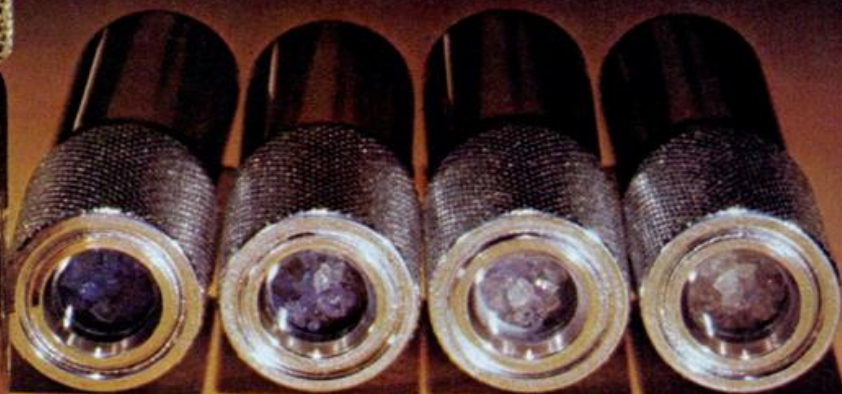


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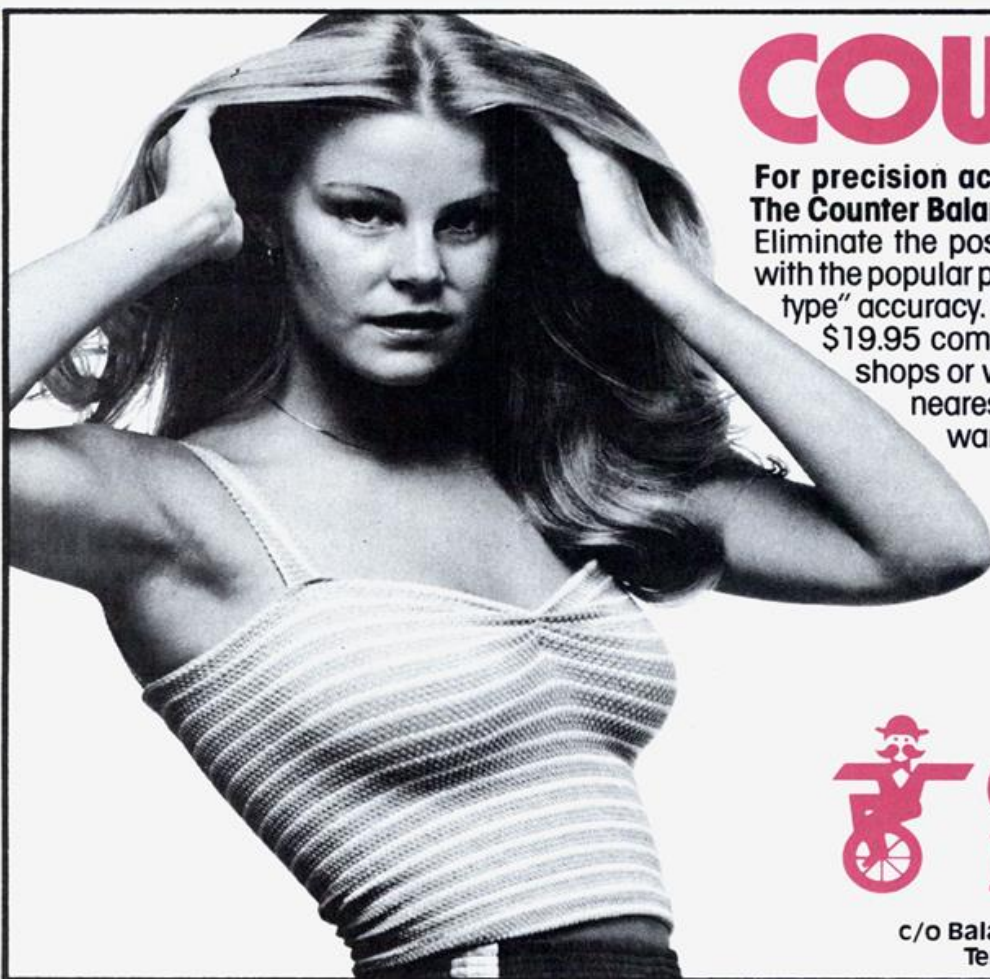
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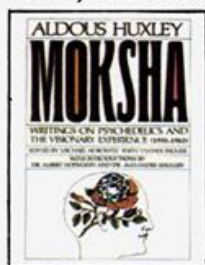


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MOKSHA: Aldous Huxley's Writings on Psychedelics and the Visionary Experience (1931-1963), edited by Michael Horowitz and Cynthia Palmer (Stonehill, \$12.95). Aldous Huxley was a brilliant and



original thinker, long fascinated by the potential of psychedelic drugs to release visionary experience. This book collects all of his words on the subject and is a valuable addition to the psychedelic literature. It begins with two essays from 1931 speculating on the ideal drug, includes accounts of Huxley's initial experiments with mescaline in Hollywood in 1953 and presents excerpts from his most famous essay, "The Doors of Perception." There are also interviews



Aldous Huxley

on drugs and visionary experience, letters to such fellow explorers as Humphry Osmond and Timothy Leary and a concluding narrative by Laura Huxley of Aldous's death from cancer in 1963 while under the influence of LSD.

Editors Horowitz and Palmer have done an excellent job of assembling and introducing the selections, many of them not published before. The format allows the reader to follow the evolution of Huxley's ideas on psychedelics over a 30-year span. The book contains, in addition, a preface by Albert Hofmann, an introduction by Alexander Shulgin and tributes to Huxley from Alan Watts, Leary and others. Good reading.—Andrew Weil

PSI SEARCH, by Norma Bowles and Fran Hynds (Harper & Row, \$6.95). In scientific language, psi, the

23rd letter of the Greek alphabet, represents the unknown. When it is used in connection with psychic occurrences, it represents a strange power or force that is still puzzling after more than

50 years of scientific research and centuries of popular curiosity. The Psi Search

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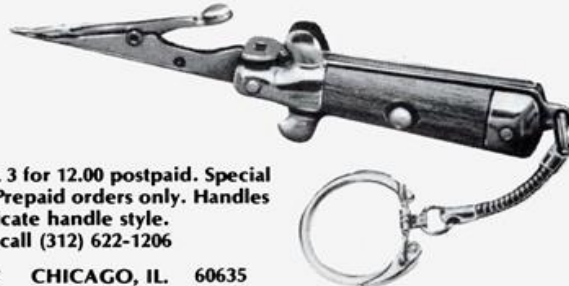
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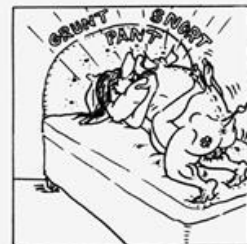
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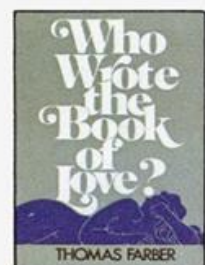
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Institute was the brainchild of Norma Bowles, an educator with a background in experimental psychology, and Fran Hynds, a journalist. They felt that researchers in parapsychology were reporting their findings in complex, almost incomprehensible, technical terms. They decided to "focus on the wealth of experimental data and put it into a form that ordinary people can understand."

Psi Search is loaded with photos, drawings, easy-to-follow explanations of test procedures and first-hand testimony from some of the more cosmically talented subjects. Areas that were once thought to be far off the well-beaten scientific path—like biofeedback, pyramid power, haunted houses and plants, the workings of the I Ching and tarot cards, levitation, spirit recordings, Kirlian and psychophotography, and the survival of consciousness—are all treated with simple language and uncomplicated conceptual frameworks that present a convincing argument for the popular future of psi research. Indeed, few readers of *Psi Search* will be able to resist being drawn into psi research themselves, with what looks like increasingly popular, and personal, results.

—Charlie Frick

WHO WROTE THE BOOK OF LOVE, by Thomas Farber (Norton, \$6.95). These



short, short stories, often no more than two pages long, revolve around the relationships between men and women, all of whom seem to share a sense of having passed through an extraordinary flame. It is easy to recognize these post-'60s characters. The Berkeley street person who gives up waiting for the revolution to change his life, gets married, has a kid, buys a house, starts selling real estate and gradually discovers that his life has been revolutionized by his infant son. The hip, young woman who feels trapped by a marriage that is no longer hip and young and ends up balling the hip, young, dope-smoking delivery boy.

People seem to float through these tales, shell-shocked, wounded, just making do as best they can. Between men and women, love is hesitant, cautious, temporary. The awkwardness is often funny. There is an edge of satire in Farber's writing, especially where he captures precisely the way people talk to each other today. Many "New Age" couples will find themselves portrayed here.

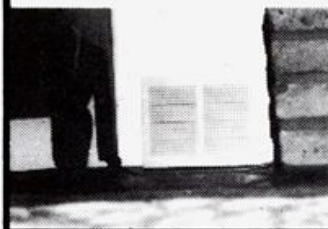
The men and women who grew up in the '60s are a marked generation. Thomas Farber, whose first book was *Tales for the Son of My Unborn Child*, is one of the few authors to incorporate this fact into fiction with any sense of accuracy and poignancy.

—Rex Weiner

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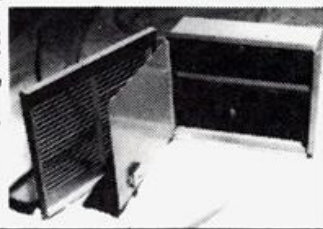
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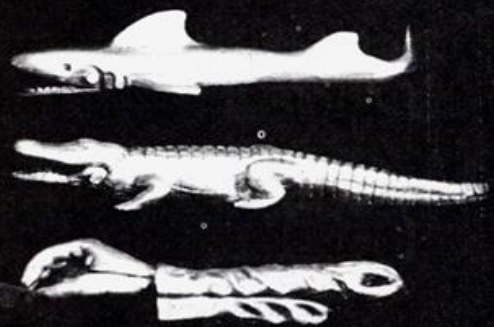
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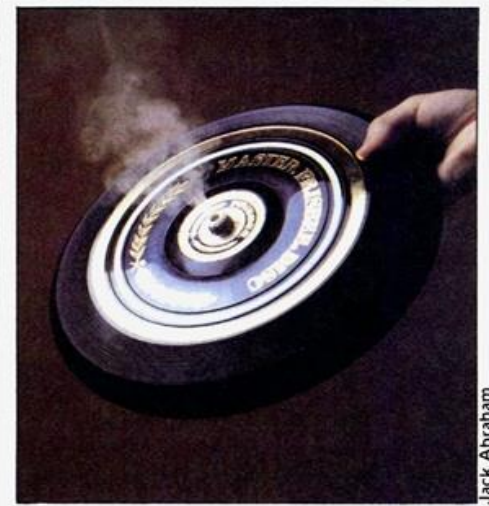
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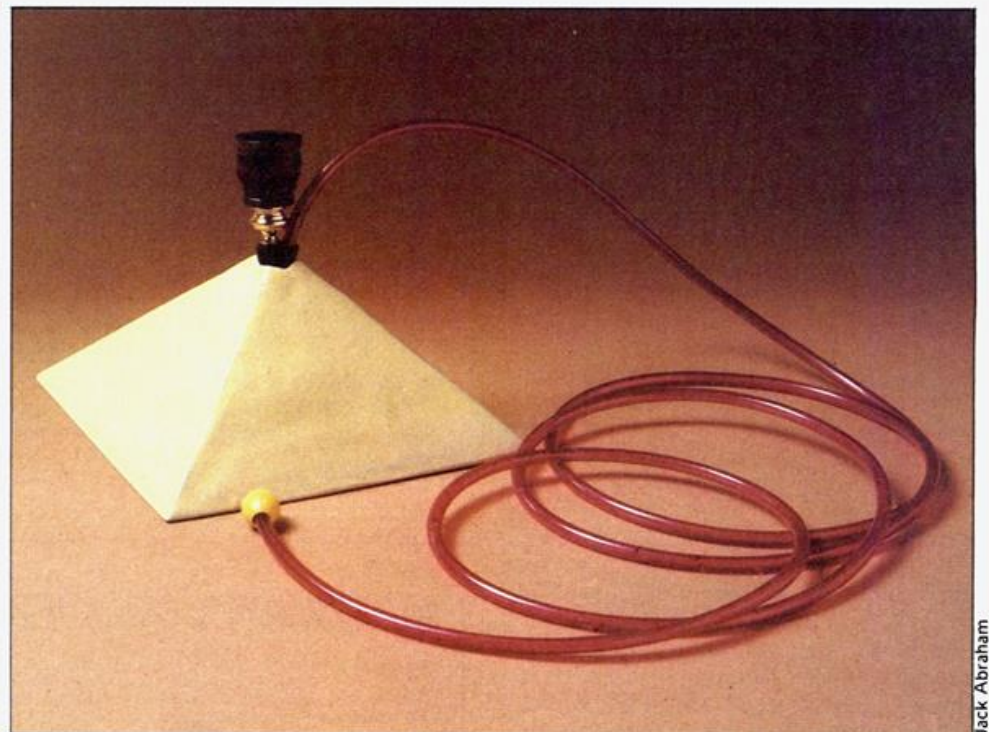
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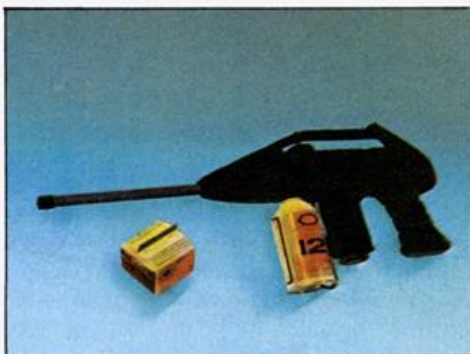
Oh boy, I'm a T-shirt star! Call all the networks and bring me a guacamole! Is \$6.95 too much, or is less much? Will it play in Peoria? Will it sell in the Third World? Make that a cheeseburger! I majored in Communications, what's my sign? And send it to Slow Printing Company, 1530 Barton Springs Road, Austin, Texas 78704. Tell them you're my uncle and give them a hickey. One has both the same as many legs as the other!



Jack Abraham

Gun Fun

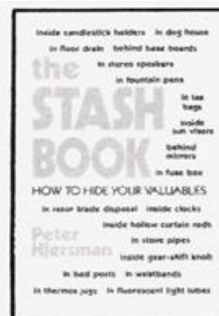
You too can zero in on a target and watch a stream of BBs literally rip it apart. A revolutionary concept in shooting fun, the freon-powered M-19-A is the first and only fully automatic weapon to be legally offered to the public. The magazine holds 3,000 BBs! All orders must include signed testimony showing age to be over 18 years. Only \$33 from COCO, P.O. Box 451, Calabasas, California 91302. ☐



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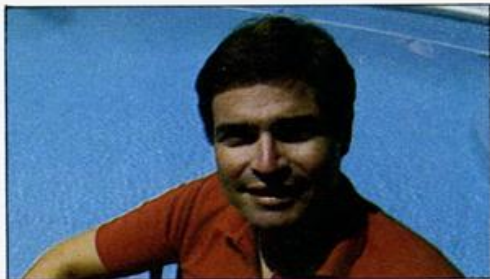
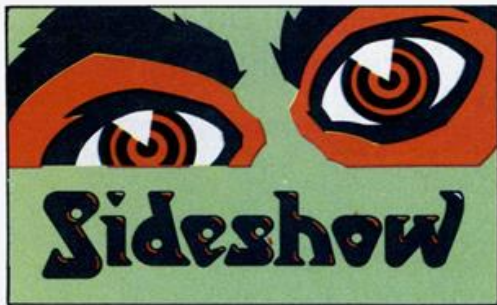


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Nicola D'Aurizio

Cult Figure

As usual, *High Times* chose a man who's a cult hero himself to write this month's penetrating analysis of civilization, "Cult Culture" (page 94). John Calendo, formerly an editor of Andy Warhol's *Interview*, *Oui* and *Hustler*, is the author of *Cold*, described by critics as "a pretentious new play," which ran for three months this past spring in America's only punk-rock disco, La Mere Vipere in Chicago—a run that only ended when the bar burned down. Calendo now lives in Hollywood where he is the manager of Beluga, the star of his show, whom he calls "a Vogue model possessed by the Devil."



Lynn Cummings

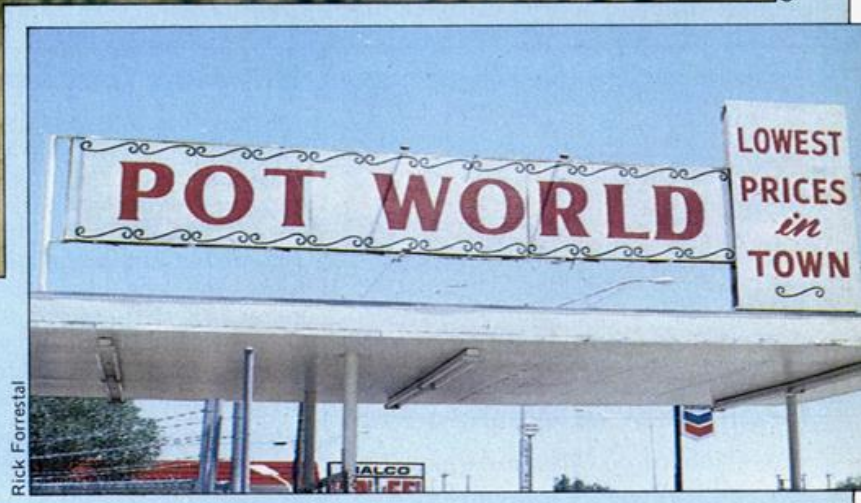
He Turned on the World

Michael Hollingshead, author of this month's inside exclusive report on the Brotherhood of Eternal Love, is one of the world's pioneer LSD hygienists and, more important, the man who turned on Timothy Leary. Richard Alpert (Baba Ram Dass) and thousands of others to the world's most powerful molecule. Abeldard-Schuman published his autobiography, *The Man Who Turned on the World*, in 1974. Today he is at work on a series of articles for *High Times* chronicling his unique experiences at the storm center of the psychedelic movement and reporting on new probes to the outer reaches of inner space.

Signs of the Times



Chris Stramara



Rick Forrester



Nick Arroyo

Thorne Again

Making its premier appearance this month is the magnificently drawn "Danger Rangerette" comic strip. Artist Frank Thorne and model Linda are seen here after a "production" session. Thorne is best known for his Marvel Comics' Red Sonja comics. La Danger herself comes to us from a well-known national humor magazine. "I felt it was time for me to move on," the Rangerette told reporters. "I was sorry to abandon the N***** L*****, but my career comes first." ■

The Blue Lady



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High Times

DECEMBER 1978



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